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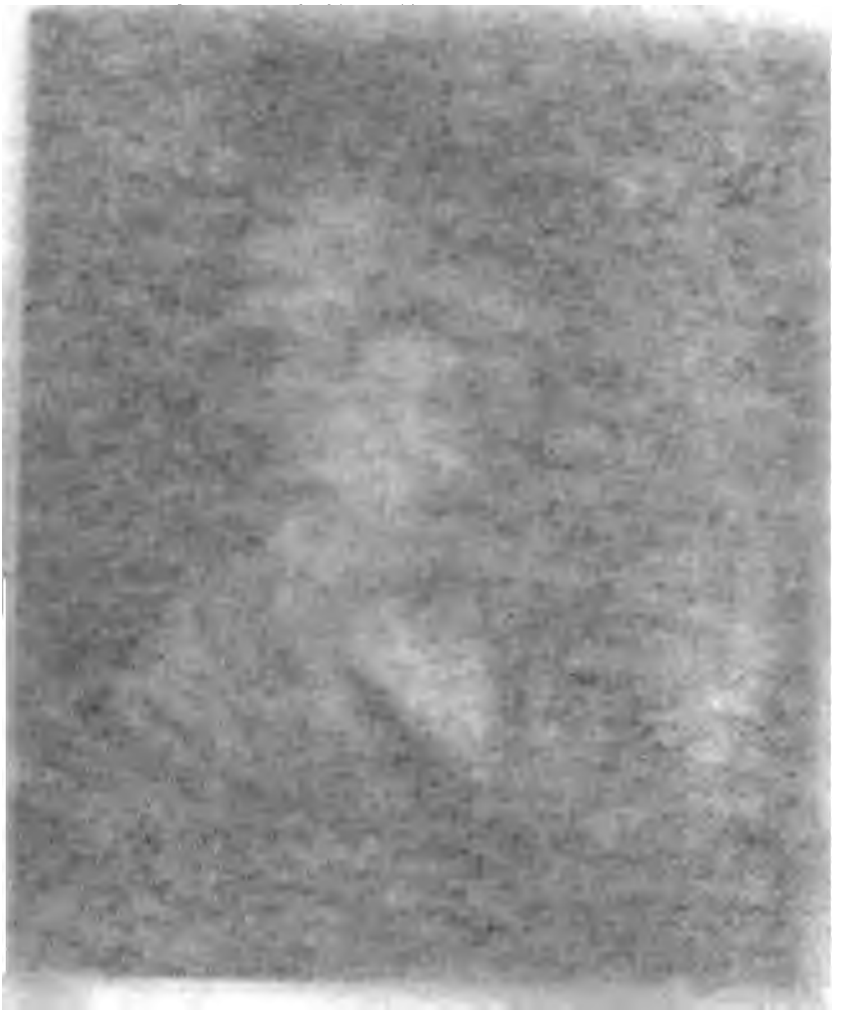

FAMILY MEMORIAL.

PRESENTED

BY

THE CHILDREN OF MRS. M. A. BOARDMAN

TO

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FAMILY MEMORIAL.

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BY

THE CHILDREN OF MRS. M. A. BOARDMAN

TO

MEMOIR

OF THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

MRS. MARY ANNA BOARDMAN,

WITH

A HISTORICAL ACCOUNT

OF

HER FOREFATHERS,

AND

BIOGRAPHICAL AND GENEALOGICAL NOTICES

OF MANY OF

HER KINDRED AND RELATIVES.

BY HER SON-IN-LAW,

JOHN FREDERICK SCHROEDER, D. D.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION.

NEW HAVEN:

1849.

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PREFACE.

THE design of this volume is to delineate the character, and collect the precepts, of a beloved and lamented Mother. It is not a book intended for "the public." Like a family portrait, it will be valued chiefly by the children and relatives of her who is the subject of it. Yet the object contemplated by putting it in print, and distributing it among our kindred and our intimate friends, is beyond the mere indulgence of those domestic feelings which would cherish, with tender affection, the memory of a lovely Mother. There is in the lineaments of her character an unearthly expression, calculated to awaken devout and influential reflections, by a contemplation of her sacred lines of thought and feeling, which exhibit so remarkable a family likeness to the most revered and honored members of that household of faith, of which He who was meek and lowly in heart constitutes the Head, and Chief Example.

All who knew her, knew that she belonged to Christ's Holy Family. She is still, we doubt not, one of His, and will assuredly be recognized and owned by Him at the last day; for she was not only endued with His heavenly gifts, but was, in an eminent degree, like Him, *meek and lowly in heart.*

It is the wish of her children, to preserve this beautiful ideal of holiness, which, like a precious jewel, she has bequeathed to us, and to transmit it as a legacy to our descendants.

The perusal of the following pages may, we trust, open springs of emotion, and prompt holy thoughts and heavenly aspirations, over which our mother may hereafter rejoice with us. We wish it to be distinctly borne in mind, however, that we do not exhibit her portrait to the *public* eye. She ever studiously

shunned the gaze of the world's observation. It is true, indeed, that the veil which her humility and meekness thus threw over her, served but to increase the attractions which it was intended to conceal. Yet we should do violence to our associations with her name, did we, in any manner, blazon forth her virtues and her graces. This Memoir of her life and character is not printed for sale, but for private distribution, as a Family Memorial, to be presented by us to our kindred, and to our intimate friends. Any observations, and any letters or documents, which they or others may have it in their power to communicate, for the enlargement or correction of the historical, biographical, genealogical, or other facts and inferences in the volume, are respectfully solicited, and will be thankfully received. Should some cold critic, however, intrude into the sanctuary of our fond affection, and either seek to repress the glowing emotion of our tributes, or question the propriety of the verdict of our hearts, we trust that a vindication will be furnished, and a rebuke uttered, in our behalf, by every one on whose memory is impressed the image of a loved mother, and who has sympathies that can appreciate the charter of filial love.

J. F. S.

St. Ann's Hall, New York,
May 22d, 1849.

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MEMOIR

OF

MRS. MARY ANNA BOARDMAN.

I. HER FOREFATHERS.

"The blessings of my progenitors."

"It is indeed a blessing, when the *virtues*
Of noble races are hereditary;
And do derive themselves from th' imitation
Of virtuous ancestors." NABB.

MRS. MARY ANNA BOARDMAN was the descendant of a worthy ancestry, whose names are conspicuous in our country's annals.

The Honorable WILLIAM WHITING, her father's remote progenitor, and Major General JOHN MASON, to whom her mother's lineage is traced, are both named among "some of the principal characters who undertook," in the year 1636, "the great work of settling Connecticut, and were the civil and religious fathers of the colony."* These, we are told, were "the first class of settlers," and *all*, except the ministers, were chosen Magistrates, or Governors of the colony.

Mr. WHITING came to America from England, and set-

* Trumbull's *Hist of Connecticut*, B. I, ch. IV, A. D. 1636.

tled at Newtown, (now Cambridge,) in Massachusetts. He was a devoted friend and disciple of that patriarch of the Puritans, the Rev. Thomas Hooker, called "The light of the Western Churches."* When Mr. Hooker, after his arrival (1633) in America, having for three years resided at Newtown, removed (1636) to Connecticut, with about a hundred of his company, Mr. Whiting was one of his coöperators, in founding the colony at Hartford. In a list of the original land-holders in that colony, in February, 1639, his name† is found; and, in various existing manuscript and printed documents and books that relate to the foundation of this settlement, frequent mention is made of him, as one of the "fathers of the colony."

Mr. Mason, who was probably a *Lieutenant* on his coming to America, soon became greatly celebrated as *Captain* Mason. It is said,‡ that he accompanied (1630) the Rev. John Warham from England; but it is not probable, that he was with him, among the first settlers of Dorchester, as no mention is made of him in the earliest accounts of that event.§

The first occurrence of his name in the history of New England, is in the year 1632–3, when he and Captain Gallop, a kindred spirit, were appointed by the magistrates of Massachusetts, to suppress the rapine and cruelty of Bull's band of pirates on the coast.‖ The Court granted to him, (1633,) for this service, ten pounds; and in the terms of

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* Mather's *Magnalia*, B. III, Appendix to Part I.

† It is there *Whytinge*. See Barber's *Conn. Historical Collections*, p. 47.

‡ Trumbull's *Hist. of Conn.*, ch. XIV, note; and Allen's *American Biog. Dict.*, art. Mason.

§ Ellis' *Life of John Mason*, ch. I, the authorities quoted in the fourth note.

‖ Savage's edit. of *Winthrop's Journal*, Vol. I, pp. 96, 97; and 223, note. See also the *Pincheon Papers*, in 2 *Mass. Hist. Coll.*, VIII, 232.

the grant he is called *Lieutenant* Mason. In November of the year 1633, he was entitled by the Court *Captain* Mason, when Sergeant Stoughton was chosen the ensign of his company, in Massachusetts.* Having settled at Dorchester, he was admitted a freeman, in 1634–5; and represented this town at the General Court, in 1635 and 1636.† He removed with Mr. Warham's party from their first location; and thus became (1636) one of the first planters of the new colony at Windsor.‡ He is to be distinguished from his contemporary, Captain John Mason, Governor of Newfoundland,§ the associate of Sir Ferdinando Gorges and others, who claimed the territory of New Hampshire.‖

Hartford, Windsor, and Wethersfield, the three English settlements in the region, founded at this (1636) time, all situated on the banks of a beautiful stream, called by the aborigines of the country *Quonehtacut*,¶ (*Long River*, or, as some say, *River of the Pines*,) then contained about two hundred and fifty *men*; or about eight hundred *persons*, including these, in a hundred and sixty or seventy families.** There were also twenty men in a fort, just (1635) built at the entrance of the river, and called "Saybrook fort," in honor of Lord Say and Seal, and Lord Brook, who, with others, obtained (1631) an assignment

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* *Court Book*, Vol. I, p. 105, in Ellis, ch. I.

† Farmer's *Genealogical Register*, art. Mason.

‡ Farmer's *Genealogical Register* gives a list of the Masons, and mentions some of the chief events in their lives.

§ Allen's *Amer. Biog. Dict.*; and Belknap's *Am. Biog.*, art. Gorges.

‖ This Mason was never in New England. He returned to England, and died there, Nov. 26th, 1635. His only child, Jane, married John Tufton, Esq. See Farmer's *Gen. Reg.*; and *Collect. of Maine Hist. Soc.*, Vol. I, ch. 2; and II, 24.

¶ Or, *Quonektacut*. See Hoyt's *Indian Wars*, p. 37.

** The present (1848) population of Connecticut, is between three and four hundred thousand.

of the first grant of Connecticut, made (1630) by the Plymouth Council in England to the Earl of Warwick. When this fort was afterward (1644) purchased by the General Court of Connecticut, Captain Mason was one of the five commissioners appointed by them to sign the articles of agreement.*

He and his friend Whiting were, for many years, distinguished leaders of the people, celebrated for their care and protection of the colonies. And the circumstances of the times, and the situation of the country, afforded unusual opportunities for the employment of their respective talents, in the promotion of the people's welfare, and the accomplishment of those important results which we now behold, and which are to gladden the hearts of generation after generation.

At the time of the original settlement of the colonies, the Pequots, natives of the country, were masters of that extensive territory, which lies between the Thames and Pawcatuck rivers, where the hand of civilization has since converted the forest into the flourishing towns of New London, Groton, and Stonington. They were a numerous, powerful, spirited, and warlike tribe; the terror of the Narragansetts, on their eastern, and the Mohégans, on their western confines. The very name of their chief sachem, Sassacus, was a panic-word. Prompted, by their characteristic rapacity, to plunder, and, by their jealous apprehensions, to resolve on the expulsion or massacre of the European strangers on their soil; after perpetrating many abhorrent deeds of cruelty and blood, they began a fierce and relentless war against the colonies. They planned a

* The old patent of Connecticut, and these articles of agreement, are in the *Appendix* to the 1st Vol. of Trumbull's *Hist. of Conn.*

general league of various tribes, for a combined effort to extirpate all the people of the colonies throughout New England; and they suggested conciliatory measures, for effecting a consolidation of their power, by proposing to bury, for a time at least, their long cherished, mutual animosities. The Governor of Massachusetts, however, frustrated the plan of a general union, by making a treaty with the Narragansetts, second only to the Pequots in prowess, and their hereditary enemies. This increased the savage hate of the authors of the exterminating scheme. They committed numerous atrocities; and at length constrained the colonies to adopt a bold measure, at a Court which they held at Hartford, in the spring of the year 1637, when, for the first time, the Committees (or Deputies, who composed the *Lower* House,) sat with the Magistrates, or members of the *Upper* House.

The spirited proceedings of the Court, which resulted in a resolution, to adopt, for the first time, an offensive warfare, and arrest the savages in their merciless career, by filling them with terror, rendered the names of the members of the Court, says Trumbull, in his History,* "worthy of perpetuation." He then mentions the names of the six magistrates† and nine committees; and the first named of these committees is Mr. Whiting.‡

Ninety men for the Pequot war were furnished by the three settlements; and these, together with seventy Mohégans and other friendly Indians, soon proceeded on their expedition toward Saybrook fort. The friendly Indians were led by the celebrated Uncas, sachem of the Mohé-

* Book I, ch. V, an. 1637.

† Roger Ludlow, Esq., and Messrs. Wells, Swain, Steel, Phelps, and Ward.

‡ Messrs. Whiting, Webster, Williams, Hull, Chaplin, Talcott, Gefford, Mitchel, and Sherman.

gans; and the whole force was under the command of Captain Mason.

The enterprise was daring. Ninety men, the most of whom had probably never before taken up arms in offensive warfare, were seen adventuring into the wilderness, with seventy Indian guides and allies, against the whole tribe of the most dreaded savages of the region, who boasted a thousand warriors, in and around their forts. But, as the sequel proved, this little band, nerved by the high motives that impelled them, and aware that all they held most dear on earth was, under God, now staked upon their efforts, were found fully competent to execute their dread commission.

Their Captain was a valiant man, born (1600) in England, and Sir Thomas Fairfax's companion* in arms, in the Netherlands. By nature, as well as military discipline, Captain Mason was fitted to be a leader in the field. "He was tall and portly, full of martial fire, and shunned no hardships or dangers, in the defence and service of the colony. He was a gentleman, not only of distinguished heroism, but of strict morals, and great prudence."†

"In my contemplations of the Divine Providence towards the people of New England," says the Rev. Thomas

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* "About the year 1632, or 1633, Sir Thomas Fairfax served as a *volunteer*, under" Horatio Lord Vere of Tilbury. He was present at "the taking of Bosch, or Bois-le-Duc, from the Spaniards, but *had no command* while he was there." He returned to England in 1634, or 1635. See Wood's *Fasti*, Vol. II, col. 76, in *Biogr. Brit.*, Bayle ed. Kippis, art. Sir Thomas Fairfax. I find no authority for Trumbull's saying, (Bk. I, ch. XIV, note,) that Mason was "bred to arms in the Dutch Netherlands, *under*" Fairfax; or Ellis' saying, that he was "*trained* as a soldier *under* Sir Thomas Fairfax, in the Netherlands." Wood says, (*Athen. Oxon.*, Vol. IV, *Fasti*, 148: Lond. 1820,) "He trailed a pike."

† Trumbull's *Hist.*, B. I, ch. XIV, note.

Prince,* "I have often thought what a special favor it was, that there came over with the first settlers of Plymouth and Connecticut colonies, which in those times were especially exposed to the superior power of the barbarians round about them, two brave Englishmen, bred to arms in the Dutch Netherlands, viz: Captain Miles Standish of Plymouth, and Captain John Mason of Connecticut; gentlemen of tried valor, military skill and conduct, great activity, and warm zeal for that noble cause of pure scriptural religion and religious liberty, which were the chief original design and interest of the fathers of these plantations, and who were acted with such eminent degrees of faith and piety, as excited them to the most daring enterprises, in the cause of God and his people, and went a great way to their wonderful successes." Both these brave Englishmen, it is added, were "the instrumental saviours of this country, in the most critical conjunctures; and as we quietly enjoy the fruits of their extraordinary diligence and valor, both the present and future generations will forever be obliged to revere their memory."

Mason set sail, with his followers, on Monday, May 1st, 1637, in three small vessels, which he calls "one pink, one pinnace, and one shallop." On reaching Saybrook, at the mouth of the Connecticut river, he was joined by Captain Underhill, with nineteen Massachusetts men, from the fort; and he sent home, from prudential considerations for the safety of the colony, twenty of those whom he had brought with him.

On reaching Pequot Harbor, (now New London,) it was the wish of all the party, except Mason, to land there,

* In his Introduction to Mason's *Brief Hist. of the Pequot War.*

as they had been so commissioned and instructed by the Court; but the Captain was earnestly desirous to adventure far beyond, in order to get aid from their friends, the Narragansetts. Through the influence of their revered chaplain, the Rev. Samuel Stone, who spent a night in prayer before he gave his counsel in the matter, the Captain eventually prevailed over the doubts and apprehensions of his officers and men. Proceeding in their vessels, with all expedition, they passed by the Pequot country, to a fort of the Narragansetts, situated a few miles beyond Point Judith. Landing there, they repaired to the Narragansett chief sachem, Miantonómo; who listened to the proposal of the bold adventurers, with misgivings at the thought of its supposed rashness and presumption. Yet he furnished them with a reinforcement of two hundred of his people, which was increased, the next day, to about five hundred. Many of these, however, very soon abandoned what they thought the hopeless, if not mad enterprise.

The true-hearted colonists, resolute in purpose, then (May 24th) marched in the direction of the Pequot strongholds, between the Mystic and Pequot rivers; having left their vessels in charge of some of their party, who were to sail back and meet them, at Pequot Harbor, in the neighborhood of the strongholds. Mason's force, thus reduced in number, consisted of no more than seventy-seven men! Attended, however, by Uncas, with sixty in his party of Mohégans, and by two hundred of the Narragansetts, he reached, at night, having marched then about twenty miles, the fort occupied by Ninigret, a tributary of the great Pequot sachem, Sassacus; and to prevent communication between this unfriendly sachem and the Pequots, Mason kept him and all who were in the fort,

closely besieged until the morning, when, guided by Uncas, and by Wequash, a disaffected Pequot sachem, who had deserted to the Narragansetts, he hastened on his way.

The royal fortress, where the dread Sassacus resided, was on a height, between Pequot Harbor (New London) and the Mystic river. Upon an eminence, near the Mystic's western bank, stood another fort, within two miles of which arrived, soon after midnight, (May 25th,) the intrepid avengers of the colonies. Exhausted with the fatigue of their long march, they felt the absolute necessity of at least a short repose, before proceeding, as was intended, to storm the fort, after midnight.

They had been wonderfully protected in their progress through the enemy's territory; and, thus far, had been wholly unobserved, even by the keen eye of watchers on the shores and in the woods. And now they find "two large granite rocks, with sides almost perpendicular, forming, with some smaller rocks, two thirds of a circle," and "accessible only through narrow entrances;"* a natural caravansary, precisely suited to their wants. There they lay down to sleep. The Captain, in his account of it, says,† "The rocks were our pillows, yet rest was pleasant." The sentinels heard, until midnight, the sounds of revelry at the fort, where not one of all the merciless savages, just there congregated, it is said, intending to perpetrate some new outrages on the morrow, could have apprehended any danger, "seeing our pinnaces," says Mason, "sail by, some days before."

* They are now called Porter's Rocks, and are two miles from the spot where the fort stood. Ellis' *Life of Captain John Mason*, ch. IV, and the foot note.

† Mason's *Brief Hist.*

The night was serene, but cool; the moon shone bright; and daybreak was thought to be approaching. Captain Mason, at this quiet hour, between midnight and early dawn, (May 26th,) roused his men, to make preparation for the momentous crisis. They all solemnly commended themselves and their cause to the Disposer of events, the God of providence, and then marched silently and resolutely onward. A panic, at this moment, seized all the friendly Indians in the party, except the Mohégans, with their brave sachem Uncas, who was found ever steadfast.* Yet it remained for Mason and his comrades to make the onset, in the encounter with their terrific foes, from whom no quarter was to be expected.

There, upon an eminence, was beheld the rude fort, encompassed by palisades, and containing seventy wigwams of basket-frames, covered with thick matting. Not a sound was heard, as the little band of heroes, lighted by the moon, and moving with a sure and firm step onward, now drew near the spot, until the barking of a dog gave the signal of approaching danger, and an Indian sentinel uttered the alarm-cry, "Owanux! Owanux!" (Englishmen! Englishmen!) Soon, the savage war-whoop was uttered, with a wild shout, by the fierce Pequots within the precincts of the fort; and, from the surrounding woods and thickets, the Mohégans and Narragansetts sent back the yell, in ferocious defiance.

The English assailants then all rushing to the fort, discharged their muskets through the palisades, and boldly entered within the enclosure, to commence a struggle, which was to decide the destiny of all their hopes in the new world. "On its issue," says an able and sagacious

* Mason speaks of him in terms of high commendation.

writer,* "there had been staked no less than the question, whether Christianity and civilization, or paganism and barbarity should prevail in New-England."

Mason entered first; his comrades followed; and he passed, with hurried steps, to the extremity of a range of wigwams, in vain seeking for the foe. Almost breathless, from his efforts and emotion, he then hastened back, feeling the extreme hazard of contending with so numerous and subtle a horde of fierce savages, concealed in their lurking-places, from which their arrows were now deliberately aimed. "We must burn them," cried he; and, seizing a fire-brand in one of the cabins, he so effectually employed it, that all the combustible, mat-covered huts were soon enveloped in the flames of a desolating conflagration.

Then followed an awful scene of death and carnage. Many, to escape from the burning of the wigwams, climbed the palisades; but they thus became conspicuous marks for the arrow or the musket-ball. Many sought for refuge by resort to flight; but the Mohégans, and other Indian allies of the colonists, had encircled the fort at a distance, and thus intercepted those who might otherwise have found safety in the woods. Not a few, in utter desperation, rushed into the flames. With the exception of only seven who were made prisoners, and seven who escaped, there were about six hundred Pequots consigned to the flames or the bullet, sword, tomahawk, or arrow; while but two only of their assailants fell in the battle, and not more than twenty of them received a wound.

At this moment, to the great joy of the exhausted and wounded victors in the dread scene, their pink, pin-

* Grahame, in his *Hist. of the United States*, Vol. I, B. II, ch. II, an. 1637.

nace, and shallop, wafted by a fair wind, entered Pequot Harbor. "Some," says Mason, "fainted by reason of the sharpness of the weather, it being a cool morning." The provisions of the little company were exhausted, and their ammunition spent; they were in an enemy's country; and it was with intense feelings of devout gratitude, that they could say, with their Captain,* "It pleased God, to discover our vessels to us, before a fair gale of wind, sailing into Pequot Harbor, to our great rejoicing."

Several hundred of the enemy, from the surrounding region, in a frenzy of wild rage, pursued the victors; but their threats were impotent. By a small brook that flowed at the foot of a hill, the heroic comrades rested and refreshed themselves; and then, conveyed to Saybrook Fort, they were "nobly entertained by Lieutenant Gardner, with many great guns,"† and were not unmindful of "praising God for his goodness," especially on the Lord's day that ensued, (May 28th,) which they spent at Saybrook, with the Lieutenant.

The bold achievement of Mason and his followers led to the despondency and dispersion of the remaining Pequot warriors. In their despair, they destroyed their royal fort, and resolved to scatter themselves, far and wide, throughout the country. But they were pursued, by companies under Captains Mason, Stoughton, and other valiant men. Their sachem Sassacus fled to the Maquas, or Mohawks; and their sachem Mononotto, to the Unquowas, at Fairfield.

The name of Sassacus, (or *Sassaco-us*,)‡ had been, for many years, a panic-word throughout the forests. He

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* *Brief Hist.* † Mason's *Brief History.*

‡ Mason, in his *Brief Hist.*, thus spells the name.

had boasted a thousand sannaps, or warriors, with their sagamores, or chiefs; but, in his downfall, he found "none so poor to do him reverence;" and, where he hoped for a sure refuge from the white man's retribution, he found death awaiting him, by the hand of a fellow-savage. Thus,

> "Sassacoüs, now no more
> Lord of a thousand bowmen, fled;
> And all the chiefs, his boast before,
> Were mingled with th' unhonored dead.
> Sannap and sagamore were slain,
> On Mystic's banks, in one red night;
> The once far-dreaded king, in vain
> Sought safety in inglorious flight;
> And reft of all his regal pride,
> By the fierce Maqua's hand he died."*

The Mohawks sent to Boston the scalp of this great Pequot sachem, as a witness of his fate. In a war between the Narragansetts and Mohégans, Mononotto was afterward taken captive by Uncas, who tortured him with great cruelty, and slew him.

During the engagement at the Pequot fort, the life of Captain Mason was preserved in a memorable manner. As he entered a wigwam, for fire to burn the fort, an Indian was drawing an arrow to the very head, and would have killed him instantly; but "Davis, his sergeant, cut the bow-string with his cutlass, and prevented the fatal shot."†

With the destruction of their warriors by Mason and his company, and the desolating events that immediately ensued, the existence of the Pequots, as a separate tribe,

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* *Yamoyden, A Tale of the Wars of King Philip*, by the Rev. James W. Eastburn and his friend. Canto I, Stanza IV.

† Hubbard's *Narrative of the Indian Wars in New-England.*

forever terminated; the *name* of MASON became "the dread of the nations, from Narragansett to the Hudson river;"* and the fiery doom of those who perished at the Mystic fort, lighted a fearful beacon, for the warning of all the red-men of the surrounding wildernesses.

The awful fate of the extinct Pequot tribe, wears, however, the aspect of such ruthless and exterminating vengeance, that it naturally prompts, and gives a grave import to, the reflection of an honored descendant† of the fathers of New England: "However just the occasion of this war, humanity demands a tear, on the extinction of a valiant tribe, which preferred death to what it might naturally anticipate from the progress of the English settlements,—dependence or extirpation." And he adds the appropriate sentiment of one‡ who felt with him:

> "Indulge, my native land! indulge the tear,
> That steals, impassioned, o'er a nation's doom:
> To me each twig from Adam's stock is near,
> And sorrows fall upon an Indian's tomb."

Yet there is due to the exterminator of the Pequots, and to the great and good men of the times, who aided, prompted, or commended him, a consideration of the peculiar and pressing emergency, that seemed imperatively to demand, when all proposals for conciliation had been despised, and the existence of the colonies was in hourly danger from an implacable foe, resolutely bent on the white man's utter ruin, a final resort to summary, though harsh and mournful measures.

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* Prince's *Introd.* to Mason's Hist.

† Holmes, in his *Annals*, Vol. I, p. 297.

‡ The Rev. Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, in his Poem of "*Greenfield Hill.*"

The very author* of the poetic lines just quoted, has himself remarked, after a detailed narrative of the transaction, "The English had originally determined, not to burn the fort; but, when they found themselves assailed from the weekwams of an enemy, who could neither be met nor seen, they resorted to this, as a desperate and indispensable measure." And he adds a glowing eulogium on the exploit: "Few efforts, made by man, have been more strongly marked with wisdom in the projection, or with superior courage and conduct in the execution. Every step appears to have been directed by that spirit and prudence, which mankind have, with one voice, regarded with admiration and applause, in the statesman and the hero."

We may safely adopt the language of that venerable Father of the Providence Plantation,† and Apostle to the Indians, who called the hero of the Pequot War his "honored, dear, and ancient friend;" and said to him, "When the Lord drew the bow of the Pequot war against the country," "the Lord made yourself and others *a blessed instrument of peace to all New England.*" And if the name of Mason was, on the one hand, a word of terror to the savages, aweing them into forbearance, there was good reason why, on the other hand, it should be cherished by every colonist throughout New England, as it was by Governor Wolcott of Connecticut; who, in his poetical account‡ of the destruction of the Mystic Fort,

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* The Rev. Dr. Dwight, in his *Travels in New England and New York*, Vol. III, Letter III, p. 18.

† The Rev. Roger Williams, in his *Letter to Major Mason*, in the Mass. Hist. Coll., Vol. I, p. 277.

‡ "*Account of the Agency of the Hon. John Winthrop, in the Court of King Charles the Second, A. D.* 1662," &c., contained in the Mass. Hist. Coll., Vol. IV, p. 277.

and the ruin of the Pequots, celebrates the praises of Captain Mason, " whose name," says he,

> " Whose name is never mention-ed by me,
> Without a special note of dignity."

Not long after the termination of the war, the Captain was (March 8th, 1638,) appointed, and, until his death, he continued to be, the Major General* of all the forces of Connecticut. At the ceremonial of his elevation to his honorable rank, his staff of office was presented to him, at the request of the government, and in their name, by the venerated Hooker; who was so eminently fitted and qualified, by his patriarchal form, and sacred function, as well as his learning, piety, and eloquence, to solemnize the occasion, in a manner suited to the Puritan spirit of the times, at the inauguration of the people's Joshua, who was to lead the armies, and fight the battles of the Lord. And at various periods, for many years, he prosecuted their wars against " the heathen," with a remarkable success, associating with his name and exploits ideas of his having a supernatural protection and coöperation, being armed with both the shield and sword of the Irresistible.

Throughout his course, avoiding the acrimonious theological controversies of the day, in which most of his valiant compeers were unhappily involved, he was, preëminently, the man whom all delighted to honor.

For eighteen years, (1642 to 1660,)† he was chosen a magistrate; a commissioner to the Congress of the United Colonies, (1647, 1654 to 1657, and 1661;) Chief Judge of

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* In the *Records of the Court*, Vol. I, p. 7, as quoted by Ellis, his appointment is that of " a public military officer."

† *Conn. State Records*, according to MS. copy, furnished by the Hon. D. S. Boardman.

the County Court, (from 1664 to 1670;) and, for nine years, (1660 to 1669,) Deputy Governor.

In the settlement of the town of Saybrook, as early as the year 1637, he was one of the five principal planters; and he afterward (1647) resided there, and was chosen one of the two magistrates, to whom was confided the government of the town. Soon after his removal thither, "in the depth of winter, in a very tempestuous night, the fort at Saybrook was set on fire, and all the buildings within the palisado, with all the goods, &c., were burnt down; Captain Mason, his wife, and children, hardly saved."*

He was employed, also,† (1634,) in erecting fortifications for the defence of Boston. And among numerous other public duties which devolved upon him, one in which the General Court appointed the Honorable Samuel Wyllys to assist him at Saybrook, was "examining the suspicions there about witchcraft."‡

When the New Haven colony, from a combination of untoward circumstances, were led to think of removing (1651) to Delaware, they offered strong inducements to Mason, to unite with them as the chief manager of their enterprise. But the General Court of Connecticut refused their consent to his departure from the colony; and the design of the people of New Haven was abandoned.

In testimony of their appreciation of his services, and especially of his exploit at the Mystic River, the General

* Winthrop's *Hist. of New Eng.*, an. 1647.

† With Captains Underhill, Patrick, Trask, and Turner, and Lieutenants Feaks and Morris.

‡ Hinman's *Catalogue of Puritan Settlers of Conn.*, art. Hon. Samuel Wyllys.

Court, after the example of the ancient Greeks, who gave portions of land to their victorious heroes, bestowed (1641) upon their valiant Captain five hundred acres of the Pequot territory, and a tract, of equal extent, for distribution among his comrades. On a previous occasion, (1639,) the Court had granted to him £10, "for his good service against the Pequots, and otherwise."

The prominence and influence of Uncas, the Mohégan sachem, and devoted friend and ally of the colonists, led his enemies to meditate his death. It was resolved, therefore, by the Court, (1643,) to appoint a special committee, with authority to press men, if occasion should require it, for his protection.* This committee consisted of Deputy Governor Hopkins, Major General Mason, and Mr. William Whiting, whom the sachem regarded as his best friends.

In the reign of Charles the First of England, when the civil war arose, on account of the conflict between the claims of royal prerogative and parliamentary privilege, and the parliament appointed (1644) Sir Thomas Fairfax their "Chief General." he desired the services of his brave fellow-soldier and friend Mason, whom he had so favorably known in the Netherlands; and he wrote to him, asking his coöperation.† But Mason's feelings were now so entwined around the cause of the New England colonies, that his separation from them was impracticable.

During the Protectorate, Cromwell sent (1654) to New England Major Sedgwick and Captain Leverett, to reduce the Dutch; and Major Mason and Mr. Cullick were deputed by the General Court of Connecticut, to act in concert with them.

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* Hinman's *Catalogue*, art. Governor Edward Hopkins.

† Prince's *Introd.* to Mason's Brief Hist. of the Pequot War.

While Governor Winthrop was absent in England, on the business of the colony, for a renewal of their charter, at the time of the accession of King Charles the Second, on Deputy Governor Mason devolved the chief conduct of civil affairs. And when the charter was sanctioned by the royal authority, he was appointed, (1662,) by the King, "Deputy Governor," until an annual election could be had; and, at that election, his appointment was continued.

Governor Winthrop, after the important object of his mission had been happily secured, without delay forwarded the charter to the colony. The pulse of the whole community was immediately accelerated by the glad tidings. All hearts were filled with joy. The Court convened. A great concourse was assembled with them. The document was read aloud; and "one of the Court, probably Major Mason, held it out in his hand, and declared it to be *theirs, and their successors'!*"*

He was one of the nineteen petitioners to Charles II., who were selected to sign the document in the colony's behalf; and the King's grant contains, among their chosen names, that of JOHN MASON.†

The year after he had been elected Deputy Governor, he made over to the colony all lands which he had purchased from the Indians by the authority‡ of the Court. Forty years after this period, the descendants of Mason claimed these lands, "in virtue of a deed given to him by Uncas," the Mohégan sachem, during the time (1659) when he acted as agent of the colony; and they repre-

* Hinman's *Catalogue*, art. Governor John Winthrop.

† Hinman's *Letters from the English Kings and Queens, &c., to the Governors of Conn.*, pp. 174—188.

‡ *Conn. Records*, Vol. II, p. 135.

sented his surrender of the lands as having respect to "nothing more than the jurisdiction right," and alleged, "that the title to the soil was vested in their family, as guardians or overseers of the Indians."* This was familiarly known as the "Mohégan case." It was agitated for about seventy years, and not finally decided, until George the Third, in Council, just before the revolutionary war, gave a decree in favor of the colony, and thus put the agitation of the case to rest.

There was a large tract of five hundred and fifty acres of land, on the Shetucket River, granted to Major Mason, (1668,) by Uncas, and his son Attawanhood; and another tract, containing the town of Windham, was received, (February, 1675,) by *Captain* John Mason, a son of *Major* Mason, together with the Rev. James Fitch, and fourteen other legatees, from Joshua, son of Uncas.†

Having, for many years, resided at Saybrook, Major Mason removed (1660) to Norwich; where, advanced in years, and disabled by bodily infirmities, "he excused himself from the service of the commonwealth,"‡ and soon after died, before the 4th day of June, 1672, in the 73d year of his age, honored and lamented; not more sagacious, valiant, and intrepid, as a military leader, than he was wise and just, as a legislator and a magistrate.

It is worthy of particular remark, that, in his long life of public duty, he was, in a great measure, free from those evils which usually attend the prominent, especially when they are made, by popular favor, conspicuous marks for the shafts of envy. In the year 1663, however, we

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* Trumbull's *Hist.*, B. I, ch. XVII; and *Memoir of the Mohèguns*, in Mass. Hist. Coll., Vol. IX, p. 81.

† Barber's *Conn. Hist. Coll.*, art. Windham, p. 443.

‡ Trumbull's *Hist. of Conn.*, B. I, ch. XIV.

find in the proceedings of the Court, that there were some "uncomfortable debates," in which unjust remarks were made, in reference to him; but the Court, it is recorded, "declared" that he "*stands clear.*" And that he did not wholly escape from the assaults of malice, is to be seen in his being compelled to bring, in his old age, the year only before his death, an action for slander and defamation; as plaintiff, gaining his suit.

At the request of the General Court, he wrote a Brief History of the Pequot War.* In his preface, addressed to the "judicious reader," he modestly says, "I shall only draw the curtain, and open my little casement;" and he records the facts of the history, "that some small glimmering may be left to posterity, what difficulties and obstructions their forefathers met with, in their first settling these desert parts of America; how God was pleased to prove them, and how, by His wise providence, He ordered and disposed all their occasions and affairs for them, in regard to both their civils and ecclesiasticals."†

His house at Norwich was "a little south of the old court-house, on the old road leading to New London, near the bridge" over the Yantic, and was "bought by the town (1692) for a parsonage." In a neighboring field of graves repose his ashes, but "nothing designates the grave of the first military officer, and the Deputy Governor of the colony of Connecticut."‡

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* First published at Boston, in 1736; and reprinted in the Mass. *Hist. Coll.*, Vol. VIII, pages 120—153, second series.

† There are three other contemporaneous histories of these events, by John Underhill, Lion Gardiner, and P. Vincent; all printed in the *Mass. Hist. Coll.* We have other accounts, by the Rev. Increase Mather, and the Rev. William Hubbard; and one in verse by Governor Wolcott, in his *Account, &c. of the Hon. John Winthrop, in the Court of King Charles II.*

‡ Ellis' Life of Mason, ch. VII.

He left *three sons and four daughters*, by his second wife, whom he married in the year 1640; his first wife having died at Windsor. They were, *Priscilla*, born in October, 1641; *Samuel*, July, 1644; *John*, August, 1646; *Rachel*, October, 1648; *Anne*, June, 1650; *Daniel*, April, 1652; and *Elizabeth*, August, 1654.

To these children are to be traced the genealogies of very many descendants, conspicuous for intellectual endowments, and moral worth.*

DANIEL, the third son, resided at Lebanon; was, for a time, (1679,) a school-master at Norwich; and died (1736) at Stonington, at the age of 85 years.

His son DANIEL† was born at *Roxbury*, in the year 1676, his mother having been sent thither to her friends, during the Indian troubles at Norwich; and he was baptized there, (A. D. 1676, month 2d, day 9th,) by the pastor of the first church at Roxbury, ELIOT, the Apostle of the Indians. He married, (April 19th, 1704,) Dorothy, daughter of the Rev. Jeremiah Hobart, of Haddam, and died, leaving one son, his only child. The widow, Dorothy Mason, then married (October 1st, 1707,) Hezekiah Brainerd,‡ Esq., and became the mother of the celebrated David Brainerd, the missionary to the Indians.

The son and only child of Daniel Mason and Dorothy Hobart, was JEREMIAH. He was born, March 4th, 1705, and married (May 24th, 1727,) Mary, daughter of Thomas, who was the son of William Clark, one of the first settlers of Haddam. Jeremiah, at the time of his father's death,

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* For the descendants of all these children, except those of Daniel here given, see the Appendix A to this volume.

† See Appendix B.

‡ He was, afterward, one of the council of his Majesty George I, for the colony of Connecticut.

was six months old; and when his mother married Hezekiah Brainerd, he was but two years and six months of age; so that, from his early infancy, he was a step-child. And he was brought up "after the most straitest sect of our religion," by a rigid Puritan, his step-father, who, as the family tradition tells, "looked after the boys." It tells, also, that "Jeremiah, when a man, once coming in rather late at night, Mr. Brainerd asked, 'Jeremiah, where have you been out, so late at night?' 'I have been,' said he, 'to see Mary Clark.' 'Oh, very well,' answered the step-father, 'go to bed.'" After his marriage to Mary Clark, Jeremiah removed to Franklin, and there had four sons and four daughters.*

ANNA, the third daughter, married Dr. William Whiting of Great Barrington, and became the mother of MARY ANNA (Boardman,) the subject of this Memorial, her third child and eldest daughter.

While the progenitor of these descendants, the hero of the Pequot war, was, for many years, serving, in the field and in the cabinet, the interests of Connecticut, and the New England colonies in general; his friend, WILLIAM WHITING of Hartford, was conspicuously and usefully employed.

In the year 1637, he, (at Hartford,) and his friend Mason, (at Windsor,) were chosen members of the General Court; and in 1642, they were both chosen Magistrates, with six others.

Mr. Whiting was re-appointed, for six years, as a Magistrate; and while he held this office, (for "it appears to have been customary, for a number of years, to choose the Secretary and the Treasurer from among the Magis-

* An account of them and their families is given in Appendix C.

trates,"*) he was chosen also (1643) Treasurer† of the colony.

He acted, by appointment of the Court, with his friend Mason, in the erection of fortifications, for the defence of the colonies against the Indians; and they both were collectors of tribute from the Indian tribes on Long Island and on the main. He was also appointed, with Governor Haynes and others, to build a ship (1642) for the protection of the colony.‡

The Dutch, at that time (1642) settled in New Netherland, (New York,) exhibited, as the history of the times abundantly testifies, an austere and imperious temper toward their Connecticut neighbors, whom they regarded in the light of intruders in the Dutch territory, which the people of New Netherland held, by virtue of a commission from the States-General to the West India Company. The controversy between the Dutch and English, was "the prelude to a series of rancorous, but bloodless hostilities, and of tantalizing vexations, unparalleled in all the colonial annals of North America."§

As the Dutch persisted in claiming‖ ALL the territory occupied by the Connecticut colonies, asserting that they had purchased the lands on both sides of the Versche

* Trumbull's *Hist.*, B. I, ch. VII.

† Winthrop's *Hist. of New England*, Savage's note, Vol. II, an. 1646. Savage corrects the mistake of Mather, who says that Mr. Whiting was a Magistrate in 1637.

‡ Hinman's *Catalogue*, art. Gov. John Haynes.

§ Moulton's *Hist. of New York*, Part II, end of ch. VI.

‖ This claim is mentioned by Smith, (*Hist. of New York*, Vol. I, Part I, p. 3,) who quotes (Note B,) a pamphlet published (1651) at Amsterdam, entitled, "Beschryvinghe van Virginia, Nieuw Nederland." See also the *Hist. of New Netherland*, by Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan, (Vol. I, B. III, ch. 3, an. 1642,) who gives an account of the Dutch claims, and of the commission of Messrs. Whiting and Hill.

Rivier, (Fresh River,) as they called the Connecticut; and that this purchase was made in the year 1632, before any of the English had settled there; the General Court of Connecticut sent Mr. Whiting and Mr. Hill, as commissioners, to proceed to Fort Amsterdam, and enter into a negotiation upon the subject. In this negotiation, the Hollanders gravely proposed, that the authorities of Hartford, during the period of their occupying the premises, should pay to the States-General *annual tithes!* The document in which this proposition is made is a curious relic of the times:

"Conditions offered by the Lord Director General of the Council of New Netherland, to Messrs. Whytinge and Hill, delegates from the Honorable Court at Hartford:

"For our Hartford land they shall pay yearly to their High Mightinesses the Lords, the States-General of the United Provinces of Holland, or to their representatives, tithes of the produce of the lands, both by the plough and spade, or other means of culture; excepting orchards and vegetable gardens not exceeding a Dutch acre: or, in lieu of tithes, an equivalent in money, to be afterward settled, as long as they shall continue to be possessors of the land. Done at Fort Amsterdam, in New Netherland, July 9th, A. D. 1642."*

* The original, without a translation, is given by Smith, in his *Hist. of New York*, Vol. I, p 6: "Conditiones à D. Directore Gen. senatuys Novi Belgii, Dominis Whytinge atque Hill, Delegatis à nobili Senatu Hartfordiensi oblatae:—Pro agro nostro Hartfordiensi, annuo persolvent Præpotentiss. DD. Ordinibus Fœd. Provinciarum Belgicarum aut eorum vicariis, decimam partem reventus agrorum, tum aratro tum ligone, aliove cultorum medio; pomariis, hortisq: oleribus dicatis, jugerum Hollandium non excedentibus exceptis; aut decimarum loco, pretium nobile postea constituendum, tam diu quàm diu possessores ejusdem agri futuri erunt. Actum in arce Amstelodamensi in Novo Belgio, Die Julii 9, Anno Christi 1642."

Among the alleged arbitrary and offensive measures of the Dutch Governor Kieft, was a refusal to aid Mr. Whiting, in the recovery of certain pecuniary claims which he was urging in New Netherland. "An action had been carried against him at Manhatoes," (New York city,) "in his absence, and when he had no agent to exhibit his evidence, or plead his cause;" and, "upon demanding a just debt, long since due from the Dutch, the governor neglected to give him that assistance, which was necessary for the recovery of his right."* The commissioners wrote to the Dutch Governor Kieft, upon this subject, and desired that he would "grant a review" of Mr. Whiting's case, and "proper assistance in the recovery of his debts from the Dutch," promising similar favors. The Governor, in his reply, contradicted Mr. Whiting's statements. He wrote also to the Governor of Massachusetts, and charged Mr. Whiting with having said, that "the English were fools for suffering the Dutch in the centre of the country."† In his letters to the commissioners, he utters an empty bravado; talking of resort to "arms," in defence of his territorial rights, and saying, in the climax of his magniloquent wrath, "We protest against all you commissioners, met at the Red Mount," (New Haven,) "as against breakers of the common league, and, also, infringers of the special rights of the Lords, the States, our superiors; in that you have dared, without express commission, to hold your general meeting within the limits of New Netherland."**

Great confidence seems to have been reposed in Mr.

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* Trumbull's *Hist.*, B. I, ch. VIII, an. 1646.

† Hubbard's *Gen. Hist. of New Eng.*, ch. LVI; and Winthrop's *Hist. of New Eng*, an. 1646, p. 269

Whiting, as a man eminently entitled to implicit trust; ever "good and true;" to be relied on, at all seasons, and, especially, in times of great emergence. He was faithful as a magistrate; a commissioner, for the transaction of business, in which the welfare of the colonies was essentially involved; as a tribute-gatherer, and, for several years, (1641 to 1647,) Treasurer of the colony.

He was also appointed by the Court, as has already been said, one of the protectors of the sachem Uncas, against the malignity of his Indian enemies. And it was his deep interest in the cause of this friendly sachem, that led to Mr. Whiting's being designated as one of the proposed victims, in a plot concerted by Sequassen, a petty sagamore, and deadly foe of Uncas. The plot contemplated the murder of Governor Hopkins, Governor Haynes, and Mr. Whiting; and was to be executed by Watohibrough, a Waranoke Indian, hired by the sagamore for this purpose. The lives of three of the best friends of Uncas being thus taken, the sachem was himself to be charged with the foul deed, that general indignation might be roused against him to his ruin. But the heart of Watohibrough, the hired savage assassin, failed him, even after his receiving a valuable piece of wampum, as the price of blood. He went to Hartford; and, to relieve his mind, and escape the vengeance of Sequassen, he there publicly revealed the plot, and claimed protection from the English.

Mr. Whiting, combining with a remarkable talent for the transaction of public business, a prudent regard to

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** These letters of the Governor and the commissioners are in Hazard's *Hist. Coll.;* and in the *Coll. of the N. Y. Hist. Soc.*, First Series, Vol. I, p. 189—199.

the management of his private affairs, accumulated, by trading with the Indians, (as he was licensed to do by the General Court,) and by various successful enterprises, an amount of property, that was very unusual in Connecticut, at the period when he lived. He left an estate of more than nine thousand pounds sterling. In his will, he provided liberally for his children; he bestowed gifts on several of his friends; and he gave legacies to the orphan children of those patriarch pastors of the church at Hartford, Mr. Hooker and Mr. Stone; the orphan children of the Rev. Mr. Smith of Wethersfield, and to the poor of that town, and of Hartford and Windsor.

He left four sons and two daughters;* William, JOHN, Samuel, Sarah, Mary, and Joseph.

The Rev. John† Whiting, the second son, was a minister of the Congregational Church. He was born in England, "a short time before his father's emigration to New England;"‡ graduated (1653) at Harvard College; was, soon after, admitted a member of the church in Cambridge, Massachusetts; married Sybil, a daughter of Deacon Edward Collins, and resided there for several years; and it is "highly probable that he studied theology there."§ He was (1657) temporarily engaged by the inhabitants of Salem, to assist their aged and infirm minister, the Rev. Edward Norris, which he did for two or three years, and then (1660) returned to Cambridge. He removed. the same year, to Hartford, Connecticut, where

* The genealogy of their descendants is given in the appendix D.

† Trumbull twice mistakes his Christian name, and calls him (*Hist. Conn.*, Vol. I, p 461,) *Joseph*, and (Vol. I, p. 492,) *Samuel*.

‡ Farmer's *Memoirs of Ministers*, in the Am. Quart. Register, Vol. IX, p. 229.

§ Farmer's *Memoirs*.

he was ordained and settled over the *first* church; thus becoming the successor of those venerated men, Thomas Hooker and Samuel Stone. His rigid views of church discipline led (1669) to a division of his flock; and he formed (Feb. 12th, 1670) a new church, called the *South* church, of which he was installed the pastor. There he continued to labor, for twenty years, until (1689*) his death. His stern congregational principles were in unison with those of John White, "a strict Puritan,"† and early settler of Hartford, one of the sixty who agreed (1659) to emigrate from Hartford to Hadley in Massachusetts. In his will, Mr. White testified his regard for his friend, the Rev. John Whiting, by a legacy of £5 in silver; and Cotton Mather, in his Magnalia, speaks of him among those who "will never be forgotten, till Connecticut colony do forget itself, and all religion." He probably had two wives;‡ and he left four sons and four daughters.§

The Rev. SAMUEL Whiting, the second of these sons, was born at Hartford, in the year 1670, and was educated by his father and the Rev. James Fitch, of Norwich, Connecticut. He was invited by the inhabitants of Windham, in the same colony, by a vote at their first town meeting, (1692,) to become their spiritual teacher. He was the first minister of the first society in Windham; and tradition quaintly says, in the manner of old Cotton Mather and his compeers, that the *first* sermon of this

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* Hinman's *Catalogue of First Puritan Settlers of Conn.*, art. John Whiting. Trumbull, by mistake, says that he died in 1709; *Hist.*, B. I, ch. XIX, Catalogue of Ministers. Farmer, in his *Genealogical Register of the First Settlers of New England*, (art. John Whiting,) has the same error.

† Hinman's *Catalogue*, art. John White.

‡ Hinman, art. John Whiting.

§ For an account of their families, see the Appendix E.

first pastor, was delivered by him there, "on the *first* day of the *first* month of the year, and the *first* day of the week, the *first* chapter of the *first* book of the bible, and the *first* verse of the chapter!"

As an inducement to him, to settle permanently among them, the people offered him an annual salary of fifty pounds, with a promise, also, to build for him a dwelling-house. A curious illustration of the *architectural* pretensions of the times, is afforded by the *size* of this promised dwelling, which was to be eighteen feet square, and two stories high! Until the house was built, his salary was increased ten pounds. The proposed *structure* being eventually erected, (1696,) he received (1697) a "call to ordination," and accepted it (1699); was ordained (1700); and had his salary increased to a hundred pounds, with a supply of fuel. He was, for thirty-two years from the date of his first residence at Windham, the venerated pastor of the people; and then, when on a visit at the house of the Rev. Mr. Collins at Enfield, being violently attacked with pleurisy, he died there, leaving a widow, with eight sons and five daughters.*

Colonel WILLIAM Whiting, the fourth son of the Rev. Samuel Whiting of Windham, was, like Cincinnatus of old, a soldier and a cultivator of the soil, retiring from the field of battle, with military glory, to his farm at Bozrah, where he died.

When the American army under Sir William Pepperel, with the British fleet under Sir Peter Warran, in the reign of George the Second, reduced the strongly fortified

* Their descendants are named in the Appendix F. For a sketch of the life of the Rev. Samuel Whiting, see Barber's *Conn. Hist. Coll.*, art. Windham, p. 415.

French settlement at Louisbourg, on the island of Cape Breton, at the Gulf of St. Lawrence, William Whiting "gained much applause;"* and, "in consequence of his gallant conduct at that siege, he was made a Captain in the regular British service."† And in the battle fought (Sept. 8th, 1755,) at the head of Lake George, then called Lake St. Sacrament, between the provincial troops under Major General (afterwards *Sir*) William Johnson, and the French Canadians under the Baron de Dieskau, each party being aided by a body of Indians, Mr. Whiting, a Lieutenant Colonel at the time, added to his fame, as "an officer of great merit."‡ Colonel Ephraim Williams had been sent by the Major General, to meet the French then near Glen's Falls; and Lieutenant Colonel Whiting, second in command, brought up the rear. When Colonel Williams, unaware of his perlious situation, marched his detachment to a spot, where he was almost encircled by the skillfully arranged forces of the Baron, and there received their unexpected and destructive fire, and fell in the engagement, which took place about four miles from the Lake, at Rocky Brook; the Lieutenant Colonel immediately succeeded in command. Discovering, that, from the unfavorable situation of the ground, and from the prevailing surprise and general confusion, as well as the superior numbers of the French, the utter ruin of his detachment was impending, he immediately resolved on a retreat. And this he conducted with such admirable judgment and ability, that he not only saved his men from certain de-

* *Review of Military Operations in N. Amer.*, in the Mass. Hist. Coll., Vol. VII, p. 107.

† Dwight's *Travels*, Vol. III, in his First Journey to Lake George, Letter III, p. 364.

‡ Dwight's *Letters*, Vol. III, p. 364.

struction, but led them back to the main army "in large bodies," so that they "arranged themselves in their proper places," and took part in the general engagement which followed; when the French army was put to rout, and the Baron de Dieskau was wounded and taken prisoner. It is judiciously remarked, that "Not to have retreated in this situation, would have been delirious; and to conduct a retreat in these circumstances, with so much good order and success, demanded little less vigor of mind, than that which has been displayed in the celebrated retreats on the Eastern continent."* And when the Baron had been in Philadelphia, where he "spoke very handsomely of this movement"† of the retiring forces, one of the gazettes of the times said, "Colonel Whiting conducted the retreat with great judgment, to the admiration of the French general; who is pleased to say, that he believes a retreat was *never better* conducted."‡

One of the sons of Colonel Whiting, who was his companion in this engagement, and during the war, was murdered by the Indians, near Lake George, while in the woods gathering medicinal herbs for some sick fellow-soldiers.

The wife of Colonel Whiting, and mother of this victim of Indian barbarity, was ANNA RAYMOND, whose mother, a wealthy widow, with many slaves, had a plantation on Fisher's Island, in Long Island Sound, where she was once visited by the notorious pirate, Captain Kidd, who took from her plantation the supplies he needed, and then, to remunerate her, poured money into her apron, as the family legend tells, *until the string broke!*

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* Dwight's *Letters*, Vol. III, p. 371.

† Dwight.

‡ *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, Sept. 25th, 1755, quoted by Dwight.

Two of Colonel Whiting's sons survived him; Caleb,* who had a large family at Bozrah; and WILLIAM, who became a physician, and resided at Hartford, and Great Barrington.

This Doctor WILLIAM Whiting, son of Colonel William Whiting and Anna Raymond, was born on the eighth day of April, 1730. He studied medicine, under the direction of Dr. John Bulkley of Colchester, and became "an eminent physician."† He married ANNA MASON, a lineal descendant, (as appears from what has been stated in this chapter,) of that renowned Mason, whose valorous exploits in the Pequot and other Indian wars, and in various daring adventures "by flood and field," impart to much of the early history of Connecticut a romantic interest.

More than a century before, the paternal progenitors of Dr. Whiting and Anna Mason had been devoted friends, in the settlement, defence, and management of the colonies; the one holding the purse, the other wielding the sword, and both occupying conspicuous stations, as magistrates and legislators. The alliance of their remote descendants, was, from this circumstance, a domestic event of peculiar interest.

Inheriting not a little of the characteristic energy of her great forefather, Anna Mason was erect in figure and active in movement; and, with her auburn tresses, bright hazle eye, and distinctly marked features, that interpreted, with great expressiveness, the operations of her vigorous, active, and sagacious mind, she was, altogether, a remarkable woman, whose influence in society and the domestic circle, could not fail to be both felt and recognized. De-

* See an account of his family, in Appendix G.

† Alden's *Biogr. Notices*, in the Amer. Qu. Register, Vol. XIII, p. 86.

voted to the duties of her family, she was a good and faithful wife and mother, achieving, in her appropriate sphere of duty, exploits of self-sacrifice, which were every way worthy of her lineage.

Dr. Whiting, for a few years subsequent to his marriage, continued to reside at Hartford, but in 1766 removed thence to Great Barrington, in Berkshire county, Massachusetts. He "was considered the first physician in the county, as to medical knowledge;" was "an intimate friend of the distinguished Dr. Erastus Sargeant, of Stockbridge;" and was "much in public life;" yet he was ever, even when in the zenith of his celebrity as a physician and a civilian, "modest and unassuming."*

In him Anna Mason found a partner, whose intelligence and benevolence, added to great moral worth, rendered him as agreeable and endearing, in *private* life, as he was conspicuous and esteemed, in *public*, on account of his medical skill, his practical talent in the management of civil affairs, and his devoted love of liberty, before, during, and after the revolutionary war.

Among his characteristic traits, in private, was his extraordinary *musical* predilection, united to a mechanical ingenuity in the construction of musical instruments of various kinds, and a readiness in learning to execute upon them, without the aid of an instructor. He built a parlor organ for his family, and constructed, among other instruments, a dulcimer; and the organ, violin, flute, dulcimer, and harpsichord, all contributed to his personal, domestic, and social pleasures. He felt, with one of the most eminent and holy of men, who said, "I must necessarily acknowledge, that, of all recreations, this is by far the most

* Alden's *Biographical Notices.*

suitable to my temper and disposition, in that it is not only an exercise to my body, but to my mind too; my spirits being thereby made the more nimble and active, and, by consequence, the fitter to wait upon my soul, and be employed by her in whatsoever business she is engaged."*

It was his strong musical propensity, that brought upon him the Puritan rebuke of a minister of the stern, olden caste, who repeatedly, and in strong terms, ventured to forbid the banns between the elegant accomplishments and the practical duties of life; and thus furnished one of the reasons for the Doctor's eventually withdrawing, with his family, from the Congregational society to a newly organized Episcopal parish at Great Barrington. He could not admit, that, in the enjoyment of their melodies and harmonies, any inmates of his house could be found guilty of violating the precepts of true religion or sound morals. He felt no disgrace in being the head of "the musical family;" but, encircled by his happy group of wife and children, it was his great delight to have them all take part in a social enjoyment, which, beyond all others upon earth, appeared to him to be a tuning of the soul for heaven. And what is related in the "Fairy Queen," may, by a slight change, be adapted to the description of the recreations enjoyed by this musical family.

> "Eftsoons, was heard a most harmonious sound,
> Of all that could delight a dainty ear;
> Such as might not, in all that region round,
> Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere."

But Dr. Whiting, in his duties among the sick, was not the less prompt and faithful, on account of his thus sharing in domestic pleasures. His science and his skill were uni-

* Bishop Beveridge's Works, Vol. I, *Private Thoughts*, Resol. VI, 5.

versally acknowledged; and they won for him an extensive, laborious, and lucrative practice of his profession. In the sick room, and at the bedside, his great kindness of manner was itself a cordial for the afflicted. He gained the affectionate regard of his patients, and their unbounded confidence.

And his services to the community were not afforded merely by his professional duties, as a practising physician. He was endowed with certain mental and moral qualities, which were just what the exigencies of the times required for the country's cause.

In the year 1774, he was "called by the collective voice of four towns, to represent them in a General Court, to meet at Salem."* This meeting was summoned by the lately arrived Governor, Thomas Gage, *the last* of the governors of Massachusetts appointed by the king. The Governor, however, did not meet with the Court; and "they *formed themselves into a Provincial Congress*," which was one of the most prominent facts, in the development of the master-principle of the revolutionary epoch. Dr. Whiting, at that critical and perilous time, was, "for the space of two years, constantly and arduously employed in the public service."

Before the struggle for our national independence had commenced, he was appointed, under the British government, a Justice of the Peace for the county of Berkshire. But warmly sympathizing with the friends of civil liberty in the colonies, as to the views of public policy which they entertained, he was among the foremost to renounce his allegiance to Great Britain, and risk life and fortune, in the cause of National Independence.

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* MS. *Statement by Dr. Whiting*, dated Feb. 1st, 1787.

His Commission as a Justice is still preserved, among the family relics. It is a printed document, the first words of which, "George the Third, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c.," are erased; and over them is *written*, "The Government and People of the Massachusetts Bay in New England." The paper appears to have been *originally* signed, September 6th, 1775, "in the 15th year of His Majesty's reign;" but these last words, referring to His Majesty, are erased, and there is added, in *writing*, "In Council, July 8th, 1776. This may certify, that the above Commission was this day presented to be altered, agreeable to a late Act of this Colony, entitled, an Act for altering the style of commissions, &c., and was accordingly altered." The signatures to the document are autographs of Perez Morton and John Avery, who were Deputy Secretaries, and James Otis, B. Greenleaf, W. Spooner, Caleb Cushing, Joseph Gerrish, John Whitcomb, Jed. Foster, James Prescott, B. Lincoln, Michael Farley, Eliud Taylor, S. Holten, Moses Gill, J. Winthrop, and Charles Chauncy, all members of the Council.

The courts of law, previous to this time, had been "suspended by popular violence in the county, and continued suspended, for more than five years; the people, during that period, being bewitchingly attached to the government of conventions and committees." Dr. Whiting was "*the only Justice of the Peace*, who ventured to officiate in the county;" "but," says he, when vindicating himself from the slander of having opposed the lawful authorities, in favor of insurrectionary measures, "through all that dreary period of five years, although with many threats and great hazard, I constantly officiated as a Justice, and by that means preserved the sacred fire of law from be-

ing totally extinguished in the county, while *every other magistrate had forsaken its altar!*"

The bewildering infatuation of the people, in favor of conventions and committees, led him, in the year 1778, to write, and, chiefly at his own expense, publish, an *Address to the Inhabitants of Berkshire County*, on the subject.

On the adoption of the new constitution of the State, (1780,) he was commissioned "a Justice of the Peace and of the Quorum," and, contrary to his wishes, (1781 to 1787,) "First Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in Berkshire county." In this office, his industry, integrity, faithfulness, and impartiality, received the highest commendation, even from his enemies.

When the war had ceased, and he was "more at leisure from the calls of the public," we find him (1786) busily occupied in the practice of his former profession, "the duties of which," he states, while speaking of this period, "I have constantly attended to, for several years past, except when my duty required that I should officiate in my judicial capacity." "Living near the prison, and being both a Justice of the Peace and a physician, I have constantly attended the calls of its inmates, for seven years past, to approve their bonds for enlargement, administer the poor man's oath, and relieve them in their bodily infirmities. For the former of these services, I have never demanded any fees from them, but have always done it gratis; and, for the latter, I have never received any pay, but have been attentive to these calls from motives of mere humanity."

But the critical state of the country called him to perform an important political duty in her behalf, and required the prompt and vigorous exertion of his energies, as a skillful pilot of the people, in their sea of troubles.

Civil discord, social disquietude, and domestic alarm, prevailed throughout the country, from the end of the year 1783, when General Washington's career as a military commander closed, until the spring of the year 1789, when, the federal constitution having been adopted, the new government commenced its operations, and he was elected President of the United States.

In that momentous interval, our whole land was veiled by the shadow of a dark, threatening cloud. The public debt, which was occasioned by the war, and which the separate States were both unable and unwilling to liquidate, was felt to be an oppressive burden. Commerce, manufactures, and agriculture, arrested by the turbulent spirit of the times, had not dispensed their usual glad influences; and the general state of monetary affairs, both public and private, had now become exceedingly embarrassed. The elements of society and government, agitated as they had been by the Revolution, could not subside into tranquillity, without many a violent, convulsive effort. Lawless outrages were committed by the populace; and in Massachusetts especially, the malcontents provoked the horrors of a civil war. In the year 1786, occurred the formidable insurrection led by Daniel Shays, the energetic suppression of which so greatly added to the fame of General Lincoln.

At this crisis, Dr. Whiting, as a public benefactor, recommended and urged, with admirable wisdom and moderation, wholesome measures for the promotion of the common welfare.

Hearing that "some people in the neighboring counties had risen in arms, and prevented the sitting of the courts," and being sensible that "great uneasiness prevailed among the people of Berkshire," he resolved to write an *Essay*

for the times, with a view, as he declares, of "quieting the people, and leading them into a peaceable and constitutional mode of redress; by first pointing out to them their natural and constitutional rights and liberties; secondly, what I supposed to be real grievances; and, thirdly, the regular and constitutional method to be pursued for their redress." The week that preceded the sitting of the Court of Common Pleas, (in September, 1786,) this Essay was written, under the signature of GRACCHUS, and "read to a number of persons;" setting forth the fundamental principles of government, and the legitimate application of these principles at the existing crisis of civil affairs.

When the time arrived for the sitting of the court, "the militia having been called out, for its protection and support," "there was collected at the court-house a body of about two thousand men, a very great part of whom, instead of supporting the court, decidedly declared themselves in opposition to its sittings. From some particular circumstances which took place at the time, I was rendered," says he, "peculiarly obnoxious to the rage of the people. I was taken into custody by a body of men, as I was returning from the house where the court had been opened, and adjourned without day. With fixed bayonets, and a fury truly terrifying to me, so that I deemed my life in danger, they conducted me into my own house; and there compelled me, together with some of my brethren of the court, to sign a paper, purporting, that we would hold no more courts, until the constitution of the commonwealth was either new-formed or revised. At this time a numerous concourse of men had surrounded my house, with the declared intention of demolishing it. A person present, (Mr. Ringman,) alarmed at my situation at this juncture, and imagining that the sentiments

expressed in the Essay might appease the fury of the people, and conduce to the safety of my person and property, sent for some of their leaders, and read it in their hearing, with the desired effect."

In a county convention, held on the subject of the distress of the times, and at conventions in the county of Worcester, Dr. Whiting urged, against much discouragement, and final disappointment, the *instructing* of *representatives*, rather than the *petitioning* of the *General Court*. "I then made a motion in a convention at Worcester," he says, "to have it enjoined upon every member present, to use his utmost influence among his constituents, to dissuade them from having recourse to arms, or making any further hostile opposition to government; and to this *every member gave his assent.*"

These pacific measures he himself recommended, with great effect, in his own neighborhood. "I heard a rumor," he says, "that movements were making in different parts of the county, for the relief and assistance of Shays. About the same time, three persons from a remote part of the town came to my store, and informed me, that there were a number of persons in their part of the town, who were engaged to march down and join Shays' forces; and that they themselves also proposed to enlist. As they thought me friendly to the 'People,' they wished my advice. I then undertook to convince them of their error, in expecting to get a redress of grievances, by having recourse to force of arms; and particularly of the folly of the present proposal. On this, they renounced their purpose, and returned home, without the stores for which they came, and which were for the purpose of their proposed campaign. Upon informing their comrades of my advice, their Captain, with many others, refused to go."

The views and conduct of Dr. Whiting are fully exhibited, in a detailed account written by himself, (Dec., 1786,) which sets forth, with great ability, fearlessness, and vividness, the actual state of public affairs, at that interesting period of our history; discovers, with much sagacity, the causes that produced the prevaling political disorders; and suggests the most proper remedy for the evils that existed.*

The appropriate *motto* of the Remarks, is

> "In vain thy Reason finer webs would draw,
> Entangle Justice in her net of law;
> And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
> Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong." POPE.

He approaches his subject, with the observation, that "it behoves every good citizen, to exert his utmost abilities, in endeavors to rescue and secure the people from that ruin which threatens them, and to restore a due operation of law and justice; without which, neither our persons nor property can long remain in safety." While he does "not undertake to justify the violent measures" adopted by the people, he observes, however, "I will venture to say, that the future liberty, peace, and safety of the inhabitants of this commonwealth, are in much less danger from the present insurrections of the people, than they are from those violent measures, which are urged by a set of interested, ambitious, and designing men, of suppressing these insurrections by force of arms, and thereby deluging the commonwealth in blood and carnage."

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* The MS. is entitled, "*Remarks on the Conduct of the Inhabitants of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in interrupting the sitting of the Judicial Courts, in several Counties of that State: to which is added an Appendix, containing extracts from the ancient Roman History.*" It consists of 25 pages of closely written foolscap paper, with an Appendix of 8 pages.

Throughout the document, there is a noble bearing, and a sound discretion, that indicate indeed a master-spirit.

The ACTUAL SCENE presented by the western counties, "where," says he, "that desperate remedy has been applied, of suspending the judicial operations of the government," he thus depicts: "I am fully of opinion, that, should our Supreme Magistrates, together with the leading members of the legislature, travel through the remote parts of the counties of Worcester, Hampshire, and Berkshire, and, on the one hand, see with their own eyes the extreme poverty and distress that great multitudes of the people are reduced to; and, on the other hand, observe to what a pitch of affluence and opulence a certain set of men have risen, in the course of a few years, and that, principally, drawn from the very vitals of the poor people; they would immediately exert their utmost powers, in relieving the distresses of the people, by a thorough reformation in our judicial administration, as well as in removing several other matters of grievance. Whatever is said, by interested and designing men, of the lawless and seditious disposition of the people, and that they wish only to avoid paying their just debts, and to commit crimes with impunity; yet I dare pledge myself, for the bulk of the inhabitants of these three counties, that, whenever the grounds of their complaints are removed, as far as they may be, consistent with reason, prudence, and good government, they will return to their duty, as peaceable and loyal subjects of a free republican commonwealth."

As the disaffected had been represented to be "only profligate, licentious bandits," the Doctor is led to observe, "Were we to see the two parties, (those who are for supporting courts of law in the present situation of our public affairs, and those who are for having them suspended

until a thorough redress of grievances can be obtained,) drawn out in two separate corps, in battle array, (which God grant may never happen !) we should see, on the one hand, and in the first ranks, all the poor and most laborious part of the people, who, having begun the world with little or nothing, were necessitated to contract debts, and have now, for several years, been almost constantly harassed by sheriffs, with small executions and large bills of cost, amounting annually to perhaps double the sum of their taxes, and have found, that, with the utmost industry, after paying court fees, lawyers' fees, and sheriffs' fees, and a small matter to their creditors for another year's forbearance, the small pittance remaining for the support of themselves and families, but barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, and their future prospects an assurance, that *the same tragedy* would be acted over again, the next year."

"In aid and support of these, we should see a much larger number, consisting of almost all the middling, and a great number of first rate farmers, together with a large body of respectable mechanics: all of them men heartily desirous of maintaining peace, order, and good government; men who have never, as yet, been harassed with executions themselves, nor stand in the least fear of criminal prosecutions; but induced to act the part they now do, by what they conceive to be motives of humanity and benevolence; for they have constantly seen, for several years, their poor neighbors stripped of whatever little property they possessed, and that, principally, to pay costs; while their debts remained still unpaid. They have seen the rapacity of attorneys, and the brutality of some collectors. They have seen boys issue forth from the writing-shops of attorneys, with only their clothes to their

backs, and with no more law knowledge, than just to enable them to draw a common writ, to form a common plea, and to make a few simple motions in court, acquire larger fortunes, in the space of five years, than they and their predecessors, with their utmost industry, frugality, and economy, have been able to acquire, in five successive generations. From all this, they have been induced to believe, that there must be some material defect in the mode of our judicial administration, and that it is much better the courts of law should be suspended, until those defects shall be remedied, than that the poorer sort of people should be utterly ruined."

"If now," continues the Doctor, "we turn ourselves, and take a view of the other corps, we shall find them, (besides many of the unprincipled, licentious, lawless, profligate, and abandoned, engaged, at so much per day, to assist in the support of government,) composed principally of lawyers, sheriffs, commutationers, impost and excise collectors, and their respective creatures, servants, and dependants; brokers, jobbers, jockeys, little-shop keepers, hucksters, pettifoggers, bumduns, catchpolls, and gaolers; together with a group of time-servers, who hope to obtain for themselves commissions of profit and honor, as a reward for their great loyalty: all, men who either in fact do, or else wish to, live by the labor of others. And now, should this last mentioned corps, in their great zeal for legal protection, attempt to destroy the other party, I leave it to the people at large to say, which of the two they can conscientiously bid God-speed?"

The CAUSES of the prevailing distresses and disquiet among the people, he then distinctly states, was "their being so generally indebted, together with the great scarcity of money, and the very expensive mode of collecting

debts, and carrying on law-suits in this commonwealth." On this subject, he says: "It ought to be considered, that the people are, now, just at the conclusion of a distressing and expensive war; at the beginning of which, numbers of the inhabitants of the counties of Worcester, Hampshire, and Berkshire, had lately settled on new and uncultivated farms, by which means they had been necessitated to contract debts. This well accounts for the inhabitants of *these three* counties being more generally opposed to the sittings of courts of law at this time, than those *eastern* counties, whose circumstances, in that respect, are different, although they have not more loyalty. Great numbers of the inhabitants have served in the army, during the whole course of the war, for little or no wages; and those who staid at home were obliged, through the whole course of the war, to advance all the money and produce they could possibly spare, to support it; so that, at its conclusion, the people were necessarily more indebted than at its commencement. And now, courts of law and merchants' stores being again opened, and heavy taxes continued, almost every farthing of money has long since been drawn, from among the poorer sort of people; and great numbers of them have been constantly stripped of whatever little stocks they possessed, and those often sold at public auction for a mere trifle; and they left destitute of the means of cultivating their little farms, and of milk to nourish their little ones. In addition to all this, they have had to reflect, that this has, principally, gone to pay costs, and that their debts and taxes still remain unpaid!"

A speech made by the Hon. Rufus King, in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, on the subject of the existing insurrection, suggested, that the *league of friendship* between the several States, would render to Mas-

sachusetts all *the aid* she might require. "Let numbers be computed," said Mr. King, "and if government has only a minority, yet let it be remembered, that they have a majority of every other State in the Union to join them." This proposed interference, on the part of other States, Dr. Whiting deprecates, in strong terms, as hostile to the spirit of the Union, in palpable violation of the sovereignty and independence of the separate States, and threatening to extinguish among us, altogether, the sacred flame of republican liberty. He points to the admonitory lessons taught by Greece and Rome, to guard against the undue and violent oppression of the middle and lower classes, and elevation of the upper. He cites, at length, and with great particularity, the Roman stories of the popular tumults, in the time of Servilius, when, in the conflict between the patricians and plebeians, the great risk of the State's utter ruin led to a recognition of the people's rights, and the institution of the office of Tribunes of the people.

He is thus induced to recommend gentle and conciliatory measures, before it be too late. "There is a very great analogy," the Doctor argues, "between a political body and a natural body: and it ought to be considered, that we are now but in the seventh year of our age as a commonwealth; an age, when children are very subject to feverish fits, to caprice, petulance, and wrangling with each other. But these symptoms seldom endanger the life of the patient, or greatly disturb the peace of the family. They are generally cured by light medicines, and moderate correction. They very seldom require blood-letting; and I hope that our political physicians will be very cautious how they shed the blood of the commonwealth, in order to remedy their present feverish paroxysm."

The effectual REMEDIES proposed, are then exhibited. "A major part of the towns in the State have it in their power, by instructing the representatives, to direct the General Court in what manner they please, not unconstitutional nor very unreasonable." The Doctor therefore advises a proper attention to the people's too much neglected privilege and duty, to elect proper persons, fairly, and in all respects, to *represent* them in the General Court. He gives a minute specification of the instructions to be given to these representatives, and recommends the repeal of certain offensive acts recently passed by the General Court; a division of the State into four judicial districts, with three judges each; a thorough reformation of the judicial courts; the allowance of stock, produce, and all kinds of cash articles, as a lawful tender upon executions, and for all debts; and the abolishing of what he calls "that abominable, pagan practice of depriving people of their liberty, and *confining them in gaols*, for debt, often incurred by sickness, or by some other inevitable misfortune."

He then adds, in conclusion, "The hostile opposition made to the government has been totally wrong. It is the interest and duty of the insurgents immediately to desist, and to pursue only those legal and peaceable measures, which the constitution has put into their hands, by petitions and remonstrances to the General Court, and by uniformly instructing representatives, and carefully attending to elections. These are the only means that God and Nature have given them, whereby to preserve peace, liberty, and safety."

Thus did Dr. Whiting, in the exercise of his eminent talents, as a physician and a civilian, prove himself a philanthropist, in the genuine acceptation of that word.

And he was particularly prominent also, on account of the application of his scientific knowledge and mechanical ingenuity, when the continental army was (1775) in pressing want of gunpowder. The forces had been "long deficient in this necessary article, to an alarming degree," so that "the people were prohibited, by the General Court, from firing at birds or other game, or at marks, and for sport, under a heavy penalty."*

As the war could not be prosecuted, without an adequate supply of gunpowder, and as the hope of obtaining this by importation could not be indulged, while the prohibitory acts of parliament existed, and the watchful eye of the mother-country so readily detected, and her powerful arm so effectually restrained, all maratime communication with other countries, the Continental Congress determined on the *domestic* manufacture of the article. But saltpetre, the principal ingredient, was first required; and to procure this, became a subject of very deep solicitude. The longer continuance of our struggle in the cause of freedom, seemed indeed to depend upon our success in the processes of making saltpetre, in sufficient quantities to furnish our army with the ammunition which they absolutely needed.

The Congress resolved, (June 10th, 1775,)† "That Mr. Paine, Mr. Lee, Mr. Franklin, Mr. Schuyler, and Mr. Johnson, be a committee to devise ways and means to introduce the manufacture of saltpetre in the colonies." Another committee was appointed, (October 16th, 1775,) to consider further ways and means. The subject was renewed the next month, (Nov. 10th and Nov. 11th, 1775;)

* Bradford's *Hist. of Mass.*, ch. II, p. 66.

† See *Journals of Congress*, Vol. I, Sat. June 10th, 1775.

the sum of a thousand dollars was placed at the disposal of the committee, to aid in the accomplishment of their important object, (Nov. 24th, 1775;) and the subject of powder-mills received (February 23d, 1776,) particular attention.

The matter was evidently worthy of supreme national concern; and all admitted, that "the manufacture of saltpetre and gunpowder was of *great importance* to the United States. They could obtain none from any foreign country; and their parent state had prohibited its exportation to America."*

The colony of Massachusetts was *among the first* to go forward in this work, to which the welfare of the country beckoned *all* the colonies. The Assembly appointed a committee in the year 1775, for the purpose of introducing the manufacture of saltpetre, which was but little understood at that period of our history. Dr. Whiting, then a member of the Assembly, and one of the members of this committee also, devoted to the subject all the energies of his vigorous and acute mind, with scientific research, and great natural sagacity. And he happily secured the most triumphant success, by the valuable results of his untiring labors; and won for himself the richly merited commendations both of the colony and of the country at large.

The Honorable Robert Treat Paine, afterward one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and always one of the most intelligent and efficient members of the national council, was the chairman of the original congressional committee, on the introduction of "the saltpetre manufacture in the colonies." And among his correspondents on the important subject committed to him,

* *Historical Journal of the Amer. War*, in Mass. Hist. Coll., Vol. II, p. 61.

was his friend, Dr. Whiting, of Great Barrington. Two of Mr. Paine's letters to him,* now preserved by the family, illustrate the interesting early history of our government, and exhibit, at the same time, in a national point of view, the value of Dr. Whiting's public services.

In one of these communications to Dr. Whiting, Mr. Paine says, (Nov. 6th, 1775,) "I received your letter of October 6th, in which you give an account of your progress in making saltpetre." "It is my opinion, that, unless we exert ourselves in this matter, and have some tolerable success, *it is very uncertain, whether every thing else we can do, will avail us much;*" and if we are *successful* in *this* matter, in my opinion *everything else favorable will come of course.*" In the other of the two letters referred to, Mr. Paine says, (April 3d, 1776,) "I am exceedingly happy to find your great success." "I have lately caused your method to be reprinted, and have sent it to all the colonies, where I supposed it was not known; and procured a great number of copies to send to private persons. As I made an Introduction, I send you one for your inspection." "I think, my friend, it must be matter of great pleasure to us, (who had so hard work to set this manufacture a going, in the beginning, in our colony,) to observe our prodigious success. I reflect upon *my* labors with great satisfaction; and *the world knows your merits.*"

It is a pleasing family reminiscence, that, in the experiments and labors of Dr. Whiting, in devising the best processes for procuring saltpetre, in the country's cause, he received, not the encouragement only, but the personal assistance of his energetic, efficient, and patriotic wife,

* They are contained in the Appendix J.

who, *with her own hands*, coöperated in the work. And at length they exulted together over the success of their experiments, when many years had rolled by, and the National Independence had been secured, and the United States had become one among the nations, and the veterans that fought the battles of liberty, and the immortal Washington, who led them in the conflict, had won and worn the honors of a glorious achievement. A pleasing subject of reflection, in old age, was afforded to Dr. and Mrs. Whiting, by a recurrence to the time, when they united in contributing to the great exploit, which the Ruler of Nations was pleased so signally to favor and to bless.

Dr. Whiting lived to the age of sixty-two years, beloved in private, as he was honored in public life, and "faithful in every trust committed to him."* He died of dropsy, December 8th, 1792, leaving a widow and seven children. "He was a professor of religion, and was connected with the Protestant Episcopal Church;"† and it is a sacred reminiscence, full of consolation to his family, that he lived and died, in humble but full reliance on God's mercy through the Redeemer.

In common with very many, whom the stringent exactions of the early Puritans compelled to take refuge in the Church of England, Dr. Whiting had, for many years before his death, attended the public worship of that church, and, when our civil and religious freedom was proclaimed, of "the Protestant Episcopal Church in these States," indebted, under God, to the Church of England, "for her first foundation and a long continuance of nursing care and protection."‡ At the church's font he had dedicated

* Alden's *Biog. Notices*, in the Annual Quart. Register, Vol. XIII, p. 86.

† Alden's *Biog. Notices*.

‡ Preface to the Book of Common Prayer.

his children unto God, in Holy Baptism; he had encouraged them to renew their solemn baptismal promise and vow, by publicly, in the presence of God and of the congregation, kneeling before the Bishop to receive "the laying-on of hands;" and, in his last hours, when unable to join in the *public worship of the sanctuary*, and draw near the altar of the Lord, he enjoyed the comfort afforded by privately receiving, in his house, with his wife and other members of his family, the Holy Communion of the body and blood of our Saviour Christ.

His thoughts were first directed to the "Episcopal Church," not merely by the unreasonable censures of his love of musical recreations in his family, that have been mentioned, but by considerations arising from his repugnance to the rigid, and, as he thought it, false system of doctrinal and practical religion, then in vogue.

The most popular pulpit orator of the colony of Connecticut, at the time, and the most prominent theologian, the Corypheus of the Puritan host in that region, was the Rev. Dr. Joseph Bellamy, a man of strong mind and effective elocution, particularly remarkable as a revival preacher. Not restricted, in his pastoral duties, to his own parish, in the retired village of Bethlem,* he went forth, itinerating in different parts of the colonies, as if intrusted with the care of all the churches; every where, in his daily discourses, propagating the doctrines of his party. And not limiting his labors to his discourses from the pulpit, he set forth his sentiments in books and pamphlets, which had an extensive and influential circulation.

One of the most noted of his publications was directed

* About seven miles south of Litchfield, Connecticut.

against that prevailing practice throughout Christendom, which admits all little children to the church's arms in baptism, irrespective of the existence of saving faith recognized in their respective parents. Baptism, according to this common practice of the church, had been nicknamed "The Half-Way Covenant;" and the shafts of argument, reproach, and ridicule were leveled against it, in a merciless polemic warfare.

Dr. Bellamy named his pamphlet, now (1769) published, "The Half-Way Covenant, A Dialogue between a Minister and his Parishioner." And in this dialogue he maintained, that all infants should be denied the benefits of Christian baptism, and consigned to the uncovenanted mercy of God, excepting those only, whose parents might be regarded, by the weights and measures of the Congregational Church, proper persons to partake of the Lord's Supper. He represented the "Parishioner" in the dialogue, as effectually put to silence by the "Minister," and admitting, that he had *not studied the point.*

It was to counteract what he believed to be a dangerous error, rife with mischief to the cause of true religion, that Dr. Whiting, the same year, wrote and published a reply, entitled "The Parishioner *having studied the Point.*"*

In his "Preface to the Laity," he says, "What gave occasion to the following observations, was the author's observing with what indefatigable industry some ministers are endeavoring to propagate that unreasonable practice

* The full title of this pamphlet is "THE PARISHIONER having STUDIED THE POINT, containing some observations on the 'Half-Way Covenant, A Dialogue between a Minister and his Parishioner:' *My heart was hot within me: whilst I was musing, the fire burned; then spake I with my tongue.* DAVID. *To the Law and to the Testimony: If they speak not according to these, it is because there is no light in them.* ISAIAH. Printed 1769."

of excluding from baptism the infants of all such as do not join in full communion with their churches, and in the most solemn manner put themselves under their guidance and governance." "Is not this, my brethren," he asks, "an infringement upon our religious liberties? And are not our religious liberties as valuable as our civil ones? They ever did, in all nations, either subsist or subside together. Why, then, should we exhaust all our zeal, in opposing the appearance of tyranny in civil ministers, whilst we passively submit to whatever ecclesiastics think it their interest to tell us is our duty? It has proved a woful fact, in all ages, that, when ministers have taken upon them, in the least degree, a power of compulsion, and it has not been opposed and nipped in the bud, by the Laity, but has had time to ripen, it has as naturally grown to the highest degrees of persecution, as a thrifty plant grows to a tree." He then hints at the existing state of the community, in which differences of opinion in religious matters had led to persecution, political opposition, and theological odium, by which friendship was forfeited, and places of "preferment, profit, and honor" were lost.

Dr. Bellamy had said to "Parishioner," "You will easily make a convert of me to your opinion, if you can point out one text of scripture, to justify that common practice."* Dr. Whiting, in reply, presents the case of our Lord's blessing the little children brought to him,† although the "disciples rebuked those that brought them;" and he represents the disciples as thus venting their emotions, in the style of the modern objectors: "'Why, bountiful Lord, wilt thou lavish out thy blessings on the children of these infidel publicans? Surely, they are not firm

* Dialogue, p. 3. † Matt. xix, 13; Mark x, 13; Luke xviii, 15.

believers on thee; for, if they were, they would join in full with us, and follow thee. And surely they do not belong even to the Jewish church; for, if they did, they would not dare bring their children to thee, for thy blessing, lest they should be cast out of the synagogue. Wilt thou take the children's bread, and cast it unto dogs? Thou, Lord, knowest all things; thou knowest the ends and designs of these graceless persons, in bringing their children to thee, for thy blessing. Have they any higher views, than that thou shouldest, by thine almighty touch, confirm the strength of their bodies, and invigorate the powers of their minds, that so, by heroic actions, and great achievements, they may become famous, and renowned in the world? If they believe on thee, as they pretend, why do not they and their children join and follow with us? so that they may be taught and trained up in a way that will make them subservient to our purposes? May we not fear, that, anon, they will join with them that oppose us, and being thus armed with thy strength, disappoint our pleasing hopes, and frustrate all our darling expectations?' Whatever the language of the disciples might have been, on this occasion, it is plain that Christ was displeased at it, neither did it prevent his taking them into his arms, and blessing them."* "If Christ," the Doctor argues, "vouchsafed to bless the children of mere infidels and publicans, when brought to him, probably with the most absurd views, will he not vouchsafe to bless my child, when presented to him in a way not inconsistent with his own institution, with all the assurance of faith in my power, praying him to help my unbelief? Besides, I think ministers look upon these texts, much to their purpose, when

* *The Parishioner*, p. 10.

they undertake to vindicate infant baptism, against the Anabaptists."*

Dr. Whiting then propounds two questions: "1. Does a parent who has a justifying faith himself, transmit the same qualifications to his child, and thereby render his child justifiable in the sight of God, and consequently a proper subject of baptism? Or, 2. Does a parent who possesses this principle of justifying faith, acquire a right, on his own account, to bring his child to baptism, and on the same account expect a blessing on it? If the first of these questions be answered in the affirmative, then the consequence necessarily follows, viz: as there is no falling from grace, all persons who are so happy as to possess this principle of justifying faith, must transmit the same to their posterity, throughout all succeeding generations." "But this will stand as an eternal truth, (let the gracious qualifications of parents be as they will,)—that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and must be born again, though I think our Saviour saith, of water and of the Spirit, and not of the Spirit first, and then of water." "But if the truth of this matter be contained in the *second* question, then any person having and professing to have this justifying faith, has a right to bring, not only his own children to baptism, but the children of any other person, if desired of him, and undertaken by him; and then it will follow, that where there is in any church or society, one converted person who is in full communion, every infant in that parish may consistently be brought by him, and offered for baptism, and both he and the parents of such children may as reasonably expect a blessing on them, as on his own children."†

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* *Parishioner*, p. 11. † p. 13, 15.

In pursuing his course of reasoning, the Doctor says: "Let whoever present the child for baptism, lay themselves under such obligations to the church and society, as shall be sufficient to satisfy rational charity, that the child shall be early taught the principles of the Christian religion, and that it shall be faithfuly trained up therein; and if, as this child grows up, it runs into vicious courses, let this be looked upon as one of the greatest scandals, in those that engaged for it, except they can convince rational charity, that they have faithfully discharged their duty. This is all the qualification necessary to the baptism of infants, or that they, in the nature of things, can have. How far it may please God to bless the pious endeavors of parents who act conscientiously toward their children, by *early instilling into them principles or motives*, influencing them to virtuous lives, God only knows. But he has laid himself under no such obligation, any more than he has, when two women are grinding together at a mill, or two men walking in a field, to take them both. This was *the method practised among the Jews*, when they brought their children to circumcision; and it is kept up among them, to this day. This has been the *universal practice amongst almost every sect of Christians throughout all ages;* and, I may justly add, that it ever has been *the strongest human support that Christianity ever had.*"

"If our pious dissenting ministers," says Dr. Whiting, "would again adopt this *ancient and universal practice*, they might reasonably expect to see children bringing forth *earlier and better fruit*, than what is generally produced from their chimerical, hereditary holiness. Then, Sir," he adds, "doubtless you might view the country round, and see the children not only learning to dress, to sing, and to dance, (which, by the way, are not only harm-

less amusements, that heaven has indulged us with, but real blessings, if imprudence and excess do not render them otherwise, as they may every other enjoyment of life, notwithstanding you set them diametrically opposite to godliness,) but practising every virtue that flows from a good education, agreeable to what the wise man says: 'Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it.'"*

And as it is allowed, that *infant baptism* in the *Christian* church, is "a kind of succedaneum to *circumcision* in the *Jewish* church," Dr. Whiting argues, that, "this being the case, pray why ought not infant baptism to be as *universal* in the Christian nations, as circumcision was in the Jewish nation, where *every* male child was circumcised, let the internal qualifications of their parents be as they would? And history informs us, that even *females* were dedicated *as universally* by baptism."

Anticipating the objection, that "God never takes an infant into visible covenant with him, but when the parents were in the same covenant before; and as he had taken the whole nation of the Jews into visible covenant with himself, therefore their infants had indiscriminately a right to its seal," the prompt answer is furnished, "Then, Sir, even in this objection you allow, that God *does take whole nations* of people into visible covenant with himself; and will you pretend, that he ever took a whole nation of people into that *spiritual and invisible* covenant, which *entitles to eternal life?*"†

The Jews, Dr. Whiting argues, were, as a nation, taken into visible covenant; and, as St. Paul says, they were broken off, that the Gentiles might be grafted in; and

* Parishioner, p. 16, 17. † p. 18.

"who, then, dare say, that the children of such Gentile nations or people have not as universal a right to the initiating seal of this visible covenant, as the Jewish children had?"

These, then, are the conclusions drawn from the argument.

"1. That God does take into visible covenant, whole communities or nations of people, as such.

"2. That the English nation, as such, having universally received the Christian religion, and established it," &c., "according to the rules left them by Christ and his apostles, and having formed all their laws and regulations of civil society, agreeable to its holy precepts, have a right to look upon themselves as much in visible covenant with God, as ever the Jews had.

"3. God never takes a nation or people into visible covenant, but he takes their infant seed with them, and gives them a right to its initiating seal: this might be made evidently to appear from scripture and reason.

"4. The breach of any rule or precept belonging to a visible covenant, even in the case of persons apostatizing into infidelity, and renouncing the covenant, has never, since the covenant made with Adam, excluded their infants from its external privileges; for, as long as their education in it is provided for, their obedience to its rules is presumed.

"5. As the partaking of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is enjoined in such a manner, and with such precautions, that, under some circumstances, we are in effect commanded not to partake of it; therefore, under such circumstances, the omission of it is rather a duty than a breach of covenant, and cannot deprive the parent or infant of any other of its external privileges.

"6. As ministers are, by the law of the provinces, and of the whole nation, provided for, and their order kept up and supported, therefore it is not more their duty to teach men the way to heaven, than to answer the ends of preserving rule and good order, by preserving and strengthening the bands of society; and therefore they ought to adopt such methods of administration, as will tend to preserve peace and good order in civil societies, that the people may lead quiet and peaceable lives, in all goodliness and honesty."*

The *practical operation* of the Congregational covenant-scheme, was to discourage and dissatisfy a large number of persons, among whom were many "truly pious but weak Christians," who, "through diffidence and tenderness of conscience," dared not make the professions of some that were more unfit, but less scrupulous; and these persons, unable to attain the "experience" that was required, before being "admitted into church communion," and finding their children, *on this account*, denied Christian baptism and all its benefits, naturally resorted to "the Episcopal church," saying, "we will take refuge in the bosom of that church, whose doors, like the heavenly, stand wide open to receive us."†

It was after careful study, and much serious reflection on the subject, that Dr. Whiting, at this period, united with Colonel Dwight and a few other persons, in "openly professing themselves members of the Church of England."‡ "They invited the Rev. Richard Mansfield, D. D., Mis-

* Parishioner, p 22.

† p. 23.

‡ *MS. Letter from the Rev. Daniel Burhans, D. D.*, dated Oct. 5th, 1848. This venerable man was ordained, June 4th, 1793, nine days before the death of the Rev. Mr. Bostwick, and was appointed his Assistant.

sionary at Derby and the adjacent parts, to visit them. He did so, performing divine service, preaching, baptizing several children, and organizing a parish, by the name of St. James' Church." The people immediately made provision for lay-reading. Mr. Gideon Bostwick, of New Milford, a graduate of Yale College, who had charge of a classical school at Great Barrington, under the patronage of Dr. Whiting and Colonel Dwight, performed the duties of lay-reader for six months; and then, on the Rev. Dr. Mansfield's visiting the parish a second time, became a candidate for Holy Orders. "In due time, he was ordained deacon by the Bishop of London; in three months after, he received Priest's orders; and, leaving England, returned to St. James' Parish, in 1766 or '7, where he remained, successful in his labors, universally esteemed by all who knew him, and dearly beloved by his own people, until June 13th, 1793, when he died."*

Dr. Whiting, having attached himself to "the Episcopal Church," as the Church of England in America was then called, and being well grounded in the knowledge of its doctrine, discipline, and worship, was recognized as an intelligent Churchman. It was ever a source of pleasing reflection to him, that he was one of the founders of the first Episcopal parish in Great Barrington. He always liberally contributed to its treasury, and especially to its alms and oblations, at the holy communion. In his last moments, he received the blessed sacrament of Christ's body and blood, from the hands of his beloved and revered pastor, the Rev. Mr. Bostwick; and, having served God

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* *MS. Letter of the Rev. Dr. Burhans.* A Sketch of the Life and Character of the Rev. Mr. Bostwick, will be found in the *fourth chapter* of this volume.

in his generation, was gathered unto his fathers, "having the testimony of a good conscience; in the communion of the catholic Church; in the confidence of a certain faith; in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope; in favor with" "God, and in perfect charity with the world."*

He was always remarkable for his humble opinion of himself, and especially of his spiritual attainments. Yet, in the near approach of death, he seemed to have ascended to an eminence, from which he enjoyed a full prospect of the promises of God; and there, like him who breathed out his soul on Pisgah, with these promises spread out before him, he also gently composed himself to sleep, lulled by the serene hope of a better country, that is, a heavenly.

Four of the seven children whom he left, were sons; and three were daughters.†

The third child, and eldest daughter, MARY ANNA, is the subject of this Memorial.

While we reflect upon her pedigree, and see the family current, in the meanderings of its numerous branches, traversing our land, we rejoice to reflect upon the blessedness which it has conferred, and is still conferring; and we derive from the contemplation a generous impulse to preserve the stream inviolate, that it may, generation after generation, awakening the remembrance of the Whitings and the Masons of old time, prompt their descendants, to the remotest period, to think of the blood that courses in their veins; and to study the characters, meditate upon

* Prayer in the *Order for the Visitation of the Sick.*

† Samuel, William, Mary Anna, Abraham, Elizabeth, Mason, and Fanny. An account of them and their families, is given in the Appendix H.

the actions, and follow the bright examples, of their great and good family progenitors; leaders of the people, colonists, and cultivators of the soil; soldiers, magistrates, judges, legislators and statesmen; physicians, lawyers, and divines; "honorable women, and men, not a few," exemplifying domestic and social, as well as public virtues; and, while busied with the duties of the world that now is, actuated by the motives of that which is to come.

II. HER INFANCY, YOUTH, AND EDUCATION.

"Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."

"A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded;
A rose, with all its sweetest leaves unfolded."

BYRON.

MARY ANNA WHITING was the eldest daughter of her parents; and was born at Great Barrington, in Berkshire county, Massachusetts, on the 19th day of October, in the year 1767. In early infancy, she was dedicated to God, in holy baptism, by the Rev. Gideon Bostwick, a clergyman of the Church of England, and pastor of the parish in Great Barrington.

At that epoch of our political history, the country was in a state of great commotion, on account of the collision between British prerogative and American liberty. With the sanction of parliament, certain British troops had just been quartered in Boston, at the expense of the province. This very year, also, was passed that memorable Act of Parliament, taxing tea and certain other commodities in America. And subsequent measures, not less impolitic, unjust, and irritating, were provoking resistance on the part of the colonies. In the struggle which ensued, the first blood was shed in Massachusetts; and every child of nine or ten years of age, at the period of popular excitement in the years 1776 and 1777, learned to pronounce with a strong emphasis, and a thrill of emotion, LEXING-

TON, and TICONDEROGA, and CROWN POINT, and BUNKER HILL, and SARATOGA; and to speak with enthusiasm of WASHINGTON and his patriotic compeers, and the Declaration of American Independence!

Among the children of that period was Mary Anna Whiting, then in her tenth year. The most vivid of her early recollections were associated with the troubles of our revolutionary war; and at no other period did the cause of civil liberty, in Massachusetts, excite greater disquiet and agitation. She well remembered when she saw "*the enemy*," as the British troops were called, passing, as prisoners of war, through the streets of her native village; and she could recall the emotions of apprehension and dread, awakened, a short time before that, by the fearful name of "General Burgoyne." The spark of patriotism, then lighted in her bosom, was kindled to a bright and sacred flame, and powerfully influenced her character through life.

In early youth, she was remarkable, not only for great symmetry of form and beauty of features, but for a gentleness and meekness, which ever threw around her a charm that was felt by all to be irresistible. As in the developing person and character of the Holy Child Jesus, who was her perfect example, her spiritual "wisdom" kept pace with her "stature;" and she was a partaker of the grace of heaven, while she shared largely in the caresses of the world.

She was brought up, when a child, in the way she should go, being taught, by her fond parents, the Holy Scriptures, "the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and all other things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health." She led therefore a godly and a Christian life, "following the

example of our Saviour Christ, and being made like unto him." She loved the Church's good "old paths," and was devotedly attached to its doctrine, discipline, and worship. Openly, before the Church, she ratified and confirmed her baptismal promise and vow, in the apostolic rite of confirmation; and received "the laying-on of hands" from the Bishop of Connecticut, the Right Rev. Dr. Abraham Jarvis.

Her course of academic studies, which she commenced at Great Barrington, was completed under Mr. (afterward the Rev. Dr.) Jedediah Morse,* at New Haven, when she was seventeen years of age. And the instruction then received from this learned and accomplished teacher, who, by his voluminous and able geographical works, won for himself the title of the Great American Geographer, his amiable and intelligent pupil duly appreciated and improved.

While prosecuting her studies at New Haven, in the year 1785, she enjoyed the best opportunities for intellectual and moral culture; and received from several able, judicious, and devotedly affectionate correspondents, the most valuable and important aid, by counsels, cautions, and encouragements.

Her father said to her, in one of his letters:† "The principal thing I had in view, in sending you abroad, was a secret which I shall now open to you; and I wish you to remember it. The retired manner in which you have, until now, been brought up, together with your *extreme native modesty and diffidence*, has ever rendered it painful

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* The father of the celebrated Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, whose name is associated with the *electric telegraph*.

† August 14th, 1785.

to you, to appear before those whom you imagined your superiors. But I trust, that, from the opportunities you now have, of acquainting yourself with those of the politer sort of both sexes, you will be convinced, 'All is not gold that glistens;' and that a polite address and gaudy tinsel often recommend and conceal flirts and coxcombs, and give them an advantage over their betters. And when you have made this discovery, (though you will, I doubt not, always treat such persons with politeness and civility,) you will be rather disposed to contemn than to stand in fear of them. The truly learned, wise, and polite, though they are greatly to be esteemed and respected, are the least to be dreaded; as they will never either ridicule or censure any thing, except what is truly ridiculous or vicious. It is your narrow-minded, conceited flirts and coxcombs, that are so apt to censure, ridicule, and slander others; and they are, by far, rather to be despised, than feared or regarded. I therefore most heartily wish you to acquire that modest boldness, which may enable you, at all times, to act with a dignity suited to your age and situation in life. I *know* that your genius is *more than middling*, and that your mental acquirements will be *fully answerable* to the opportunities given you."

As her intense devotion to her studies, from her conscientious efforts to improve every moment of her time, had so reduced her strength, as to produce some symptoms that were alarming, her father, in the same letter, said to her, in explicit terms: "I enjoin it upon you, not to give such close application to your studies, as shall further impair your health." And he distinctly stated to her, that he did not wish her to aim at being "profound," or "perfectly accomplished;" but at possessing *such* personal accomplishments and intellectual acquirements, as would

enable her to be "free, among people of politeness, from the imputation of being awkward;" "to converse about the world, with some general knowledge of it;" and "to correspond with people of education, with propriety."

A highly esteemed friend,* whose letters to her glow with the warmth of an affection almost parental, repeatedly urged her to lay aside her *excessive* diffidence. "Suffer me to tell you, Mary Anna," said he, "that certain little, easy, familiar airs and graces, which are acquired with little attention, are worth much pains. A lady, in her youth, favored with health and beauty, and adorned with the graces, is most justly esteemed among the first of Nature's productions." "My observation," adds he, "is this: that in young, delicate, and inexperienced minds, diffidence is a *thief*, who steals from us those laurels which Nature designed us to wear." "I readily agree with you, that, to be a superficial or pedantic chatterer, not willing to hear, but anxious to be heard, is by far a greater fault than to be silent. This, however, is a *fault of nature;* and few practice it but fools. To be silent, forbidding, or diffident, is a *fault of habit.*"

In her brother Samuel,† she had her chief and most valuable correspondent, in her youth, maturity, and old age. Endowed with rare genius and exquisite sensibility, and possessed of a highly cultivated understanding and generous soul, all subdued and sanctified by the hallowing influences of the Gospel, he was to her a ministering spirit, ever hovering over her in thought and feeling, and re-

* Thomas Ives, Esq., a lawyer and special justice, of Great Barrington, well known as *General* Ives.

† Samuel Whiting, of Great Barrington, Mass, and afterward of Reading Ridge, Conn.

minding her of the duties and destiny of an heir of salvation. Happy indeed is the sister, blessed with such a watchful guardian! His devotion to her was even enthusiastic. At the close of one of his letters, he says, "I am, my dear sister, with more, if possible, than fraternal affection, your brother and friend."

When she left Great Barrington, to pursue her studies in New Haven, she journeyed under this brother's charge. He went with her to New Haven, in May, 1785; and, on the 5th day of June, the day after his arriving at home again, he wrote to her by "the returning post."

"I must beg your pardon," said he, "for the abrupt and awkward manner in which I left you, at my departure from New Haven. I perceived the growing agitation in your breast, and felt a corresponding one in my own. I had designed to give you such brotherly counsel, at leaving you, as should occur to my mind, and might appear necessary; but I found an insuperable clog to utterance. An almost inarticulate 'good-bye' was all I could utter. I left you, I know not how. Indeed, I was *a very child.* I *cried,* instead of breakfasting; and dined, nineteen miles out, with a heavy heart, and a dull appetite."

"Your situation is such, that I know not why I should feel so great reluctance in leaving you; but yet I know not that I ever experienced a separation more painful."

"You will do well to repose upon the precepts and counsel of your preceptor, and of Mrs. Austen and Mrs. Buel; and take every opportunity to obtain them. Use circumspection in all your conduct. Form no attachments, without the recommendation of those on whom you can rely. Remember, that you are now in the most important stage, the *crisis* of life."

After receiving a very favorable account of his sister's

happiness in the family where she resided, he observes:* "Your commendations of Mrs. Buel are truly felicitating to me. Let your conduct be that of a *child* toward her; and I presume that you will find a *parent* in her."

A few days later,† with a lover's absorbing devotedness, he addresses to her these affectionate words: "I am anticipating the happiness I am to derive from this afternoon's post. I think of the *source of happiness* which I possess in so dear a sister, with a pleasure more easily conceived than expressed. Your obliging injunction of writing by *every* post, I obey with the utmost alacrity. *Without* your injunction, I had not wanted a motive so to do. If convenient and agreeable to you, I shall expect the same frequency of writing. In the receipt of the letter which I have, I feel myself, as yet, much your debtor." In answer to a remark of hers, "The obligations I am under to you, I shall never be able to pay;" he says, "to contribute to the happiness of my Mary Anna, is a reward indeed." "You speak of shedding tears, at the perusal of my letter. I hope that they were none other than those of tender complacence. To emotions of that kind I am not an utter stranger."

The younger members of Dr. Whiting's family derived much enjoyment, in the summer and fall, from occasionally collecting a party of friends, at evening, to take an excursion among the beautiful scenes, in the neighborhood of Great Barrington. Pleasantly situated on the banks of the Housatonic, and encircled by many natural attractions and spots of historic interest, this town presents a good specimen of the charms of Berkshire county. Family evening walks amid such scenery, might well afford, to a domestic

* June 11th, 1785. † June 18th, 1785.

circle like that of Dr. Whiting, the purest pleasure. In allusion to them, during the absence of Mary Anna at New Haven, her devoted brother said:* "Our evening walks are almost suspended, from the dereliction of their most animating constituents. You and Polly† are not forgotten in them, and would not fail to 'make two of the happy party,' if the magic of a 'wish,' (and that an ardent one,) could bring you." "You may have observed me," he then adds, "strongly attached to the evening hours, especially those that are serene and bright. There is a soft benignity, a sweetness, a beauty, and a majesty in them, to which the splendor of the brightest noonday, to me, appears unequal; and which awaken in my breast sensations peculiarly tender and agreeable. Although the pleasure of agreeable companions easily coincides with that which is derived from the surrounding beauties of creation, the latter afford me an entertainment; and they so agreeably contribute to sweet and interesting contemplation, that solitude in the enjoyment of them is very far from being intolerable." He says this, in explanation of his want of that vivacity, which usually prevailed in the "little nocturnal excursions," as he called the family evening walks.

Ever watchful of his beloved Mary Anna's propriety of conduct, and purity of thought, he imparts to her, in his next letter,‡ a series of admirable counsels, on behavior among gentlemen.

"In such a concourse of youthful adventurers," says he, "as centre in New Haven, you may, doubtless, look for

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* June 26th, 1785.

† Miss Polly Smith, of Great Barrington, Mass.

‡ July 2d, 1785.

numbers of those illiberal spirits, not the most propitious to refined society. These are the readiest to push themselves into every company. From the intrusions of such, however, you will be much less secure, from the facilitating circumstance of having some, perhaps, of that description, or such as will serve for pretence to them, under the same roof. Governed, however, as I presume you will be, by the consideration, that, in your present situation, you are to cultivate or indulge no attachment but that of a distant friendship, (except it be with particular persons of your own sex, and those with circumspection,) I am not without hope that you will find means to secure yourself, in a great measure, from the intrusions to which I refer."

"I have a source of the sweetest comfort, in my assurance of and confidence in the firmness and inflexibility of my sister's virtue and integrity. Under that persuasion, I need not, perhaps, observe, that, should you at any time find yourself in the company of such as I have mentioned, not the least evidence of disrespect or indelicacy ought to escape a proper degree of your *resentment.* There is a dignity in virtue, that, when judiciously exercised, infuses both respect and admiration into the mind of even the most licentious and abandoned. Harbor neither fear nor reluctance, at the thought of giving offence to such as, in the least degree, intentionally deviate from the laws of decency and decorum."

"On receiving company of the other sex, (as in some measure it cannot, and ought not to be avoided,) I presume that you will think Mrs. Buel's room and presence, as much as possible, the most eligible place. And as to hours and seasons, your prudence will undoubtedly suggest and dictate a distinction. You have my advice, likewise, to insist upon the control of an apartment in reserve, to

which you can at any moment withdraw, that shall be inaccessible to any, but at your own particular election."

In explanation of his purpose in these cautions, he says, in his next letter,* "If I was impertinent in my suggestions, or tedious in the immoderate prolixity of my last, my Mary Anna will pardon me, from a consideration of the motive that produced them. I feel a solicitude for the *welfare* and *interest* of my dear sister, that will not permit me to leave any thing unsaid or undone, which may conduce to the promotion of either, whether I am absolutely convinced of the strict punctilious propriety of the measure or not."

The salutary influence which this devoted brother and friend exerted upon her mind and heart, as well as on her general deportment, she appears to have always duly appreciated and fondly cherished. She saw that he entered fully into the spirit of all her studies and recreations, and that he had sympathies which vibrated at the recital of her anxieties, and youthful cares. And while he continually encouraged her, and cheered her on, by means of every variety of gentle admonition, kind suggestion, and affectionate assurance, she felt and acknowledged his controlling power, and proceeded cheerfully in the path which his love prescribed.

He urged upon her the importance of attending to *composition*, as a literary exercise. "You honor me," he observes,† "with the appellation of 'Monitor.' As such, and a truly cordial one, I shall venture to assume certain liberties. Mr. Morse mentioned to me a practice in his school, of requiring compositions from his pupils, for their improvement in that exercise. If you have not already

* July 9th, 1785. † June 26th, 1785.

commenced it, I recommend you and Polly to do so; to submit your productions to Mr. Morse, and request his strictest corrections, as to grammar, spelling, writing, and propriety of expression and sentiment. Divest yourselves of diffidence; and let your confidence in him be correspondent to his goodness and fidelity. I can conceive of no impropriety in your showing him such of your *letters* as you send home, that contain nothing private, to obtain his corrections. I think that neither of you has reason to be ashamed of her performances. Some grammatical improvements would render them truly admirable."

When he found that his suggestion would not secure its object without further urging, he added, a week after,* "I am sorry to find you so discouragingly diffident of entering upon the exercise of composition. Indeed, I think you have no reason for it. From your youth and inexperience, the ease, elegance, smoothness, and propriety of a Mrs. Rowe† will not be expected; but, by exercising yourself in such juvenile productions as will naturally flow from your imagination, under the tuition of so capable an instructor as Mr. Morse, you will find your efforts crowned with a facility and accuracy, by no means unworthy of your acquisition. I again venture to recommend your obtaining Mr. Morse's supervision of such of your *letters* as are not particularly private. Banish every childish fear; and urge Polly to the measure, as she values her most essential improvement." This renewed appeal, thus urged, appears to have been successful. And the result of at least Mary Anna's efforts, soon called for

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* July 2d, 1785.

† Her "Letters from the Dead to the Living" were very popular in our country at that period.

decided expressions of approbation from her affectionate, fraternal "Monitor."

Her exemplary faithfulness as a correspondent, and her rapid improvement in composition, enabled him to say, two months after* she availed herself of his advice, "What an endearing testimony of the affection of my beloved sister have I in this, that, during a full quarter, which next week completes, she has not failed of writing me, a single week!† True it is, that I have not been guilty of a failure myself; but, as you not have that leisure which I possess, and have a numerous catalogue of other correspondents, your faithfulness is marked with a meritorious benevolence, to which I cannot pretend. You write with an improved ease and elegance that charm me. *My* commendations will not be deemed flattery. Your characters, and the grammatical part of your writing, are likewise much improved. Believe me, my sister, that, from every observation of this kind, I derive a complacent satisfaction, which the bosom conversant with the emotions of friendship, alone can conceive." Previous to this time, however, he had noted her improvement, and cheered her with the most affectionate assurances of his interest, and with a tribute of his love, in the form of an Epistolary Ode, consisting of 98 lines, inscribed to her.

"I had designed," said he,‡ "that the inclosed lines, thrown unartfully together, at odd times, within two or three days past, should make up the sum of my this week's communication; but so sweet a letter as I have since received, must not remain unacknowledged. And well

* August 28th, 1785.

† Her letters to him, written at this time, cannot be found, and are supposed to have been destroyed, since his death.

‡ July 31st, 1785.

might it be a sweet one, solitary as it was; for, from no less than four correspondents whom I boast, that was the only letter I received. Yet that alone was sufficient to raise sensations in this breast, for which I thank you with unfeigned gratitude. But for some trivial inaccuracies, indeed, which a careful attention to your dictionary may obviate, it is, apart from the sympathy that endears it, a truly admirable letter, such as a person of greater experience need not blush to have written. Even in the expression of diffidence of your improvement, I discover that which sweetly confirms it. From every trace of that improvement, I shall derive all the real satisfaction, of which the most cordial affection is susceptible."

In the Ode which accompanied this letter, he thus modestly expresses his fraternal love, and his lively interest in his Mary Anna's temporal and eternal welfare :—

" Though o'er the page no heavenly muse preside,
No inspiration warm, nor genius guide;
Though unembellish'd with the forms of art,
And plain simplicity transcribe the heart;
Than gentle numbers, what can better bear
A brother's wishes, and a brother's care?
" Nor needs he smooth apology, to pray
A kind acceptance of th' officious lay:
Though fond, in verse of humble-suited line,
Fond to essay the music of the Nine,
To laurel less, or palm, my wishes tend,
Than well earn'd names of ' brother' and of ' friend.'
" Warm is the throb, nor quite unmix'd with care,
That beats the bosom of a friend sincere:
Join'd with the ardor of *fraternal* love,
Still more intense our soft emotions prove.
Much, much, my Mary Anna, is the ground
For social fears, and social sorrows found;
Much, in this dreary vale of sighs and tears,
Where happiness is but less poignant cares.

"See Virtue, struggling deep in adverse toils;
See Innocence, ensnar'd in guilty wiles;
See stalking Vice, successfully assail;
See Perfidy, exult, beneath her veil!
Strew'd is the path of life with snares thick-spread;
Who walk securest, unsecurely tread:
And numerous are the ministers of pain,
That thrill the breast of Love, and Friendship's train."

He then indulges in expressions of religious gratitude, for *his own* exemption from many of the ills of life; and adds:

"For hers, more fervent still, emotions roll,
Than self far dearer, sister to my soul."

He asks her, then, not to forget the sufferings and sorrows of humanity, while she is basking in the smiles of Heaven, but to reflect,

"How many breathe th' excruciating groan,
How many pine in secret care alone;
How many famish in penurious gloom,
How many languish for the shelt'ring tomb!"

He speaks of the duty of valuing our enjoyments, from considerations suggested by "solemn-thoughted Piety;" and thus concludes his Ode, with an allusion to the DIVINE SOURCE of all joy and consolation.

"Wise, then, my sister, the resolve to press
Our thoughts beyond the moment we possess;
Though studious, well the present to employ,
The mind e'er *unabsorb'd* in present joy;
Sacred to hold a *portion* of the heart
For pains that life's vicissitudes impart;
Necessity, perhaps, may claim; if not,
Joys will be not less welcome for the thought.
"A nobler antidote from fears and pains,
(Thanks to the All-auspicious Hand that deigns!)

Awaits us still; a balm for ev'ry care;
Look to the skies, and view it smiling there!
THERE dwells a bosom of repose divine,
On which our ev'ry interest to recline;
Kind of access, and potent of relief;
The Source of ev'ry joy; of ev'ry grief
The balmy cure. THERE dwells a sacred charm,
To shield the breast from ev'ry rude alarm;
To smooth the haggard brow of glaring want,
And heav'nly smiles in ev'ry scene to plant."

The evidences of affectionate regard, however, which the beloved sister received from this devoted brother and friend, were not merely in relation to the higher region of intellectual culture and devout sensibilities. She experienced the benefit of his kind care, with respect to her lessons in the elegant accomplishments of dancing and music; her participation in dramatic exercises at school; her appearance and deportment, when at balls and parties; and even the minute details of her forming written characters in penmanship.

"Let me recommend to you," said he,* "to pay considerable attention to the improvement of your *writing*, by practising *copy-hand*. Learn well the fashion of your letters in that, and it is easily transferred to the smaller." "As to your *singing*,† I should not much favor the proposal; as your voice, if my idea of it be not erroneous, is not calculated for much proficiency in the art, as you observe. But to the better judgment of your preceptor, and your own inclination, by which I wish you to be governed, I can cheerfully submit." "You ask my advice,‡ respecting your *taking a part in a tragedy*. Confident as I am of the wisdom and prudence of Mr. Morse, I wish not too

* July 31st, 1785. † July 2d, 1785. ‡ July 9th, 1785.

freely to interpose my weak counsel, as to your applications under his tuition. I fear that it may interfere too much with weightier improvements; but if, upon conversing with him upon the subject, he advise and you approve, I would not dissuade. In this, however, I *will* advise, that the part you take, if any, be not a very *conspicuous* one."

"You say, that, with the advice of Mr. Morse, you *attended a ball*, the evening before you wrote. The 'advice of Mr. Morse' I believe you may rely upon, with the utmost safety, in every thing; and I wish you not to be scrupulous in asking it. Do not let me be forgotten to him, with the respect and esteem which you know I entertain. He cannot confer a greater obligation upon me, than that which obliges my sister."* "In your evening attendance upon your dancing at balls, you will take proper advice, as to your partner assigned, if a stranger, and thereby be directed as to your attendance. I believe my advice will correspond with your inclination, in recommending an early retirement at these times."

"In the interchange of offices and advice, I wish you and Polly to be sisters, as you may derive a mutual advantage from being the candid monitors of each other's behavior, and by an ingenuous and unreserved communication of whatever you may observe in each other's conduct, worthy of notice. As for myself, I shall, towards each of you, be actuated by the tenderness and freedom of fraternal affection."†

After she had been in New Haven about two months, she removed from the family of Mr. Buel, to secure greater retirement. Her brother then wrote to her,‡ "I am

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* June 18th, 1785. † July 2d, 1785. ‡ July 14th, 1785.

sincerely happy that you have made a satisfactory exchange of your lodgings. I had despaired of Mr. Daggett's receiving you, and sensibly felt some disadvantages that seemed to attend your former situation. I wish you to endeavor to deserve and secure the *maternal* attention of Mrs. Daggett, by exercising that of a dutiful *child* toward her." And, the next week,* he adds: "I have a favorable idea of the place at which you now quarter, and please myself with the hope, that you are contented and happy; presuming that you will conceal no disquieting circumstance from me, nor doubt of my most cordial efforts for your welfare and tranquillity, wherever they can be in any degree efficient." "Continue to be vigilant and circumspect; and let your ears and your heart be open to the calls of virtue, prudence, and refined improvement."

At this period, she had the pleasure of a visit from her father, one of the very fondest of parents, whom, for the first time, she had learned to think of, as far away from her, and whom she had not looked upon, for the space of eight weeks; a *short* interval, indeed, in the ordinary course of things, but, from the novelty of her situation during that interval, and from her peculiarly tender sensibility, thought and felt to be, "oh, how long!" A few weeks after, her heart was gladdened by a visit from her brothers, Samuel and William, at the time of the annual commencement of Yale College.

These refreshing seasons they all enjoyed with a refined delight, far beyond that of mere interviews with a father and brothers. The affectionate sympathies by which they were united to each other, exhibit a beautiful model of

* July 22d, 1785.

in reply: "I esteem it a favor, to be ranked among the number of your friends; and wish that I may ever be thought worthy of a share of your heart. I often regret your absence. Your father's house looks melancholy without you; and, in every little party, Mary Anna and Polly are wanting, to make up the entertainment. I join with you, in *preferring the country to the city life.* The noise and dissipation of the latter would ill suit my temper. I was ever fond of retirement; and I take more satisfaction in listening to the melancholy murmur of rivers, and the pensive music of groves, than in being amidst the gay circles of belles and beaux. But I am not for turning hermit. I am fond of society; and think, that happiness is to be found in a small circle, rather than among the multitude."

Mary Anna's early predilection for retirement and serene enjoyments, was no doubt greatly strengthened by the utterance of such sentiments, on the part of her most intimate friends, and especially of her devoted brother. In a poem which he composed, soon after* her return home, he thus apostrophizes Solitude:

"Thee, Solitude! and thy soft-suited train,
Thy faithful silence, and serene domain,
(Tired of the throng, tired of its social views,
And in thy lap to rest,) my soul pursues.
Lull'd by the cadence of thy Philomel,
Soft through the languor of the evening gale;
The stilly murmur of the far cascade,
By echo mellow'd still, while reconveyed;
The cricket chirping, from the clover spire,
A clearer note amid the buzzing choir;
O give me these! Here let my wand'ring feet
Pervade, unnoticed, each serene retreat;
Here would I loiter, ev'ry care forgot,
And merge my bosom in a flood of thought."

* Nov. 11th, 1785.

In all the utterance of this love of silent contemplation, however, there are discoverable frequent references to the *Divine Author* of the works of creation and providence; associations of His attributes with the sublime and beautiful of nature; and revealings of His thoughts, in the floral poetry of earth, and the starry poetry of heaven.

The poem, in which the apostrophe to Solitude occurs, contains the following happy illustration of the soul in gloom, and soul in glory.

"Embosomed, latent in this nightly veil,
The modest rose hangs drooping in a dale;
At this Cimmerian hour, no glowing hue
It boasts, to charm the wand'ring gazer's view;
No fragrance loads the ambient, courting breeze,
That, with enamor'd wing, around it plays;
But, folded close within its leafy cell,
Nor charm, the sight; nor sweetness, feasts the smell:
The lily and the thistle dare to vie,
Nor fear distinction from the baffled eye.
"But when the opening dawn dispels the shades,
And light and life o'er nature's aspect spreads,
How shall its crimson beauties, smiling fair,
Unfold; its sweetness fill the neighboring air!
No longer then its charms obscurely lie,
And humble-tinted flow'rs no longer vie;
But, by each gladden'd sense superior own'd,
It stands, the blooming pride of all around.
"Thus, when the veil of *mortal night* 's withdrawn,
Lo! day, celestial day, with kindly dawn,
UNFOLDS THE SOUL, then lighted up of God,
And bids its radiant beauties smile abroad."

To intellectual improvement, the cultivation of the social sympathies, and the acquirement of personal accomplishments, were added, throughout the course of studies in Mr. Morse's school, religious instruction and devotional exercises. From her earliest years, in all her discipline

of mind and heart, there had been "poured upon" Mary Anna "the continual dew" of the divine blessing. And thus it was, that, by "the healthful spirit of God's grace," she could so "truly please" him. The solemnity and obligation of her baptismal vows she habitually realized; and, especially after she received the apostolic blessing, in "the laying on of hands" in Confirmation by the Bishop, availing herself of the means divinely instituted for the renovation and salvation of the soul, she felt and manifested the power of God's heavenly grace, and *daily increased in his Holy Spirit more and more, until she came unto his everlasting kingdom.*

Lovely and attractive in her budding childhood, she became lovelier and more attractive, as she daily developed into maturity of form and feature, until she mingled in the scenes of domestic and social intercourse, no longer the charming girl, but the captivating woman.

In the autumn of the year 1785, she returned from New Haven to Great Barrington. And the family circle there, and various groups of friends and companions, in and around her native village, delighted in her engaging society, which proved to be, for all who had the benefit of it, an unfailing fountain of enjoyment, ever unperturbed, pure, and refreshing. To this, her correspondents, in their letters to her, frequently refer, with much emotion. But, as she now took part in a new scene of life, the account of that, HER WOMANHOOD, is deferred to the next chapter.

III. HER WOMANHOOD.

" For softness she, and sweet attractive grace."

MILTON.

IN the interval between the conclusion of her academic studies and her marriage, she spent her time amid the occupations and pleasures of her happy home, with an occasional excursion, for a few days, to some neighboring town or village. But this seven years' interval constituted that era in her life, when she was to illustrate those eminent qualities, that adorn the female character with some of its chief perfections, and loveliest attributes.

It was a stage in her existence as a woman, which afforded precious opportunities, for maturing, under the eye of fond parents, and in an intelligent and affectionate domestic circle, both her mental culture and her moral discipline. And in a woman's life, this intermediate state between the girl and matron, (a state peculiarly favorable for her acquiring that household experience so essential to her future comfort in conducting family affairs, and also for ripening her mind and character under genial home influences,) little as it is appreciated by the giddy multitude, is always an important, and not unfrequently a fatal, climacteric. Properly regarded, it is the glad vernal season, when the air is balmiest, and days are loveliest, and nature speaks of hope and joy.

Then it is, that the grown daughter and sister may be-

come the radiant centre of a family's blessedness. Her mother's comfort, like a ministering angel, she may alleviate cares, assuage sorrows, and contribute those thousand little, nameless, daily and hourly assiduities, which regale a mother's heart with a continual feast. Her father's joy, she has it in her power to create for him a world of unspeakable happiness, by her demeanor and conversation, her very port and air, her tones of voice, and the varying expression of her amiable countenance; her smile, her glance, her sparkling thoughts, her tender feelings, the sweetness of her temper, and the devout affections of her soul. And brothers and sisters, as they look on such an ornament and blessing of their home, and interchange with her their pledges of endearment, may well indulge the sentiment of one who duly valued Mary Anna's relation to him in the domestic circle, when he exclaimed, on giving utterance to his mingled feelings of love and admiration, "I say it with a degree of modest pride: *I am your brother.*"*

As a daughter and a sister, she was aware of the deep interest of her relation, at home, to all by whom she was there surrounded. A participation in domestic duty, the reading of choice books, with society, occasional excursions, attention to the instructive drama of real life, habitual reflection on its vicissitudes, epistolary correspondence, innocent recreations, benevolent enterprises, and the cultivation of religious emotions and practical piety, were her usual daily round of occupation, and her admirable discipline for usefulness and happiness in the various situations which she was destined to occupy. Oh, that they, who,

* Samuel Whiting, in a letter dated July 14th, 1785, and already quoted, page 94.

with a prurient restlessness, are eager to rush, unmatured, from the studies of the school-girl to the duties of the wife and mother, would but pause, to look at such a daughter and sister as MARY ANNA WHITING, and see her path strewed with pleasures, as various and fragrant as the tints and perfumes of the flowers with which she would adorn herself, and associated with invaluable lessons of practical wisdom, and wholesome preparatives for entering into new and important relations in life.

Little do they think of the refined delights they lose forever, who rashly and inconsiderately forfeit their natural franchise, at the most cloudless and cheerful season of their existence; and hurry into the midst of stern realities in conjugal and domestic life, unqualified to discharge many of its imperative duties, and wholly unprepared to encounter its trials, endure its cares, and taste of its many and afflictive sorrows.

At her native village, amid the mountains of Berkshire, and at the family fireside there, Mary Anna's chief occupation was the performance of filial and sisterly offices of love; and her chief pleasure, the indulgence of amiable sympathies, and the cultivation of devout emotions of the heart. And the results of her pleasing and profitable employment, were manifested, more and more, in the formation of her character.

As her personal charms developed, and her mental powers matured, she became the object of very general notice, and great admiration. "When I first became acquainted in the family of Dr. Whiting," says a near connection,* eminently qualified, both by nature and education, duly to estimate her character, "his daughter MARY

* The Hon. David Sherman Boardman, of New Milford, Conn.

ANNA, then about twenty-two years old, was much admired by *all*, for her singular beauty of person, and, by the *discerning*, for her more singularly mild sedateness, and perfect propriety of conduct. Retiring, though not affectedly so, in her deportment, she was not disposed to engage freely in conversation among strangers; and she seemed quite unconscious of being the object of uncommon observation, especially by the other sex, whose intrusiveness the gentle dignity of her manners was well calculated to repress."

During the halcyon season of her residence at home, soon after the conclusion of her academic studies at New Haven, a sprightly and gifted friend and correspondent* of hers, then just entering on his professional career, thus happily describes her home and occupations, and depicts her character. "I would give almost any thing to spend this afternoon in Barrington. I fancy that you are very happy, amidst those rural scenes which surround you, at this pleasant season of the year. I almost see you sitting in your chamber, with the window open, engaged in some domestic employment, or perusing the pages of some instructive book; sometimes walking in the garden, to view the flowers and fruits, and sometimes taking an excursion into the fields, to survey the spontaneous beauties of Nature, and breathe the fragrant air. Thus, I suppose, you are courting the Graces and the Muses. Nay, I conjecture that you are already married to them. But let me tell you, plainly, I have some scruples of conscience about the propriety of a match between parties so nearly related. Indeed, I should be tempted to *forbid the banns*, if I were not persuaded that it is quite too late."

* Barnabas Bidwell, Esq., June 27th, 1786, afterward Attorney General of the Commonwealth of Mass., and a prominent Member of Congress.

Another friend,* alluding to the elegant refinement of Dr. Whiting's happy domestic circle, thus writes, after having enjoyed their hospitalities: "Your letter, my dear Mary Anna, brought to mind what I shall ever reflect on with pleasure: the happy hours I spent, while under the auspices of your agreeable family. It appeared to me like some terrestrial Paradise, watered by Parnassian streams, whose various meanderings have formed so delightful a receptacle for the Muses, that they have become your constant visitants. These were really my sensations. I left the place, with a reluctance like that of Adam when he left the garden of Eden; and I looked back, until I had lost sight of it."

Among Mary Anna's numerous correspondents at this period, there were several, whose letters she carefully preserved. And now that sixty years have passed away, these letters of her early friends and companions may naturally be prized, especially as they often delineate, in the most engaging manner, and sometimes with a masterly touch, the beauties of her portraiture, and bear delightful testimony to her character among her associates at that time.

Her delicate sensibility, love of nature, and sweet pensiveness, are thus described by a friend, then residing at New Milford: "I have this afternoon been taking a solitary walk, by the side of a beautiful river,† which passes also through Barrington, where I have spent so many happy days. I made choice of a seat on a little hillock, where I could listen to the soft murmurings of the stream, and indulge myself in recollecting those past scenes, with

* Miss Esther Farrand, of New Milford.

† The Housatonic, on the eastern bank of which New Milford is situated.

which I was delighted, when, surrounded by your dear circle of friends, I attended to their diverting and instructive observations. But an *intruding thought*, that those hours of pleasure were forever gone, dissolved the charm. I then pictured to myself my dear Mary Anna, sitting by my side, in the full possession of health, and with every refined sensation of a virtuous mind, admiring the beauties of nature, with a smiling serenity, yet often, as usual, sighing, 'Oh, dear me!' Enraptured, I was turning to press her to my breast, with all the warmth of love; but the delusive vision was gone!"*

At a later period,† the same affectionate companion says, "My heart is warm with the tenderest sensations of love and gratitude toward my charming Mary Anna, for her dear and most welcome epistle, fraught, like her mind, with the softest endearments, and a universal philanthropy."

And these gentle, amiable, and benevolent qualities, won the responsive sympathy and love of a large number of her associates. Among them there was one,‡ whose attachment derives a lively interest from the artlessness and winning gayety with which it was accompanied. In a hurried, but playful letter, she says, "I have a very short time to write, and, what is still worse, I am *almost entirely destitute of ideas!* An *alarming* situation indeed! One would suppose, that a heart which felt the influence of friendship, would not be at a loss for ideas, nor words to express them, when conversing with the beloved object.

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* Miss Hetty Boardman, afterward Mrs. Marvin, of Wilton, Conn.

† May 1st, 1789.

‡ Her signature, in her letters, is with her sobriquet, *Polly* Pitkin; and all her letters are written from Farmington, a delightful village in Hartford county, Connecticut, situated on an elevated and hill-encircled plain.

But, my dear girl, be not so unjust to your friend Polly, as to think she does not *feel* the most tender, lively, and exalted friendship for you, which her heart is capable of feeling, because she has not the talent of *expressing* her thoughts with ease and elegance. I am very sensible of my deficiency on that point; and I am sometimes ready to think myself one of those, whom Nature made up in such a hurry, that she *forgot to perfect their brains!* But Heaven varies gifts, according to a wisdom which is perfect." "My heart beats in unison with yours; it vibrates at the *slightest touch* of joy or sorrow, by my friend MARY ANNA."

Alluding, at another time, to the pleasure derived from their friendship and correspondence, she says: "To converse with a friend, is, certainly, one of the most rational and pleasing employments in life; and it constitutes the greatest part of the happiness that I enjoy. That *selfish* attention and civility, which is often honored with the name of *friendship*, is not suited to my taste. This is something dearer. It springs from the heart, and meets the heart of a congenial spirit, where hopes, and fears, and wishes, are the same:

> 'A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
> But with one love, with one resentment, glows.'"

"Often have I felt the full force of the observation of a favorite author, that 'we are never absent from those we love.' When I am in company, I think of the inexpressible pleasure I should feel, if my M. were among the number. And when alone, my imagination is carried beyond the bounds of reason. I often see, and converse with you. I am often with my hand fast locked in that of my dear girl, ranging over the verdant meads and flowery banks,

tasting the sweets of spring, and admiring nature, clothed in her perfect and unrivalled charms; or sitting upon the margin of some purling stream, listening to the enchanting melody of the songsters of the grove, and the gentle fall of a distant cascade. Oh, my dear M., judge of my sensations, when, starting from my reverie, I find that it is nothing but the wandering of my imagination."

Contrasting her friend's habitual quietude with her own alternations of feeling, she says: "My dear girl, how do you spend your time? Do you glide serenely down the stream of life, undisturbed by the tumults and perplexities of the busy world? I fancy that you are among the happy number, who pass through life, untainted by the follies and vices of mankind. Quite the reverse with your Polly: sometimes in high spirits, sometimes in low; subject to doubt, anxieties, and disappointments. Yet, in general, I enjoy myself pretty well.

> 'I live retired, contented, and serene,
> Forgot, unknown, unenvied, and unseen.'"

After having received an agreeable visit from her friend, with whom, for a day or two, she enjoyed those delights, which the young and lovely ever find so pure and refreshing, she wrote:* "I return you a thousand thanks, my dear M., for your visit." "Oh, my friend, my congenial and most amiable friend; the closer I look into your heart, the deeper and the more deliberately I examine its properties, the more I admire." "Let it be our *persons* only that are separated. May our *souls* often be drawn together in secret converse, pure as precious, delicate as delightful! What is *distance*, if our *hearts* know no separation!"

* Feb. 6th, 1788.

Were these glowing protestations to be discovered, merely in the letters of some impulsive, enthusiastic, young associate, they might perhaps be properly regarded, like the floral emblems of life's spring-time, beautiful, but evanescent. We find, however, among the many written tributes of esteem and love, that witness the endearing qualities of Mary Anna Whiting, not a few, supplied by those, whose domestic relations, and whose experience, as well as weight of character, entitle to great deference the deliberate record of their feelings, and the ardent indulgence of their preferences.

One* calls a communication from her, "a letter fraught with sentiments of the purest affection," and says, "It awakened feelings in the bosom of your Nancy, of a most delightful nature." Another† so valued her correspondence, that she said: "Such thoughts as my pen can afford, and prompted by a heart that can feel your worth, will I now, and by every future opportunity, transmit to you." And a Canadian friend,‡ in the glow of her attachment, exclaimed, "The English language is too barren to express all that I feel." Mrs. Goodrich alludes also to "*many*" at New Haven, who cherished the recollection of Mary Anna Whiting; and tells her that the lady, in whose house she had her home during her course of studies under Mr. Morse, held her in affectionate remembrance. "In Mrs. Daggett," said she, "you have *a very warm friend.*"

Among her familiar associates, when at New Haven, was her affectionate cousin, Jeremiah Mason,§ of whose

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* Mrs. Nancy W. Goodrich, of New Haven, Dec. 14th, 1786.

† Mrs. Susan Tracy, of Litchfield, Conn., Nov. 13th, 1791.

‡ Miss Elizabeth Franks, of Montreal, Lower Canada, Aug. 29th, 1786.

§ Of Boston, Mass.; then pursuing his studies at New Haven.

subsequent eminence and celebrity, she always spoke with generous pride. In his letters, he often assured her of his "friendship and fond regard." Writing to her from New Haven,* he observes: "All your friends here would be extremely happy in seeing you." And having particularly specified her associate in early youth, Mrs. Goodrich, he adds: "By living in the same house, I have become considerably acquainted with her. She is a fine, agreeable woman, and has a partner worthy of her. They seem to be perfectly happy, and pleased with each other. Methinks, the sight of such matrimonial felicity is very inviting. A thousand little endearments become as many sources of pleasure and satisfaction. What do *you* think of these things, cousin?

> 'O happy they, the happiest of their kind!
> Whom gentler stars unite, and, in one fate,
> Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.'"

On receiving a communication from her, he expresses his sense of the favor, in strong terms. "This letter from my good cousin," he says, "is preserved among my choicest papers. And although it has already been at least once, and I think twice, answered, yet, conscious that none of my answers are such as a letter of hers must deserve, I am now about attempting to give it another."

He then informs her, with deep emotion, but with a resolve to act the part of a philosopher under the frown of fate, that he is about to retire to Vermont; and there, an exile from social joys, and in a dreary physical, and yet more dreary moral, wilderness, be doomed to solitude and oblivion. "I have bid adieu to New Haven," says he,†

* Feb. 25th, 1789.

† His letter is dated *Lebanon, Jan. 3d*, 1790.

" with all its pleasing amusements, and, to-morrow morning, expect to set out for Vermont, there to spend my days in a wilderness, and among a people wilder and more rough than the country itself. Had I any faculty for description, I would give you a short sketch of my feelings on the present occasion. But it would be a melancholy picture, and afford pain to a feeling heart. For a person not wholly made up of stoicism, to sacrifice all the pleasures of sociality, and *bury himself in the midst of obscurity*, requires a degree of resolution, of which, I fear, I am not possessed. But, being driven to it by cruel necessity, I shall endeavor, with all possible resignation, to submit to my destiny, without repining."

The sombre coloring of this picture, contrasted with the brightness of his subsequent career of usefulness and celebrity, is not less instructive than interesting. " The road to eminence and power," it has been truly and eloquently said, " ought not to be made too easy, nor a thing too much of course. If rare merit be the rarest of all rare things, it ought to pass through some sort of probation. The temple of honor ought to be seated on an eminence. If it be open through virtue, let it be remembered too, that virtue is never tried, but by some difficulty and some struggle."*

The " Divinity that shapes our ends" requires of true genius the very agony of thought and feeling, which the youthful Jeremiah Mason described in his letter to his cousin Mary Anna. But he was subjected to this process, that he might be prepared, by a wholesome discipline, for enlargement from his solitude, when, no longer the recluse in the wilderness of Vermont, he was to stand be-

* Burke, in his *Reflections on the Revol. in France*, Works, Vol. III, p. 68.

fore the nation, on the loftiest pinnacle of his profession as a jurist,

"The observed of all observers,"

through a long life of the most enviable distinction; and to elicit, at his death, not less enviable eulogiums from those, whose discriminating praises are, beyond the august ceremonial of the ancient Greeks and Romans, a great and good man's *apotheosis*.

The Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER pronounced a eulogy upon him, (Nov. 14th, 1848,) before the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, at Boston; and presented to the Court, at the same time, certain resolutions, unanimously adopted, a short time before, at a meeting of the Bar of the county of Suffolk, on motion of the Hon. RUFUS CHOATE.

On moving the resolutions, Mr. CHOATE said, "Mr. Mason was so extraordinary a person; his powers of mind were not only so vast, but so peculiar; his character and influence were so weighty, as well as good; he filled, for so many years, so conspicuous a place in the profession of the law, in public life, and in intercourse with those who gave immediate direction to public affairs, that it appears most fit, if it were practicable, that we should attempt to record, somewhat permanently and completely, our appreciation of him, and to convey it to others, who knew him less perfectly and less recently than ourselves. It seems to me, that *one of the very few greatest men* whom this country has produced; a statesman among the foremost, in a Senate of which King and Giles, in the fulness of their strength and fame, were members; a Jurist, who would have filled the seat of Marshall, as Marshall filled it; of whom it may be said, that, without ever holding a judicial station, he was the author and finisher of the jurispru-

dence of a State; one, whose intellect, wisdom, and uprightness, gave him a control over the opinions of all the circles in which he lived and acted, of which we shall scarcely see another example, and for which this generation and the country are the better to-day; such seems to me to have been the man, who has just gone down to a timely grave. I rejoice to know, that the eighty-first year of his life found his marvellous faculties wholly unimpaired.

'No pale gradations quenched that ray.'

"Down to the hour when the appointed shock, his first sickness, struck him, as it might seem, in a moment, from among the living, he was ever his great and former self.

"He is dead; and, though here and there, a kindred mind,—here and there, rarer still, a coëval mind survives, he has left no one, beyond his immediate blood and race, who in the least degree resembles him."

Mr. Webster, in not less glowing terms, commended the professional, political, and personal character of the illustrious deceased. And he pointed also, in an especial manner, to those spiritual traits, which, beyond all others, command the interest of the higher orders of intelligences, and of the Great Supreme, and are really most worthy of the admiration of mankind. Mr. Mason, deeply imbued with the spirit of the religion of the Gospel, not only recognized the authority of the Holy Scriptures, but was an avowed follower of Christ; consecrating his hours of respite from professional duty, to the contemplation of divine things, and frequently referring, in conversation, to his soul's chief concern, the necessity of preparing for another world, by a diligent improvement of the opportunities, and

use of the means, afforded for this purpose by our holy faith.

Of such a relative, even before he had yet reached the zenith of his fame, his cousin Mary Anna had good reason to be proud. And often did she recur, with deep interest, to the time when, as he was retiring beneath the dark cloud that seemed to threaten the extinction of his *morning* beams, he little thought of the surpassing splendor that awaited him at *noon*, and the mellow radiance with which he was to linger on the horizon, in the tranquil evening of his days, until at last, to the admiration of all those who should behold, and could appreciate the spectacle, he was to sink gently away, amid a blaze of glory.

Not limited, in her correspondence, to her school-mates, her female friends, and her relatives, Miss Whiting occasionally interchanged letters of compliment, friendship, and esteem, with several *gentlemen* of her acquaintance, who were *not* relatives. And throughout the communications of this nature that were addressed to her, there is discoverable a pervading spirit of respectful deference, and elegant refinement, that commends them as models of their kind. In not a single instance, is there the least deflection from the line of strict propriety. There is no frivolous or thoughtless tampering with tender emotions; but a silent and influential recognition of their sacredness, that repressed every rising wayward thought or feeling, and interdicted all irreverent approaches to the chancel of the heart.

A gentleman* of cultivated mind, with a poetic fancy, and cheerful temperament, from whom she had received some of her literary instruction in New Haven, wrote to

* Barnabas Bidwell, Esq., Oct. 8th, 1785, already referred to, p. 102.

her respecting many there, who took "pleasure in the remembrance" of her. "Believe me, dear lady," said he, "I am often entertained with their expressions of good will and respect for you." "You hint at your esteem for me, as your instructor. Nothing in creation could have a more direct tendency to make me vain. But, perhaps, this esteem may have some foundation; for I have often heard it observed, that 'good pupils make good instructors.' And thus, without vanity in me, or flattery to you, I may say, that, *while I had the honor of your instruction*, I probably was a pretty good instructor." "I am glad that your '*thoughts*' sometimes '*ramble back*' to New Haven. I wish they were *visible*, and that I knew where they make their abode here. You may depend upon it, that I would quickly leave all other engagements, and pay them a visit."

Having asked her forgiveness,* for his delay in answering one of her letters, "on the principle, that

> 'A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,'"

he adds, "How happy is it, that art has invented a method of extending our conversation by letters! Surely, we may say, with the pensive Eloise,

> 'Heav'n first taught letters, for some wretch's aid,
> Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.'"

"But," continues he, "I must tell you, frankly, that, in my humble opinion, you are not altogether a perfect correspondent. You write too sparingly, to satisfy your distant friend. In this, however, I will not say that you are much

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* Aug. 2d, 1786.

to be blamed; for I will put in practice my favorite maxim, just now quoted, and consider the parsimoniousness of your letters as your *infirmity*, if you will allow me to talk in the language of Shakspeare."

In one of his epistles,* with a view to entertain his fair correspondent, he made his appearance as a votary of the tuneful nine, "perpetrating" these playful verses:

"As early, this morn, as I open'd my eyes,
Awak'd by the troublesome buzzing of flies,
With pleasure and haste I relinquish'd my bed;
For I saw that the shadows of darkness had fled.
How charming *this* morning, compar'd with the *last*,
And *many* dull mornings that lately have pass'd!
Having gaz'd at the Ruler of day, for a while,
Array'd in gay light, and adorn'd with a smile,
Rejoicing to scatter his infinite rays,
And kindle the atmosphere into a blaze;
I now raise my window, to let in the breeze,
Which sweeps o'er the meadows, the gardens, and trees,
So cool and so sweet, that the weather, to-day,
Is pure as September, and genial as May!
I wonder if young Mary Anna yet lies,
With dreams in her fancy, and sleep on her eyes!
It cannot be so. No, already the fair
Has greeted the light, and enjoy'd the fresh air.
With confidence, then, though so soon in the day,
'Good morning,' kind Madam, I'll venture to say."

But, enlivened as she must have been with these agreeable pleasantries from her cheerful correspondent, and by many kind and agreeable letters from Mr. Morse, Mr. Elijah Dwight,† and other gentlemen of her acquaintance,

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* Aug. 14th, 1787.

† Afterward Judge of the County Court of Berkshire, and a State Senator of Massachusetts.

her delicate sensibilities were often pained, by the occurrence of popular tumults in Great Barrington; some of which took place before her father's house, as has been mentioned.*

In allusion to this disastrous and afflictive state of the community, her friend Bidwell wrote:† "The civil distractions and tumults, I suppose, still continue among the people of Berkshire. However, I hope that you are not so nearly affected with danger, as when the mob was embodied before your door, and threatened to demolish the house. I can scarcely forbear from wishing vengeance on that enraged rabble, whose threats and rude appearance extracted the tears of female innocence from your eyes. How soon the voice of peace will again be heard among you, is uncertain. My inclination and my interest both induce me to hope, that it will be within a short period."

A few weeks after,‡ he says: "You have doubtless had a disagreeable winter in Berkshire, on account of the civil war. But, I hope, it is now at an end. Amidst the late tumults, I have been anxious for my friends and acquaintances, especially those of your sex; and for none more than for yourself. I sincerely congratulate you on the present cessation, (and, I hope, final termination,) of violence and bloodshed."

When he had received from her a detailed account of the trials and dangers through which she passed, he said,§ "Yes, my dear Mary Anna, I acknowledge it all. Your situation in Berkshire is disagreeable. You are quite excusable, for indulging melancholy thoughts, and writing in

* In Chapter I, p. 52.
† Feb. 20th, 1787.
‡ April 11th, 1787.
§ May 18th, 1787.

a *pensive* strain. Methinks I can see you sitting in your chamber, and writing your letter to me, with your head sedately reclined on your hand, and the Muse of Melancholy sitting by your side. Could I but fly on the wings of a wish, I would instantly take a seat at your table, and have the painful satisfaction of whispering consolation in your ear, or wiping away that tear, which my imagination seems to see, this moment, starting from your eye, and slowly trickling down your tender cheek. Forgive my enthusiasm. When my friend expresses herself so mournfully, I must give way to the tide of sympathy which flows in upon my feelings. Yes, Mary Anna, let me tell you, that, if Fortune at present frowns, it gives you an opportunity of practising that calmness of mind and self-command, which are superior to the *smiles* and *frowns* of Fortune, and in which, (if your friends do not greatly mistake,) you are by no means deficient. Sunshine and clouds succeed each other, as well in the prospects of life as of the sky; and, like the cheerful sailor, we should rejoice during the storm, in anticipation of succeeding fair weather."

As the cloud was gradually dispelled, he said:* "I am informed, that the troops are generally disbanded, and I hope I shall, before long, have it in my power to congratulate you and my other friends, on the complete restoration of order and tranquillity to the lately distracted and distressed commonwealth." And, a few months after,† he could write: "A civil war is not a time for happiness; but, I hope, it is now completely finished. My imagination pictures your situation, free from disturbance, and favorable to your disposition, which is so

* Aug. 14th, 1787. † Feb. 12th, 1788.

much and so justly admired by your friends and acquaintance."

Her brother Samuel, who looked upon the troubles of the times with the eye of a philosopher and of a Christian, thus endeavored to improve them, to the benefit of her understanding and her heart.

"We have hitherto,* my dear Mary Anna, been peculiarly blessed in the world; have enjoyed the sweet smiles of Providence; and have been strangers to care and pain. Our days, thus far, have been spent in an infant country; and we have enjoyed the advantages that generally attend that stage of political existence. It is true, that its political birth was attended with those unhappy concomitants, which are inseparable from hostile revolutions, to which we were witnesses. But such was our age, (especially yours,) that we were in a measure insensible to the throes which produced it. Short has been the period in which it could boast a *happy independence!* Like a prodigal heir, it has indulged in such profuseness, that consequences the most alarming and portentous have ensued. The storm, I fear, is ready to burst upon us. Terrible indeed will be our situation, if *all* my fears are well grounded! The prospect of worldly vicissitudes seems now opening to our view. Why should we think, but that the worst consequences may follow? I speak of *political* evils. What ground, as a nation, have we for hope, but in the free and absolute mercy of the Great Ruler of events? Why not believe, that Providence is suffering us to inflict upon ourselves the punishment due to our demerits? You will be surprised, perhaps, that I preach these terrors to my tender sister. Perhaps it is injudi-

*Jan. 27th, 1787.

cious. But my design is to intimate, that such is the instability and uncertainty of sublunary things, that no true happiness can be built, where these are the basis. No adequate resource for support and assistance have we in our distress, but the *Throne of Divine Grace*, whither all who feel themselves interested in the important crisis ought to resort."

Such religious reflections upon the incidents of life, are found in *many* of the letters addressed to Mary Anna.

One,* who wrote to her on Christmas-day, having expressed a regret at the occurrence of an unimportant event, added, "I will not indulge a thought of repining, on a day which ought to call forth our whole soul, in thankfulness to Heaven, for that *glorious* event which we now commemorate. I hope we shall soon be permitted to welcome a happy New-year. Happy may it be unto the end, flowing with streams of pleasure, and unembittered with sorrow, pain, or disappointment! And may we all, at the close, reflect, with hearts warmed by gratitude, on the many pleasing scenes which it will have afforded!" After recounting some of her own griefs, she says, on another occasion:† "But why do I repine? This was allotted me by that indulgent Being, who has bestowed an infinite number of undeserved blessings on me and my friends. Is it not, then, the truest wisdom, to be humbly resigned to my fate?" And an affectionate correspondent,‡ having referred to the necessity of divine grace "in all our doings," is led to observe, that, "unassisted by that Power which supports us in life, we should, with all *human* improvement, still 'grope in darkness.'" It was under the habitual influence of this thought, that Mary Anna Whi-

* Hetty Boardman, 1791. † Jan. 18th, 1791. ‡ Mrs. Susan Tracy.

ting, in the use of the divinely instituted means of grace, daily repaired to the true source of strength and consolation in every vicissitude of life. And the *spiritual wisdom* which she thus acquired, was the brightest gem in all the cluster of her graces.

How much soever her alluring personal attractions might charm the admirer of beauty in the female countenance and form, she was the possessor of a transcendent moral attraction. Yet this was so pervadingly identified with herself, that it was seen in her soft eye and smiling lip, heard in her gentle voice, and felt in the marked propriety of all her doings.

Many eyes were naturally directed to her, as a woman eminently qualified to be the guardian angel of a happy home. Her playful correspondent at Farmington,* said to her, "I hear almost every week, of some new admirer." "A priest is your choice, I think; but if I may believe report, a soldier is your preference." "If any gentleman has been so happy as to win your affections, I congratulate him on his good fortune. And when he leads you to the altar, may Hymen light his brightest torch!"

But while several of her friends made such sportive allusions to the subject, her devoted brother, ever watchful of her temporal and spiritual welfare, imparted to her his views on this important, and, as he calls it, "irretrievable step," which he terms "no improper subject of petition to the Guiding Hand, for direction and assistance."

"Since I am taking a brother's freedom," says he,† "with the interests of my dear sister; since the connubial tie is considered as an almost inseparable attendant of life, and is essential to the constitution of society; let me, my

* Miss Pitkin. † Jan. 17th, 1787.

dear sister, notwithstanding your blushes, suppose you interested in whatever is essential to the true happiness of that state, and suggest your *eternal interest* as the first, and infinitely the most important consideration." "In the qualifications most eligible in the person, with whose fate we shall most probably be linked forever, piety, or an attention to spiritual concerns, ought to be *the first.* Though sceptres, crowns, and empires were to stand in competition, never lose sight of the stupendous object of our present probationary state." "Though every worldly advantage imagination can reach, were to invite; though all the accomplishments humanity can boast, were advocates; if virtue do not bring up the train, better were the rags of penury, with that and a union of affection." "I wish not to be the pilot of your preferences, in any other respect, than that of guiding them from the dangerous rocks and shoals, to which I imagine they may be exposed." "Sensible I am, that *that motion of the mind* which only ought to give the final sanction to the 'permanent tie,' is independent of the *will;* and that the will is the sole guide, in advice, argument, and admonition."

The record of these opinions, on her brother's part, relieved her altogether from embarrassment, when, at a subsequent period, his constructive advice and arguments, in a friend's behalf, were not *sanctioned* by *the motion of her mind!*

It is true, that he did not actually *advise* and *argue;* but he expressed his decided preference for his friend, above all others who might be regarded suitors of his sister, at that time. Yet this preference was conveyed to her *in writing*, in a manner the most delicate, and in language the most deferential and refined. "I would not," said he, "be thought aiming to entrap your affections. *I wished to make*

mention of him to you; but the theme is truly delicate. I am not a Pandar, even to Virtue." And, after hearing her decision in the case, he said: "I am sensible, that we are all liable to *revolutions* in our affections, as well as in our fortunes. Should that be the case with you, (take no offence at the supposition,) I should esteem myself happy in an event, which might secure the happiness, both temporal and eternal, of two who are dear to me. But, were he an angel incarnate, without the concurrence of your supreme affection, I would deprecate the alliance."

Her wise discretion, discoverable in all else, was admirably illustrated, by her judicious management of affairs of the heart. She was not to be won by the importunity of argument, founded upon prospects of wealth, or the delights of literary taste, or professional success and eminence. She was not, it is also to be borne in memory, a mere school-girl. She had enjoyed and improved the opportunity for observation, during her residence at home, as a grown daughter and sister; and she had availed herself of the hints, furnished by a sagacious and shrewd mother, a father of great experience in the ways of the world, and devotedly attached and intelligent brothers and sisters. She had thus learned full enough of life, to know, that it becomes a woman, to *beware* of protestations, even from the lips of one who may wear the guise of an angel of light; and not to listen, with too credulous an ear, nor sigh with too ready a response, to an elegantly expressed declaration of the tender passion,

> "Though it were writ
> In honey-dew upon a lily-leaf,
> With quill of nightingale, like love-letters
> From Oberon sent to the bright Titania,
> Fairest of all the fays."

There was, however, "the one," among her wooers, on whom, as he inclined to her, and attracted the concurrent *motion of her mind*, the soft tendrils of her affection took a gentle hold, until at length the tender vine fastened firmly to the support, which the Divine Controller of all sympathies had provided for it.

Their happy union will form the subject of the next chapter.

IV. HER MARRIAGE AND FAMILY.

" The tying of two in wedlock, is as
The tuning of two lutes in one key; for,
Striking the strings of the one, straws will stir
Upon the strings of the other. And in
Two minds linked in love, one cannot be
Delighted, but the other rejoiceth."

LILLY.

" A mother in Israel."

ON the 25th day of September, in the year 1792, Mary Anna Whiting was united, in holy matrimony, to ELIJAH BOARDMAN, of New Milford, Connecticut; who was then successfully engaged there in mercantile pursuits, and was also rapidly rising in political influence.

His name, and kindred at New Milford, had long been a passport to particular respect and deference.

His *grandfather*, the Rev. DANIEL BOARDMAN, the first minister of the town, in the year 1712, was a man of great devotion to his holy calling; celebrated for his successful labors among the people of his charge, and for his zeal in the conversion of the Indian sachem Werauhamaug. Long before Count Zinzendorf and the Moravian brethren began their missions in that region, the Rev. Daniel Boardman had, with exemplary devotedness, toiled and prayed for the conversion of the sachem and his two hundred warriors and their families; and had visited Werauhamaug, during his last illness and at his death, in his bark

palace, at a romantic spot three miles from the town, near the Great Falls of the Housatonic.*

The *father* of Mr. Elijah Boardman was Deacon SHERMAN Boardman, the only son of the first minister. He was an intelligent, industrious, and prosperous farmer, with a predilection for literary and historical studies; eminently social, entertaining, and popular; employed, without any interval, for more than forty-seven years, in the civil and military concerns of the town, and noted for his thorough knowledge of its early history. He was, twenty-one times, elected a member of the General Assembly of Connecticut, being a representative of the town, before, during, and after the Revolution; and was a deacon of the Congregational Church, until, at the advanced age of almost eighty-six years, he went from earth to receive a Christian's recompense, and engage in higher duties and enjoyments than those which occupy us here.

Mr. Elijah Boardman was *the third son* of Deacon Sherman Boardman. He was born, March 7th, 1760; and was thirty-two years of age, at the period of his marriage.

Inheriting many of the good qualities of his father and of his grandfather, he combined, with these good qualities, the energy and intrepidity of his mother and of his grandmother, respecting both of whom there are preserved family traditions of much historical and domestic interest.†

* The Rev. Daniel Boardman left a MS. *Account of his Conversations with the Sachem.* See also the *Rev. Stanley Griswold's Sermon*, delivered at New Milford, Jan. 7th, 1801, a transcript of which is contained in the town records.

† Most of the facts here stated respecting the Boardman family, are derived from a MS. written by the Hon. David Sherman Boardman, containing *Historical and Biographical Notices* of members of the family, male and female, during the last century and a half. An account of the family, chiefly from this MS., will be found in the Appendix K.

Like his father and his brothers, he was remarkable for his manly and dignified personal appearance. But, of all the members of the family, he had, also, in addition to the tallest stature, the greatest symmetry of form, and the most attractive features, both in his budding youth, and in his bloom of maturity. His head, finely shaped, his broad, open forehead, well moulded features, full, healthy face, and fair complexion that contrasted admirably with his redundant brown hair and hazel eye, conspired to give him a presence which the most casual observer would at once recognize. When he was silent, his air was, in general, contemplative and grave, if not severe. But when he entered into conversation, the penetrating glances of his sparkling eye, and the expression of his curved lip, with his clear tones of voice and marked cadence, imparted to him a peculiar attraction, that was intellectual, rather than sympathetic; and commanding, rather than conciliating.

But there was a vein of blithe feeling, that at times appeared, especially in seasons of social joy, which indicated his real disposition to be even sportive, so that, as one of his brothers* has remarked, "his *natural* temperament inclined him to hilarity." Yet his strictly moral and industrious habits so far repressed this natural propensity, that he even wore the appearance of habitual gravity.

His sensibilities, however, were very delicately strung. In this he resembled his admirable mother, whose almost masculine energy and intrepidity, as well as extraordinary intellectual power, and uncommon cultivation of mind, were accompanied with the sweetest and most gentle sympathies of our nature. His gravity would, at the touch of

* The Hon. David Sherman Boardman.

pity, domestic affection, friendly endearment, and love, melt into feminine tenderness, which, however, his sense of duty and propriety never failed to moderate.

It is his brother's observation, that "his natural and acquired ease and urbanity, rendered him a pleasing companion, both for the grave and for the gay."

To his intellectual and devoted Christian mother he was indebted, in a great measure, for his sound early education. She had, before her marriage, been diligently occupied in the duties of a teacher; and her decided literary taste, her love of useful and entertaining knowledge, and her stern religious integrity, greatly influenced his character. In addition to the studies which he pursued at home, he received instruction at the village academy, and also at a select classical school taught by the Congregational minister of the town, the Rev. Mr. Taylor.

At this period commenced the war of the American Revolution; and Elijah Boardman, in March, 1776, having then just attained the age of sixteen years, obtained his father's leave to enlist in the army as a common soldier, in the company of Captain Isaac Bostwick, and the regiment of Colonel Charles Webb, which was one of the first sixteen regiments raised by authority of the Continental Congress. He was stationed on Long Island, near the city of New York, until the city was abandoned by our troops in the following October. The family now possess an interesting account of his devotion to the revolutionary cause, and of his many hardships and privations, the effects of which he felt throughout his life.

Soon after he left home, he received a letter from his father, on the subject of his duty as a soldier and a Christian. It is a godly parent's counsel to a beloved son,

when on military duty, and exposed to the peculiar dangers, physical and moral, of a soldier's life.

"My dear son," says he, "I had a great many things to say to you, which I suppressed, for *several* reasons, while you were at home. *One* was the easy flow of my affections, which might interrupt me. *Another* was my wish not to fill your mind with melancholy ideas. *Another* was the thought that you might *forget* all, should I merely *say* what I wished.

"I shall not pretend to direct you in your *military* duty, but your *moral* duty to God and your fellow-soldiers; and I shall do it in short sentences, that you may the easier understand it.

"And, first, take the advice of the wise man, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not.' To this end, set apart a small portion of time for serious thought, meditation, and prayer to God, who will not despise the request that is sincerely made to him. Do this, every day, by yourself, alone if possible; and do this, every night, before you sleep. *He is able to protect you, where thickest dangers come.* Trust in Him; and you need not fear to do your duty. Though cannons roar, they are at his disposal. He can cause the balls to fly innocently and do no harm.

"Obey cheerfully the orders of your officers, especially your ensign, who, I trust, will take a fatherly care of you. If you are abused by any, make your complaints to him; and do not undertake to avenge your own wrongs. Have nothing to do with others' quarrels. Never make yourself a party concerned, if you can help it.

"Never join a drinking club. Never laugh at profane language, nor suffer yourself to use it. If you once begin, you will hardly leave it off; and it will render you

ridiculous, even to the profane. Although they practise it themselves, they inwardly condemn it in others, and would never give a vote for a *profane swearer* to be an *officer.*

"Be careful of joining a mischievous company, to do any mischievous act. Be careful of being imposed upon by those who pretend to give you advice. Many will advise a youth to do what they would not be willing to do themselves. Never expose yourself needlessly to danger, nor enlist yourself to perform any enterprise of danger. Yet *never shun your duty, from fear of danger; nor quit your station, from cowardice.*

"Be very careful to get as *good lodging* as you can; and do not suffer in your *sleeping* hours, through laziness in your *waking* hours to provide. Do your duty to the full, when you are *able,* that you may be favored when you are *unable.*

"Spend your leisure hours as profitably as you can, by reading and writing. When you have nothing else to read, *read this letter.* Do not be cast down and melancholy, nor home-sick. Be cheerful, but not vain. If you are not well, do not think too much about home. Write as often as you have convenient opportunity; and, when you write, make nothing better nor worse than it is. If you write any news, get the best intelligence you can. Be very careful of your clothes. If you want more, buy them; but take care that you keep some money by you, lest you should be in want and could not borrow. Do not expose your health by carelessness; nor your life, to gratify your curiosity. Behave yourself dutifully to your officers, and kindly to the soldiers.

"Thus have I given you some short and general hints. They may be of service to you, if you will attend to them.

You may keep them as secret as you please; but *look over them often*, for they are designed for your good, and I hope that they will prove so. It is the tender concern I have for you, that makes me thus urgent and particular. Your want of more age, makes me the more concerned for you. Be careful to take the advice of your ensign, in all your affairs.

"I conclude, by wishing you well; and, sincerely commending you to the mercy of God, I hope to see you safe returned. Be very careful to attend to the first part of these directions; and may God bless them. Farewell: from your tender and affectionate father, S. Boardman."

The tenor of these well-timed precepts, is an index of the father's habitual views and feelings, and also of that careful domestic discipline, by which the son's character was moulded. The letter, it should be noted, too, was written, as is mentioned in its date, on "Saturday night, at 11 o'clock." The associations which the Boardman family, in common with other descendants of the Puritans, connected with what they termed "the beginning of the Sabbath," imparted to this portion of time, which began at sunset on Saturday, a peculiar sacredness. And both the father and the son felt a corresponding emotion of religious solemnity, at the thought of what was thus written on *Saturday night*.

It was about six months that the son now spent away from home, on military duty. But his state of health, always delicate from childhood, together with the debility resulting from that unusually rapid growth which made him a man in size while yet a boy in years, and, in addition to these, the hardships and privations to which our revolutionary army, in its marches and encampments, was almost constantly subjected, compelled him reluctantly to

leave his comrades, and be conveyed to a sick bed, where, for forty days, he was prostrated by a wasting fever, that left not less enduring traces, than such wounds as he would cheerfully have received, in his country's cause, from the musket-ball or sword, upon the battle-field.

On the termination of the war, he directed his attention to mercantile pursuits, being unusually well qualified by an able teacher. Having spent a short time in New Haven, with Messrs. E. & A. Austin, then prominent merchants there, he began the prosecution of business on his own account, in the year 1781, at New Milford. And it was not until after eleven years' successes had crowned his persevering industry with an appropriate recompense, that he felt warranted in forming a domestic alliance.

The matrimonial bond, in his view, was by no means to be formed, (as so many by their precipitancy seem to think,) in obedience to the impulses of a blind passion. He regarded it, as the Church has truly called it, a "holy estate," "not by any to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God." And, profaned as it ever has been by the merry and the thoughtless, it *is* holy in God's eye, and in the Church's view. It is not the license for a gay frolic, but the solemnization of a divine rite. Its true votaries it conducts, not to the paradise of the false prophet, but to the feast at Cana, which Jesus and his disciples grace with their presence. It is not earthly in its origin; but, like the sacred vestal flame upon the altar, it is kindled from on high.

It has been said, with truth and eloquence, "Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities, and churches, and heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweet-

ness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labors and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world."*

The refined sentiments and judicious views of Mr. Boardman, and his maturity of thought and feeling, added greatly to the value of his preference. His amiable and lovely partner felt the full force of this reflection; and it exerted a powerful influence on her domestic happiness. "Fortunate," says a venerable relative,† who weighs well the words he utters, "in her marriage with a man who was capable of putting a just estimate upon her many excellent endowments of mind and heart, she passed from the single to the married state, with as little change of manners or character, as perhaps any female ever did." Fully qualified for all her duties, and deeply impressed with a sense of her responsibilities, she entered on her course, as meekly and quietly, as the chaste "lesser light," when ascending above the horizon, to shed her mild beams upon some beauteous landscape, and impart to it soft associations of a loveliness beyond that of earth.

In her husband, it was her happiness to find a kindred spirit, participating with her in the enjoyment of refined pleasures, and the indulgence of amiable and benevolent sympathies; and cherishing, in common with her, a devoted but respectful tenderness of love, ardent, but chast-

* Bishop Taylor's "Wedding Ring," Part I. † D. S. B.

ened by a profound mutual esteem, and, when not truly estimated, appearing to wear an aspect more proper for those who were only *wooing*, than for such as were actually wedded, and were *man and wife*.

The house which Mr. Boardman was then building at New Milford, for his family residence, was not in a condition to be occupied, until the close of the year 1793; and, during a year's interval after her marriage, Mrs. Boardman continued with her parents at Great Barrington, receiving her husband's visits there, and interchanging with him frequent letters.

Their correspondence, at this season, is a happy exhibition of true love, emanating from congenial dispositions, and regulated by refined sentiments of mutual regard.

"My flattering hopes and fancied pleasures," said he, "and the spies for happiness sent forth by my imagination, are all swift in returning, with this one request: that they may no more be sent abroad, to explore a decoying world, but may pleasingly light on your innocent bosom, where they promise me even more happiness, than they were ever asked to find." "I have so *emphatically* complied with your request to write *often*, that I expect your next will countermand the petition. A wish from you is not to be refused; but will be attended to, with more pleasure and strict observance, than the commands of the world beside. I notice, in your last letter, that, you have some anxiety about my health. With pleasure I announce to you, that it is well established, although my fatigue is incessant. I am buoyed up through my difficulties, by the thought of preparing to accommodate and happify the best woman in existence. The contemplation is enrapturing; and my heart is light with joy, when I reflect, that I possess the true, undivided affection of my dearest Mary

Anna, whose I am, with every sentiment that generous love inspires, and constant friendship warms."

Referring to a subject in which their sympathies had been painfully enlisted, he remarks: "While I trace, with animated love and pleasure, the tender and affectionate expressions in your letter, it is a sad thought, that the subject should give real pain to the lovely heart of the dictator, and anxious soul of the receiver, of your communication. It is the rose and thorn. But it is not a mark of reason or philosophy, to fall because we chance to stumble on misfortune's unpleasant path. I must walk in this dark path, until your presence light me out."

Her reciprocation of these expressions of attachment, is not less glowing. "I am not, my friend," said she, "free from anxiety for you. Adolphus tells me, that you have not been well for some time past. He thinks, that you will not come to Barrington until your house is raised, and that this will not be short of ten days. Are you not injuring your constitution, by making too great exertion? Consider, I conjure you, how much depends upon the enjoyment of health; and how lightly we should esteem the most superb house, when purchased at the expense of so great a blessing. Give yourself time for relaxation. Come to Barrington; but do not come through in one day. Relinquish all business, until you find your health perfectly established. It is the request of her, who is yours, cordially, and with every sentiment of tender esteem."

Lamenting their separation, she remarks: "I must content myself with what has long been my greatest pleasure in your absence; contemplating the virtues of the best of men, by day, and frequently enjoying an imaginary pleasing interview with him, while sleeping." On the day of

public thanksgiving,* she wrote: "It is Thanksgiving-day with us; and among the innumerable blessings I am thankful for, I consider one of the chief, that of possessing such a friend, and of enjoying the affection of my Boardman, pure as the love of angels." After a hurried visit from him, she says, "I fancied I had much to say to you, before you came. But the tender agitation that your appearance occasioned, and the shortness of your stay, banished almost every idea from my mind. Perfect as my *love* is, I cannot 'cast out *fear*.'" On receiving from him a letter that contained many declarations of his love, she wrote in reply: "Every assurance of your unalterable attachment, is a cordial to my heart. The little trembler obstinately persists in placing all its hopes of happiness on you. And could it communicate as much as it receives, it would be truly happy."

It was little more than two months after her marriage, when her father's decease† veiled the family in mourning. In their happy circle, Death was a stranger. And when, at this melancholy visit, he bore away with him their honored, venerated, and beloved father, they all felt at heart the severity of the afflictive visitation.

When the eldest daughter, some weeks after the bereavement, remained in a state of sorrow, too little cheered by consolation, her husband said to her, "I figure you to myself, gloomy and melancholy, at the loss of the best of fathers. I lament, with you, this misfortune, and our hard fate; and I am the more alarmed, as the arrow of Death flew so near to you, and even did wound the soul of my

* Nov. 7th, 1793.

† Dec. 8th, 1792. He was in the 63d year of his age. The circumstances of his departure have already been mentioned See pages 64, 65, 74, and 75.

joy. My dear girl, dwell not upon the dark side of the picture; but believe, that all is for the best, and be resigned. Revive your spirits; be cheerful and social. Your health requires, and the living ask this; and to them you can do good."

Another sad event occurred in the ensuing spring.* It was the sudden and unexpected death of the family's revered pastor, when at New Milford, on his way home, after the annual convention of the diocese, at Middletown. Mr. Boardman, on this occasion, wrote:† "The die is cast; and it remains only, that the mournful tale be told. On Thursday evening, the 13th instant, the Rev. Gideon Bostwick, our dear friend and relative, your first, great, and true public guide in the path of immortal happiness, with calm resignation, and with a well-grounded hope, left his terrestrial abode, and, at the call of his Master, whose religion he faithfully taught, hath gone to participate in that happiness he so fervently labored that others should enjoy. He hath left a bright example, both in life and death; in his life, honest, liberal, happy, cheerful, and religious; and in his death, calm, rational, 'steadfast in faith,' and awaiting his deliverance. Thus hath his noble soul obeyed the solemn call, and taken its flight for the realms of light and joy, to shine a gem in the Redeemer's crown. The fire is gone; but may the light shine in the path of our lives, for many years to come. As for him, our reflection is calm; but for his dear helpless orphan family, I have much anxiety. I know the goodness of your heart would seem not to need a monitor. Pardon the thought. My dear girl, as you love me, and respected Mr. Bostwick, let me ask you to water those tender plants, whose spring is taken

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*June 13th, 1793. †June 16th, 1793.

from them; and render them all the assistance in your power."

Having heard of the sudden death of the holy man of God, she wrote from Great Barrington the previous day,* "What a scene, my dear Boardman, must you be witness to, this day! a scene, too distressing not to move the most obdurate heart. How, then, will it rend the heart of sensibility! I tremble for you, for the dear orphan children, and for us all. What a loss! And so *unexpected!* To this town, he was all they could *look* or *wish* for in a Pastor; to us, a tender, affectionate friend; to his family, the best of parents, and the only person they could with confidence expect protection and support from. But I believe that they have many friends, who will not forget them in the hour of adversity."

1742 The Rev. Mr. Bostwick was born at New Milford, in the year ~~1748~~. In 1762, he graduated at Yale College. At the request of Dr. William Whiting, Colonel Dwight, and other members of the "Episcopal Church" at Great Barrington, he removed thither, to take charge of the classical school just established there, in the year 1766. Although educated a Congregationalist, he was occasionally present at the services of the Church, which were then conducted by lay-readers. More and more interested in the devout solemnity of these services, he at length himself performed, with great acceptance, the duties of a lay-reader, became a candidate for Holy Orders, repaired to England, and was there ordained a Deacon, by the Bishop of London. Three months after, he received Priest's Orders; and, without delay, returned to Great Barrington, "to execute the office of a Priest in the Church of God, now committed to him."

* June 15th, 1793.

In the full import of the Church's language, in her Ordinal, he was, for about twenty-six years, (from 1767 to 1793,) "a faithful dispenser of the word of God, and of his holy sacraments." He was not only "successful in his labors," but "universally esteemed by those who knew him, and dearly beloved by his own people."*

As early as the year 1760, the Rev. Solomon Palmer, a missionary of the "Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts," who officiated at Litchfield and New Milford, occasionally visited Great Barrington, until the period of his death in the year 1770.† The Rev. Dr. Mansfield, also, another missionary of the same Society, not only preached there, but, in the year 1766, as has been already mentioned,‡ organized the parish, with the coöperation of Dr. Whiting and Col. Dwight. But the Rev. Gideon Bostwick was *the first pastor* of this parish. And a "pastor" in the best acceptation of that term in the vocabulary of the Church, he was, to all who might succeed him, a bright example of those qualities for which the "spiritual pastors" of Christ's flock should be distinguished.

By his naturally bland manner, his benevolent affections, and his great devotedness to his spiritual work, he gained, at the period of his early ministry, the reputation of a truly "apostolic" man. A new attraction was superadded to these characteristics, a few years before his death, when a solemn interest was imparted to him, on his being made a subject of divine chastening, by the death of his devoted partner, the mother of his family.

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* MS. *Letter from the Rev. Daniel Burhans, D. D.*

† *History of the County of Berkshire*, p. 231, Pittsfield, 1829.

‡ Page 74.

He keenly felt the anguish of this agonizing separation. "In the year 1785, a few months after he had buried his wife," says the Rev. Dr. Burhans, "I heard him preach a funeral sermon, on the death of a young man endeared to his parents and acquaintance by many amiable qualities. In the address to the mourners, he said, in allusion to his own case, 'My Christian friends, you have my sympathies; and my feelings are more poignant; for, while *you* suffer the *amputation of a limb*, *I* suffer the heart-rending pang of *splitting the trunk asunder*. The *twain* are *one flesh*.'"*

But it was good for him to be afflicted. He endured suffering, as becometh a disciple of the "man of sorrows;" and there beamed about him certain emanations of divine grace, which mingled, with the bland, and philanthropic, and zealous elements of his character, a new element, that made him, more than ever, "a man after God's own heart."

The Rev. Dr. Burhans, who succeeded him in his labors at Great Barrington, in 1793, and is still living, at the advanced age of eighty-five years, has communicated the following tribute to the character of his venerated friend.

"I was a candidate for the ministry," says he, "under the guidance of the Rev. Mr. Bostwick, who presented me to Bishop Seabury, for Holy Orders, at Middletown, Connecticut, June 4th, *nine days previous to his death!* I was ordained Deacon, and appointed his Assistant. In two weeks from that time, instead of meeting him, and

* In communicating this fact, Dr. Burhans says, "The above is from memory, and was never written before. Although the event took place 64 years ago, it is as vivid as an occurrence of yesterday."

receiving instructions for future operations, (as he had previously arranged,) I *preached his funeral sermon.* My text was, "And he cried, My father, my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof. And he saw him no more." 2 Kings, ii, 12. The Sunday following, I delivered the same sermon at Great Barrington. It is beyond my power, to describe the deep mourning, the flowing tears, and desponding sighs, that pervaded these congregations, and especially that in which the orphan family and their deceased mother's relatives were mingling sorrows *beyond* description."

Dr. Burhans thus portrays his friend's character: "It was his meat and drink, to be incessantly engaged in doing the will of his Heavenly Master. In the discharge of the duties of his sacred calling, he cheerfully practised much self-denial and perseverance, braving storms at all seasons, and seldom failed in a punctual fulfilment of all his engagements, literally 'in season and out of season,' by night and by day, from house to house, and from place to place, in paths unoccupied, wherever he was called, or heard of any sheep of the fold wandering in the mountains that surrounded his vicinity, from thirty to forty miles. Thus, this Missionary of the Cross, hearing of a few Episcopal families among the first settlers of Hudson, in the State of New York, sought them out, and planted a branch of the Church catholic in that place. Extending the labors of his love, he watched over them, performing divine service at Hudson one fourth of the time, until the day of his death. He was distinguished for his untiring zeal in the cause of *His* Church, who promised his ambassadors, that his grace should be sufficient for them, to the end of the world."

"His EXAMPLE, both in private and in public life, was

always a striking comment upon the doctrines and precepts which he taught. The beautiful virtues of meekness, humility, and benevolence, were conspicuous in his character. In the domestic relations of life, he was uniformly kind and affectionate. Of the numerous families of my particular acquaintance, remarkable for order and quietness, parental government, and filial obedience, his was among the first.

"As a *gentleman*, he was truly English, without stiffness, and was polite and winning in his manners. His charity was unmeasured, to the poor, sick, and needy. As a *Christian*, he was conscientious, cheerful without levity, and grave without moroseness. And as a *clergyman*, he was 'a burning and a shining light.' In the Church, although dead he yet speaks; and he still lives in the memory of all who knew him.

"The history of the Church in Berkshire county, is identified with him; and the blessing of God still follows the good instructions which he gave, and the prayers he daily breathed to Heaven. The monument which his friends erected over his dust, will crumble away; and the page that now tells of his faithful labors will moulder, and perish by the hand of time; but he has a *record on high*, that will never tarnish, and a leaf for his name in 'the Lamb's book of life,' that will last forever."

Soon after his decease, his friends held a meeting at the town of Lenox, and requested Mr. Samuel Whiting, (the brother of Mrs. Boardman,) and Mr. J. Quincy, to unite with the Rev. Daniel Burhans, in preparing a volume of Mr. Bostwick's life and sermons, to be printed. The manuscripts and memoranda were confided to Mr. Samuel Whiting, who is known to have "copied several sermons, and to have made considerable progress in Mr. Bostwick's

Life;"* but, from causes that cannot be ascertained, the proposed work was not published, and the manuscripts of it are not to be found.

At the close of the year 1793, Mrs. Boardman removed to New Milford. "To ordinary domestic concerns, in about two years after her marriage," says one of her relatives,† then residing at New Milford, "were added the duties of a mother, which, with fond affection and undeviating discretion, she continued, through a long life, to discharge; and for which she had the happiness to receive the most grateful of all rewards, devoted filial affection. Her natural propensity to domestic habits was much strengthened by a defect of hearing, with which she unfortunately began to be affected in the early part of her married life; and which gradually increased, to such a degree, as to render intercourse with general society little satisfactory to her. Yet she always received the visits of her friends and relatives with unfeigned pleasure, regretting her inability to participate in their conversation, without requiring the exertion of unusual efforts on her part."

In conducting family affairs, her defective hearing often caused her great embarrassment, and required the constant exercise of much Christian resignation under this severe trial. Yet she meekly persevered; and, in the spirit of our holy faith, (as, when a child, she had been taught in her catechism,) she resolved, by the help of God, to *do her duty, in that state of life unto which it had pleased him to call her.* "Though as far removed as possible from every thing like arrogance, or undue self-esteem, and even

* MS. *Letter of the Rev. Dr. Burhans*, Jan. 9th, 1849.

† The Hon. D. S. Boardman.

meek and humble in her estimation of herself, such was her rectitude of purpose, and steadiness of mind, in the pursuit of it, that she would always do what she thought her *duty* required." "And yet, though she was firm in purpose, that purpose was ever under the guidance of a sound judgment, free from obstinacy; for she was of a benevolent and charitable disposition. Her temper was mild and equable, never ruffled by the gusts of passion; nor was the even tenor of her life ever marred by the imprudence of haste."*

For the period of just thirty years, from the year 1793, when she first entered her "home" at New Milford as a happy bride, until the year 1823, when she sat there a sorrowing widow, there were presented numerous occasions for exemplifying all her characteristic traits.

The mother of three sons and three daughters,† and the partner of a distinguished man, as well as affectionate husband, who was actively engaged in commercial business, and, at the same time, was occupied with the cares of civil office, as a member of the legislature of Connecticut, and a Senator in Congress; she was deeply sensible of the various duties that devolved upon her; and she endeavored, as a *Christian* wife and parent, to meet every claim arising from her union with such a person, and from her maternal charge in rearing and educating such a family.

Her domestic relations, however, not only supplied her with incessant employment, but also constituted her chief earthly pleasure. Her HOME was to her a paradise; a garden of delights, where she felt that God had "put" her,

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* The Hon. D. S. Boardman.

† William Whiting, Henry Mason, George Sherman, Caroline Maria, Mary Anna, and Cornelia Elizabeth.

with a divine commission "to dress it, and to keep it," retrenching the exuberance of some of its young plants, and checking and controlling the irregularity of others; with affectionate solicitude, continually watching over them all, and caring for them, and with her gentle, faithful hand, training them all in the way they should go.

Her fond sympathies were ever hovering over her children, when away from her, at school and college; her eldest son, at Colchester Academy, Yale College, Cambridge University, and the Law-school at Litchfield; her youngest son, at Litchfield, and at Union College; her eldest daughter, at Litchfield, Hartford, and New Haven; and her youngest daughter, at New Haven and New York; but, wherever they might be, always followed by her letters, that were replete with precepts of divine wisdom, and reposited the counsels and cautions of a mother, who most dearly loved them, and with untiring care assiduously sought their temporal and eternal good.

To one of her sons* she wrote, during the prevalence of a malignant fever at New Milford; and, after speaking of "thirty-four victims of the terrific disease," she said, "What a warning to us, who still live! Methinks I can almost hear a voice from their coffins, calling on us to prepare to follow them. May God grant us, all, grace to set about an *immediate* preparation. Perhaps it will not affect *you*, as it does *us*, who are almost daily witnesses of mournful processions passing our door. But I hope you will *consider*, that, young as you are, you may die. Endeavor to be ready." On another occasion,† she said: "The terrible disorder that afflicted the country so much last winter, has again made its appearance." And after

* William W. † Dec. 17th, 1812.

alluding, by name, to its victims, she adds: "Oh, my dear William, how necessary it is, that we should, at all times, be ready to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ; for, certain it is, that we shall be rewarded or punished, according as we do well or ill in our probationary state. Do not, I beseech you, suffer any of the allurements and vanities of this deceitful world to decoy you from the path of duty; and you know that the duty of Christians is, to 'watch and pray,' to examine and search our hearts, that, by the grace of God assisting us, we may be able to root out every evil propensity. Do not let your mind receive the least tincture of Socinianism;* but let the religion of your heart be the religion of JESUS, THE SON OF GOD; for 'there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.' And why should we wish for any other; since all his words and actions, while he was on earth, manifested nothing but love and pity to fallen creatures? Most fervently do I pray, that you may love and *adore* him, with your whole heart, and serve him faithfully all your life. If you do, as certain as the sun now shines, you will live and rejoice in his presence, through a glorious eternity."

To another son† she writes: "It is Sunday evening. How have you spent this sacred day? Can you give an account, that will satisfy your own conscience? I wish that you may spend every moment of your time in such a manner, that the reflection may be sweet. Then you can look forward, with confidence, and a hope well founded." "I have very little pleasure in the world, beside the hope that my children may be good and happy. Oh, make it

* He was then at Cambridge University.

† George S., then at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.

your study, not to blast that hope." "You are at an age, when your character is forming for life, and, perhaps, for eternity. Oh, pause and consider. The beginning of wisdom is 'the fear of the Lord.' Study his word, and endeavor to conform your life to it." "I want to know every thing about you, your friends and associates. Make me acquainted with the company you keep, and I shall know what to expect you to be."

When he was at school in Litchfield, before his entering college, she thus stimulated him to honorable emulation. "W. B., I understand, is to attend school with you. We shall be mortified, if he should excel you in the attainment of knowledge, or in virtuous, upright conduct. Exert yourself; and do not be satisfied with doing nothing wicked, but endeavor to be always doing something that is worthy of commendation." And when he had entered college, she thus cheered him on: "Your President I believe to be an excellent man. Treasure up his instructions, and religiously observe them; and I shall hope that you may become as good a man as he is. It must be very pleasing, that your tutors make themselves familiar with you. I think it an advantage. You can with more freedom ask questions on any subject of which you wish to be informed; but you must not let this lessen your respect for them."

Urging upon him the duty of considering *the value of time*, she observes: "Time is a talent, and an *inestimable* one, for the use of which we shall be called to give an account. Oh, may you have grace given to you, to conduct yourself in such a manner, that you may, at the last *great day*, render your account with joy." "There is a great attention to religion in Miss Pierce's school. Caroline seems to be sensible of her danger as a sinner. We

all are sinners. Oh, may we flee from the wrath to come, and flee to that ARK OF SAFETY which is prepared for us." Having communicated to him the fact of a young man's death, whose mind from infancy was such, that, as she expresses it, "he was never capable of knowing good from evil," she adds this reflection: "How preferable is his lot, to that of those on whom God has bestowed a *sound* understanding and a *healthy* body, if they abuse His goodness, by ingratitude and vicious lives. This, I pray, may not be *your* case."

Several deaths having occurred, in other branches of the family, in quick succession, she thus improved the melancholy incident: "Oliver is dead. Mrs. Warner died one week before him. Your little cousin and namesake, George Boardman, died a few weeks before; and his brother younger than himself, the same week with Oliver. Do you not think, my dear son, that all these deaths are a loud call to YOU to be ready? Surely, we none of us know, how soon we may be summoned to the world of spirits. Of how great importance is it, that we should have our lamps trimmed and burning!"

The same proofs of maternal love and Christian faithfulness, are found in her admirable letters to her daughters. Some extracts from these letters will be introduced, in the sequel.

In harmony with her counsels to her precious charge, were the letters of her honored and beloved husband, written to the children, even in their early youth.

On the eighth anniversary of the birthday of one* of them, he wrote: "You on this day arrive at the age of eight years. You can now read and write tolerably

* William W., Oct. 10th.

well, and know something of arithmetic. The facility with which you learn, and the solicitude you have to investigate the principles of things, and the eagerness with which you pursue after a knowledge of the objects that your present instruction can reach, convince me of your capability of great improvement in arts and sciences, and the good you may do our country in the course of time. The accomplishment of this great and happy work will depend, (under the blessing of God,) principally upon yourself. And what are you now, and what will you be hereafter, unless you make careful and thorough use of all the *time* you will be allowed in this world? To economize time, and learn how it would be advisable for you to spend the early part of your life, will form a subject for future letters from me." He then advises his little son to procure a small trunk, and carefully preserve, for review from time to time, the different communications that might be addressed to him. "Let no *time* be lost," said he in another letter. "Dr. Franklin said, 'Time is money;' and, if well spent, it is *better* than money. This you may lose; but learning will be your constant companion, and never-failing friend."

To his son* at Union College, he addressed these words: "As your collegiate life is drawing to a close, I hope that you will improve all your time, to the best possible advantage. Take care to get a good education, and maintain a fair character. Life is worth but little, without a good reputation, and worth not very much without an educated mind."

Under the influence of these parental instructions and counsels, one of the brothers wrote a letter† to the other

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* George S., Feb. 10th, 1818. † March, 1808.

two, in which these sentiments occur. "Our happiness, which we now possess, we received from our parents. Do we not owe them a debt of gratitude, for their care over us, during our childhood and youth, from our birth to this day? We ought to respect and obey them. It is not only our reasonable duty, but it is commanded by God, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.'" "And let us not stop here. Let us carry our thoughts forward to the future. The heavens are to pass away with a great noise, the elements are to melt with fervent heat, and the earth and all that is therein to be burnt up. Then what are we to depend upon? Unless we shall have secured an interest in the Redeemer, we shall be miserable forever; for we cannot depend on our own deeds for salvation. But if we have secured an interest in Christ, we shall be enabled to sing the triumphant song, 'O Death, where is thy sting.' And to use the language of an eminent writer, 'We can stand upon the ashes of the universe, and say, we have lost nothing.'" Another of the sons, addressing one of his brothers,* says, "I get along very well with my studies; and I hope, if I live, I shall be able to answer the wishes of my parents and friends."

With many encouragements to believe, that all his children, sons and daughters, blessed as they were with temporal and spiritual advantages, might become what his fond affection and his prayers would have them, their father wrote to their mother, in a letter from Washington, where he was, at the time,† occupied with his duties as a Senator, "When I reflect on the goodness of Divine Providence, in giving us children, that are perfect, healthy, and pleasant too, I bow, with love and homage, to that

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* Nov. 23d, 1812. † Feb. 5th, 1820.

God who has done so much for us, and ask the continuance of his blessings."

With sentiments of the devoutest gratitude, the father and the mother of these children rejoiced together, over the blessings which the divine "Author and Founder of families" bestowed upon them.

Their *parental* fondness, however, did not surpass their *conjugal* attachment. Their letters to each other glow with evidences of a decided and earnest, but refined and delicate affection, which exhibits a picture of great moral beauty. There is discoverable, in their correspondence, nothing of that painful and humiliating, but very common, subsiding of the tender feelings, from the flood of nuptial devotedness, to the low ebb, which reveals the shallow channel, through which, not unfrequently, the stream of love is forced to run, turned out of the true course which Nature and Religion have prescribed. It may be truly said of Mr. and Mrs. Boardman, that, from the happy hour when *God joined them together* in "holy matrimony," until the sad moment when Death's cold hand put them asunder, the current of their affection retained, to an unusual degree, its freshness and its fulness. The Church's blessing, in her solemnization of matrimony, they received from the lips of their beloved pastor, the Rev. Mr. Bostwick, when he pronounced that they were "man and wife;" and God did indeed *bless, preserve, and keep* them; the Lord did *mercifully look upon* them, and fill them *with all spiritual benediction and grace;* and they so *lived together in this life,* that in the world to come they now, we cannot doubt, *have life everlasting.*

They took delight in conveying to each other their assurances of love. When requested by her husband, to write "by every post," the affectionate wife said, "Yes, I

will write, as I would do every thing, that can add, in any degree, to your happiness, (however trivial it may appear in the eyes of an unfeeling world,) not only cheerfully, but with delight."* "So much do† I think of you, my dear friend, that I frequently wish to be saying something to you." "I have added something to my health, and thus to the weight of this 'lump of clay;' but my ears are still shut, and my eye somewhat dim. Indeed, Nature has given me a miserable head; but I will give her credit for a sincere, honest heart, and wisdom enough to place it with one, who would deserve it, were it accompanied with every female accomplishment."

Saddened at hearing of his being sick at Hartford, while performing there the duties of a member of the Legislature, she wrote‡ to him, in her grief and distress, "Deprived as I am of social intercourse, a letter from the *dearest* of friends is a cordial to my afflicted heart: yes, my dear Mr. Boardman, afflicted and mortified, that I cannot better merit the preference you have given me." To these words she added the expression of her "painful anxiety." And he replied, in terms of tender interest,§ "You express much anxiety for my health. It gives me pleasure, my dear Mary Anna, to *live for you.* And when I reflect on Death, striking me from the list of the living, the idea of your distress, and the misfortune to our children, produce in my heart the strongest emotion. To me, life would have but few charms, were it not for those with whom I am connected. But the impression that I may do more

* July 3d, 1796, when on a visit at Great Barrington.

† Sept. 13th, 1800, from Great Barrington.

‡ May 15th, 1805.

§ May 29th, 1805.

good to others than to myself, is a strong incentive for the preservation of my health."

At a subsequent period,* while on a tour to Vermont, he was attacked with a severe illness at Putney, far from home, and among strangers. On this occasion, she wrote: "My dear Mr. Boardman will form something of an idea of my anxiety since yesternoon, when I received his letter, informing me of his sickness, and distance from home. Could I have hoped to arrive there for any service, nothing but *impossibilities* should have prevented my now fleeing to you. I trust in God, who is ever merciful; and I endeavor to be calm." A few days after, hearing of his partial recovery, she ejaculated, "I can never sufficiently adore our Almighty Parent's merciful dispensation, in preserving a life, that seems almost necessary to my very existence." He replied, "Your letters would, *were it possible*, my dear Mary Anna, have increased my esteem and affection for you." His return home, in a few weeks, quite restored to his usual health, after a journey through Vermont and Massachusetts, was the joyous occasion of a family festival.

In the domestic enjoyment, which, for so many years, gladdened this delightful home, may be seen those blessed fruits of tender conjugal love; faithful parental discipline, and affectionate, dutiful, filial obedience and endearment. Yet there was in the homestead a *divine* source of blessedness, sacred beyond all others. It was the FAMILY ALTAR there. A long line of ancestors, celebrated for their holiness unto the Lord, had kept alive the altar's flame, and transmitted it from house to house, and generation to generation. It was a family birth-right, and might well

* May, 1808.

be accounted hallowed and inalienable; but its privileges had, from various causes, been neglected and deferred, until her long-cherished wish, animated by a lively sense of God's unmerited and countless mercies, led the devout wife and mother thus to unbosom to her companion the emotions of her soul:* "How can I be sufficiently thankful to our Almighty Father, for the preservation of our children, objects so dear to me! Indeed, my dear, my best friend, I fear that we do not properly acknowledge and adore the hand that sustains us. But I hope you will consider the subject, and that I shall yet have the exquisite satisfaction of seeing *you* assemble our little flock, and hear you tell them, 'From this day, I am determined that I and my house will serve the Lord.' *It will be the happiest day of my life.*" This touching appeal was irresistible; and many a hallowed sentiment was soon associated with "the family altar," while there were cherished there heartfelt repentance, lively faith, holy hope, and perfect charity. Not to the mother only, but to the father too, and all the group around them, this was the "happiest" season of their blessedness. Health, prosperity, and piety, with their gladdening smiles, were all then recognized as family guests.

In the experience of life, as in the scenery of nature, there are certain sweet moments of respite from the disquietude of earthly things; holy sabbaths of the world, when not a cloud is to be seen, and when the winds are hushed, and

> "All things, calm, and fair, and passive; the earth
> Looks as if lull'd upon an angel's lap
> Into a breathless dewy sleep."

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* Aug. 15th, 1810.

But these stilly, smiling moments, are, in general, of short duration. It is the order of God's providence, that clouds shall veil the source of light; and that the firmament, at times, clothed in sombre drapery, shall portend tribulation and distress.

The early friends and associates of Mrs. Boardman, like all things of earth that engage our sympathies, had, for several years, been "passing away." The letters which she received, at this epoch, were, not unfrequently, chronicles of the dying and the dead. And partings with not a few, who were removing to remote parts of the country, and whom she scarcely hoped to meet again on earth, often cast around her a pensive shadow.

One of her associates* wrote to her, "I greatly lament not seeing you. I think it probable that we have met for the last time. Adieu, my friend. I send you, inclosed, a few lines." Then follow several stanzas, of which these are a part.

"TO MARY ANNA."

"In contemplation as I roam,
To seek my friends, to seek for thee,
Grave Fancy finds thee blest at home,
But says, that thou dost think of me.

"Sincere our friendship it has been;
The same through life still may it be!
And should we never meet again,
Dear Mary, sometimes think of me.

"My sands are running fast away;
And when Death closes Laura's eye,
O Mary, to her mem'ry pay
The tribute of one fleeting sigh. LAURA."

* Mrs. Mary Stone, Aug. 21st, 1819, the step-mother of the Rev. Dr. Stone of Brooklyn, N. Y. She wrote under the assumed name of Laura.

Her aged relatives and connections, also, were now being gathered to their fathers. Her husband's parents both died, full of years; his father, Sherman Boardman,* at the age of eighty-six, and his mother,† at the age of eighty-eight years. Her own mother, who resided at New Milford in the decline of life, died there,‡ at the advanced age of eighty-three years. All these, far transcending the prescribed limit of human existence, departed like venerable patriarchs, wearing the hoary honors of their longevity, which were to them, truly, crowns of glory upon earth, and symbols of their more glorious crowns in heaven. Like the withering and fall of leaves in autumn, the decrepitude and death of aged persons are results which Nature indicates, and to which she prepares us to expect that she will set her seal. And as the fallen sere leaves are lying at our feet, we involuntarily acquiesce, as we mingle our sad regret at joys departed, with our cheering hope for the time, when Nature, rising from her ashes, is to revive again.

But to behold the spring bud wilt and wither, as its leaflets are developing; to have our fondest expectations blighted, in the *early* death of a *beloved daughter;* to see her languish and die, and to convey her to the field of graves: this is a fatal pang, that prostrates, and deprives of longer existence here, many of the soul's glad emotions, and compels us to consign them to the same tomb with her.

Such was the severe trial of the mother of this family, when she wept over the body of her second daughter, who not only bore the sweet name of *Mary Anna*, but associated with it, in her peculiarly gentle and meek nature, many of her mother's most engaging qualities. She had

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* July 19th, 1814. † Oct. 17th, 1818. ‡ Nov. 13th, 1821.

lived to "the May of womanhood," was possessed of rare loveliness, and was in her eighteenth year, when, sinking under the influence of a consumption, that gradually wasted away her frame, but, at the same time that it attenuated her body, seemed tributary to the sublimation of her spirit, she sunk to sleep, a beloved disciple on the Saviour's bosom, with as soft a breathing as a summer evening's sigh, and

> "her life's fleeting hour
> Passed like the fragrance of a flow'r,
> That leaves upon the vernal wind
> Sweetness we ne'er again may find."

Among the letters of condolence sent to the bereaved mother, on this occasion of deep grief, there was one from a pious friend,* who said to her: "In what language shall I address you? Could I, in 'strains as sweet as angels' are,' attempt to soothe the anguish of your bleeding heart, it would not dry your tears, nor heal the breach that death hath made in your family." "Yours is no common loss. The amiable sweetness, and angelic purity of your dear Mary's countenance, bespoke the goodness of her heart. She, whom you mourn as dead, now lives with kindred spirits, whose robes are 'washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.' She has escaped a thousand evils that human life is heir to; and He who knew her tender frame, has taken her, in much mercy, from those scenes of trial and affliction, that are necessary to prepare *us* for admission into his sacred presence." "Let me entreat you, not to indulge in *excessive* sorrow. Your life and health are precious to your husband, your

* Mrs. Pamela Jacob, of Windsor, Vermont, May 13th, 1822. She was the daughter of the Rev. Daniel Farrand, and wife of the Hon. Stephen Jacob.

children, and a numerous circle of friends. You may yet be useful, in bringing many to that fountain of knowledge, which will enable them to be partakers of those heavenly joys, where your beloved child has entered a little before them." "You have yet many blessings: dear friends, who mingle their sympathetic tears with *yours;* the goods of fortune, abundantly *yours*, (for the hard hand of poverty does not add its oppressive weight to your affliction;) and your husband and surviving children, all that you can wish."

From another Christian comforter,* she received much solace in her affliction. "Alas! a mother who has herself tasted such poignant anguish, cannot but feel a mother's woes. Yet I would hush every sigh, and pray, that no murmuring thought may arise; for, surely, God who gave has a right to resume his gift, at what moment he sees best, and in that manner which will most glorify his great and holy name. Oh, that, like Mary, the namesake of her whose early death you deplore, we might sit at the feet of Jesus, and learn of him quiet submission to his will, when under the righteous chastisements of our God, who cannot but 'do right.' Very soon, those dispensations which, to our benighted minds, appear dark and mysterious, will be made clear; for our condescending Lord and Redeemer has said, 'What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.' Yes, the day is hastening, and, as to each of us, cannot be far distant, when the most satisfactory reasons will be given, why my Lois and your Mary, in the morning of life, and in the bloom of youth, 'must try the cold and silent grave.' Our work for them is done. *They* have gone to receive the retributions of eternity;

* Mrs. Gratia Merwin, wife of Deacon Joseph Merwin, May 12th, 1822.

and *we* are rapidly hurrying on, to meet them at the judgment-seat. May each future day, if future days are allotted to us, find us, through grace, prepared for an event so solemn !"

In a strain of Gospel consolation, and tender sympathy, the same friend then adds: "God has indeed come very near to each of us, in afflictive providences. Some of the attachments that bind us to earth are broken. And oh how desirable, that this vain, dying world should recede from our view, and that our best affections should be set on things divine and heavenly! How desirable, to cast all our burdens, cares, and sorrows on the Lord! He can and will sustain us. He can comfort the mourner; he can give 'songs in the night' of affliction; and, for the believer in Jesus, he has kindled a heavenly light in 'the valley of the shadow of death.' Cheer up, my weeping, mourning friend. Although our children die, our Saviour lives; and he is 'the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.' Let us remember his gracious condescension when on earth. Let us remember, that he is an *Almighty* Saviour; and that he now lives, to intercede for us in heaven."

Accompanying this consolatory letter, there were several volumes, of which she says: "With this I send such books as I have preferred reading in affliction's night. But the Bible still is found most precious, when we are under our Father's rod. If the sorrowing soul can find a feast, must it not be in the word of God? Many of the *psalms*, especially, are suited to times of affliction. Yes, the Bible is

> 'The best relief that mourners have,
> It makes our sorrows blest;
> Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
> And our eternal rest.'"

"But I know that nature must feel. The tear of grief will flow, at the recollection of our dear departed children. And the compassionate Saviour does not forbid it; for he who was nailed to the cross for our sins, wept at the grave of his beloved Lazarus. And now, my greatly afflicted friend, let us strive to draw nigh to God, that he may, with the consolations of his grace, draw nigh to us. He who has wounded, alone can heal our bleeding hearts. And I pray, that you may be enabled to say, while reposing on the bosom of Jesus, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

By her brother Samuel, too, (her guardian angel in her youth, and her devoted friend in joy and sorrow,) whose sympathies ever vibrated in unison with hers, the bereaved mother's heart was soothed with many Gospel consolations, during a visit which he paid her on this sad occasion. He valued at a great price the rare jewel, of which his dear sister had just been despoiled by Death. Yet his sentiments as a devout Christian, triumphed over those natural sensibilities, by which his affection for "the loved and lost one" found a vent; and, pointing to the lifeless body of that sweet child, he could exclaim, in the full import which an influential faith can impart to the expressive words,

"Shed not for her the bitter tear,
Nor give the heart to vain regret;
'Tis but the casket that lies here,
The gem that filled it sparkles yet."

He applied, also, in a happy manner, and, to beguile the sorrows of his sister, wreathed with a perennial association, an appropriate passage of Holy Scripture, which suggested to him the following stanzas, written at the time:

ON THE DEATH OF

MISS MARY ANNA BOARDMAN:

April 7th, 1822.

"*Jesus saith unto her, Mary.*" John xx, 16.

"Though roses bloom beneath our feet,
And all our 'paths are peace,'—
Fortune and friends, combining meet,
To render all our moments sweet,
And ev'ry joy increase:

"When He who dearly bought us, deigns
To call us *by our name*,
The treasures that the world contains,
Its pleasures, e'en unmix'd with pains,
Are dust upon the beam.

"Dear Mary! since *the gain is thine*,
We bow to the decree:
In robes of white to make thee shine,
'THE MASTER,' with behest divine,
'*Is come, and calls for thee.*'" John xi, 28.

It was a comforting assurance, that the angel child had gone to be with the Redeemer, in a sinless, glorious world, *in answer to His call.* But the continually recurring thought of that lovely being, as *deceased and in the grave*, prompted sighs and tears, in which the stricken heart gave utterance to its sorrows, and which He who wept at His friend's sepulchre does not forbid in a Christian mother, when bereaved of such a child.

In this call for the exercise of her faith and patience, our mourner had, however, but the beginning of her sorrows.

When the spring of the next year arrived, she set out with her husband, her son George, and her daughter Cornelia, on a journey to Ohio, where, at the town of Boardman, founded by her husband, her married son Henry re-

sided, and had the general oversight of certain landed property, which the family owned there.

In the year 1795, her husband had become a member of the Connecticut Land Company, who purchased a large tract of land, called the Connecticut Western Reserve. His deep interest in this purchase, led him frequently to visit the State of Ohio, where the Reserve was situated.

At the time of his visit in 1823, he had risen to great distinction in public life. From the year 1800, he was much engaged in political affairs; and was elected to the Lower House of the State Legislature, in May and October, 1803, and in May, 1804, '5, '6, and '16. In 1817 and '18, he was a member of the Upper House, as it was then called. In 1819, when the New Constitution of Connecticut was adopted, he became a Senator of the State, and continued in this office until the year 1821, when he was elevated to the office of a Senator of the United States.

In the year 1819, he disposed of all his interest in his mercantile business at New Milford, and devoted himself, almost entirely, to his studies and duties as a civilian and statesman. And in all the stations which he filled, his wisdom and integrity, which became proverbial, were rendered eminently practical and available, by his energy, diligence, and perseverance, as a man of business habits, and schooled in the knowledge of the world. In all his transactions, there was a scrupulous regard to every moral obligation. His promise was a bond. Conspicuous among his traits of character, were punctuality and precision. In the spirit of true dignity, he cautiously eluded, or gently quieted, both in private and in public, those altercations and exciting discussions, in which the passions and prejudices of mankind are so readily enlisted,

to the confusion of thought, the disturbance of feeling, and the frustration of most desirable results. His equanimity and prudence, however, did not surpass his sagacity and energy. He was, in a word, a *wise* man, and a *practical* man.

Amid the cares of office, moreover, he did not neglect the duties of religion, "being otherwise hindered with worldly business." In the full tide of his success as a popular favorite, he publicly avowed himself to be a follower of Christ, and bound, by his vows at baptism, to lead a life of penitence, faith, and holiness. When the Bishop of New York, the Right Reverend Dr. Hobart, was administering the diocese of Connecticut, in the year 1816, the Honorable Mr. Boardman, then a member of the legislature, and conspicuous in public affairs, received from him "the laying-on of hands" in confirmation.

To the Church, and to the community at large, as well as to his family, this was an occurrence of deep interest. It was the deliberate and solemn act of a man distinguished for his wisdom; attesting the importance and obligation of the Church's apostolic rite; and proclaiming to all those who held his character in estimation, or valued his opinions, "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." Throughout his life, he was an intelligent and consistent Churchman; and, in his last moments, he gave striking proofs of the power of the faith which he professed.

In common with his parents, and his brothers, wife, and children, he ever dwelt, with deep interest upon the sentiments and conduct of "our Washington," around whose cause and person the patriotic sentiments and sympathies of young Elijah Boardman rallied, in that memorable birth-year of our National Independence, 1776, and of

whose elements of true greatness he delighted to discourse, with his friends, and at the family fireside. A nobler exemplification of true greatness he could not have chosen for his study, and for the moulding of his own sentiments and conduct. He loved to act as if our sublime exemplar for all rulers was at his side, controlling and directing him. Pleasing, therefore, is the analogy subsisting between the gentle repose of that great exemplar and his disciple's own quiet sinking to rest, at the hour of dissolution.

It is said by Chief Justice Marshall, in relation to the character of him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," that "he was a sincere believer in the Christian faith, and a truly devout man."* And it is added, by the author of an interesting volume, which portrays Washington as a Christian,

——————— "the highest style of man,"

that "seldom did he suffer an opportunity to escape him, without bearing his solemn testimony to the importance and necessity of religion. In this respect, he truly 'let his light shine before men.'"† The model of a Christian patriot, Washington, throughout his life, habitually maintained the principles, cherished the emotions, and prayerfully performed the duties, commended in that sacred volume, which is our universal, unerring directory in human affairs. And at his death, as if prompted by a divine impulse to exhibit an august and alluring spectacle, that might command the veneration, and win the devout sympathies of all future statesmen, "he closed his eyes for the last time, with his own hands; folded his arms decently

* Marshall's *Life of Washington*, Vol. II, p. 445, second edit., in 2 vols.

† *The Religious Opinions and Character of Washington*, by E. C. M'Guire, at the close of ch. 3.

on his breast; and then breathing out, '*Father of mercies, take me to thyself,*' he fell asleep."*

"God of our sires and sons,
Let other Washingtons
Our country bless;
And, like the brave and wise
Of by-gone centuries,
Show, that true greatness lies
In righteousness."

Just as peacefully, and with the fullest accompanying evidences of *dying in the Lord*, did the devoted political disciple of this illustrious man yield up his spirit.

His journey with his family to Ohio, was one that gave the promise of much pleasure; but, by a mysterious dispensation, it was one from which Mrs. Boardman was to return, a sorrow-stricken widow. Her devoted partner, to whom, with a lovely woman's most delicate and refined attachment, she had been so tenderly united; on whom she so habitually relied for thirty years, and "to whom she clung," it may be truly said, in the language of one of her daughters,† "as the slender vine to its supporting oak," she was doomed to see suddenly torn from her, after a short, painful illness; so that, smitten, almost without a warning, she scarcely saw the lightning's vivid flash, when the dread thunderbolt prostrated at her feet her chief earthly stay and comfort. Her heart, wrung with anguish, did not, however, betray her into repining and distrust. She sought and found support from the Divine Source of consolation, and is a bright example, for the study and imitation of all who are tempted, by similar bereavements, to be disconsolate.

* M'Guire's *Religious Opinions and Character of Washington*, ch. 17.
† Cornelia E.

In a letter, written by her son George to the pastor* of the parish at New Milford, he says:† "By letter of the 20th, I imposed upon uncle Sherman‡ the painful duty of communicating, to our family at home, the fact of the very dangerous illness of our father. His symptoms, until Thursday last, were such as afforded a hope, that, by this mail, I should have the happiness of relieving all anxiety; but, since Thursday, he has been sinking, and in extreme pain. I believe, that the physicians do not quite despair. As long as there is life there is hope. At his request, Henry read a chapter in the Bible, and prayers, in which he united. He has expressed his resignation to the will of God, and his belief that a blessed immortality awaits him beyond the grave. His conversations with mother have afforded her *very great consolation.* The hand that afflicts her, seems to be strong in her support. Our friends in the county are numerous, and very kind. Betsey Bostwick,§ an intimate friend of mother's, has been with us, for some days. The physicians, four or five, are as skilful as any in the State. Remember us in your prayers. Father speaks very affectionately of Caroline. Give my love to her, and tell her, that mother bears this affliction with remarkable fortitude."

Of all the children, sons and daughters, Caroline was the only one now with her aunt,‖ at home. Her sufferings on this account were exceedingly intense, when, in the midst of her afflictive apprehensions, she received the mournful tidings, that she had seen her beloved father, for

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* The Rev. Benjamin Benham, the father of Mrs. Henry M. Boardman.

† Boardman, July 27th, 1823, Sunday, 8 A. M.

‡ The Hon. David Sherman Boardman.

§ A daughter of the Rev. Mr. Bostwick.

‖ Miss Elizabeth Whiting, her mother's sister.

the last time on earth! Yet the expressions of his tender love for her in his last moments, and the thought of his humble resignation and holy hope in death, greatly alleviated the anguish of her soul, while she remembered, that, although he was now numbered among the dead, it was among the "blessed" dead, who have died "in the Lord." And soothing indeed is the consolatory assurance, that

> "The dead in Christ, like stars by day,
> Withdrawn from mortal eye,
> Are *not extinct*, but hold their way
> *In glory* through the sky."

Among the friends who ministered to him in his last illness, was an affectionate niece,* who witnessed the whole progress of his disease, from its commencement to its close, and, in a diary kept at the time, recorded many incidents connected with the afflictive dispensation. She wrote a letter also, (August 23d, 1823,) in which she described to her parents at Great Barrington, the affecting scene. From her diary and letter are made the following extracts.

"July 18th, 1823. This morning was very pleasant. My dear uncle returned from Esquire Baldwin's, where he had been for four days. He was quite unwell; and sent immediately for a physician." "His disease was the strangury." He was in "excruciating pain." "Oh, such piercing groans!" Drs. Brainerd and Manning, and also Drs. Seeley, Wick, Allen, and Clark, were all, at different times, in attendance, separately or together. "God was pleased to bless the means used by them, and to afford," on the 20th, "a little relief" to

* Harriet Whiting, eldest daughter of Dr. Abraham Whiting, of Great Barrington.

the sufferer. On the 22d, he "grew worse," and, on the 23d, was "still failing." "Miss Bostwick was sent for, to comfort aunt." "Sarah was almost wholly confined to her bed by sickness."

"July 24th. This morning, uncle requested Henry to read prayers, which he did. No one was present but aunt, George, Cornelia, and myself. With fervency did my prayers ascend. I then thought, that I should never again unite with my dear uncle, in addressing the God of heaven."

"July 25th. Uncle and aunt wished to see an Episcopal clergyman; and Mr. Crane set out for Steubenville, between fifty and sixty miles distant."

"July 29th. This evening we are much rejoiced, that our Heavenly Father has thus long spared our dear friend, and that the cause of his disorder is removed."

"Aug. 2d. In the afternoon, the Rev. Mr. Morse, from Steubenville, arrived." He repeatedly prayed with the family. On the 3d day of August, which was the Lord's day, he officiated twice in the town. His morning sermon was on the words, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom;" and his text in the afternoon, was, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

"Aug. 4th. The Rev. Mr. Morse administered, to the sick and six others, the Holy Sacrament of the body and blood of our crucified Redeemer. Unworthy as I am, I received the sacred symbols." "O blessed Jesus, how strengthening and refreshing are these sacred symbols of thy body and blood, to the humble and penitent believer; and what reason have we to adore and praise God, for the rich blessings of his covenant of mercy through Jesus Christ, which is sealed to the soul, in this hallowed ordi-

nance! But, more particularly, how cheering is it to the soul just sinking into the shades of death!"

"Aug. 7th. Cousin William arrived, and also Dr. Vanderburgh of New York with him. Soon after breakfast and family prayer, the Rev. Mr. Morse took his leave of us."

"Aug. 10th. Uncle requested to hear some singing. We gratified his wish; and he observed, that it raised his mind to his God."

"Aug. 12th. I fear, that we must soon part with my dear uncle. It appears as if the sands of his life were nearly run. But do thou, O my God, comfort all thine afflicted servants, and enable us so to follow the example of my dear uncle, that we may all be as tranquil in the decline of life, as he is. He fears not the approach of the king of terrors."

"Aug. 14th. He is perfectly tranquil, and resigned to the will of his Heavenly Father."

"Aug. 15th. At about two o'clock, Miss Bostwick called me, and said, that they thought uncle was dying." "How shall I describe the sensations I then experienced? When I awoke, I heard singing; and it appeared as though I was just rising from the sleep of death, and already heard the hallelujahs of the heavenly choir. On going into the sick room, I found weeping friends surrounding the bed of death, while cousins William and Henry, and Dr. Clark, sat by a table, singing, at uncle's request, the 148th psalm, to the tune of Lenox. I almost fancied that I enjoyed a foretaste of the bliss above."

"Aug. 16th. This day is past; and yet my dear uncle lingers on the threshold of eternity. The last rays of the setting sun shone most splendidly on the face of nature, and, to my sad heart, painted joys beyond the tomb."

"Aug. 17th, *Sunday.* Just on the verge of the grave does my dear uncle remain. Last night, between twelve and one o'clock, he desired William and George to be called. Henry also got up. I had not been abed. William read prayers, as he had done many times before."

"Aug. 18th, *Monday.* While at tea, we were called to witness the last moments of my dear uncle. Aunt had entered the room, a little while before me. When I went in, I found her on her knees at the bedside, in silent prayer. Uncle's breath grew shorter and shorter, until, at last, he left this world of wo, after hovering so long between earth and heaven. Triumphing in the merits of the Redeemer, he met death with Christian confidence, in the hope of a blessed immortality. What a consolation to surviving friends! What an admonition to us to be also ready! Oh, that I may die the death of the righteous, and that my last end may be like his! It was about six o'clock, when his spirit took its flight. Oh, happy soul, released from sin!" "My dear aunt's strength was scarcely sufficient for her to bear up under this affliction; but, one text of Scripture, she said, occurred to her mind, and she would *try to remember it,*—'Be still, and know that I am God.'" Ps. xlvi, 10.

The announcement of the solemn event, was conveyed in a letter to Caroline from her brother William.* "At this moment," said he, "you are doubtless in deep and anxious suspense, with regard to the result of father's illness. We have often thought of you, and of the agony with which you would await the arrival of the mail. In my letter of Sunday last, you were informed of the hopeless situation of our dear parent. He did not, however, die,

* Dated, Boardman, Ohio, Sunday, Aug. 24th, 1823.

as I anticipated, on Sunday. He continued until half past six o'clock, on Monday evening, and died without a struggle or a groan. There was not, even in the agony of death, the least distortion of the face. His body partook of the quiet submission and acquiescence of his soul. Happy in the prospect of death, he had no wish to live, except as he thought he might yet do some good in the world, to his family and others; but, for himself he cared not. He had no apprehensions of futurity. Trusting in the merits of his Saviour, he confidently anticipated a happy eternity. He always expressed the most resigned submission to the will of God, and gave us *a most astonishing instance of the power and worth of Christianity.* There was no exultation; no extravagant expectation; but quietness and peace, submission and love."

The Rev. Intrepid Morse, as has already been mentioned, came, (in compliance with a special request sent to him,) to visit Mr. Boardman; and administered to him the holy communion, in his last moments. The dying Christian, encircled by his family, and filled "with all joy and peace in believing," felt this to be truly "the most comfortable sacrament of the body and blood of Christ." It was, indeed, "spiritual food," and "the strengthening and refreshing" of the soul, when about to join the souls of the blessed dead.

In the full possession of his faculties, he spoke with his wife, each of his three sons, and his younger daughter, Cornelia, on all those subjects of a temporal nature, which required his attention at that crisis. And he added, in the most thrilling strains, spiritual counsels and cautions, which he wished to record indelibly upon the tablets of their hearts.

The case of the only one of all his children who was

not with him at the solemn closing hour of his life, excited his fond sympathies, and caused him to speak of her "very affectionately." This was a precious balm to her pierced heart. But a message which he sent to her, uttered with his dying breath, was far more precious. It was her father's dying gift: a costly casket, containing an invaluable gem. It was the brief, but consolatory and memorable utterance of his affection for his child, and of his assurance of blessedness in "those heavenly habitations, where the souls of those who sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual rest and felicity." "Give my love to Caroline," said he, "and tell her, that I die in peace."*

These memorable words were uttered, on Friday, Aug. 15th, three days before his dissolution; and they were a faithful index of his serenity of mind, when at last he gently fell asleep in Jesus, at half past six o'clock, on Monday evening, August 18th. "The most consoling, alleviating reflection, to us all," said his son William, in a letter† addressed to Caroline, "is, that he is so perfectly resigned. For himself, he says, he has no wish to live. He is full of confidence of a happy exchange, and contemplates his approaching death, with the most extraordinary composure. And it has been remarked by all, as a most triumphant instance of the power of Christianity to soothe the bed of death." "I was called, at between twelve and one o'clock, yesterday morning, (Thursday, August 14th,) and, with George and Henry, I read some selected prayers from the Prayer-Book. The same were repeated, this morning. It appeared to soothe and comfort him."

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* MS. *Diary*, kept by his daughter, C. E. B.

† Written at Boardman, Ohio, Aug 15th, 1823.

Ten days had elapsed, since he received, (August 4th,) from the hands of the Rev. Mr. Morse, the holy communion. The solemnity was peculiarly impressive and affecting, when, as the mother and the children were gathered around the father's death-bed, the voice of the man of God broke the silence of the sick room, with the words of the sacramental service; and the family group, with soft, interrupted, plaintive notes, that were touchingly expressive of their sorrows, united in singing a hymn to "our Saviour Christ." It was, to all, a heavenly consolation, to hear the Saviour's "comfortable words" repeated by the Church, in this service, and to be assured by him of his "favor and goodness," as they duly received the "holy mysteries," at his Church's hands. And day by day, from that consecrated hour, the dying Christian husband and father was divinely favored with an increasing quietude of emotion, which he so aptly expressed by the word "peace," "that peace which the world cannot give," "peace with God, through Christ."

"O, honored, beloved, to earth unconfined,
Thou hast soarèd on high; thou hast left us behind.
But our parting is not forever;
We will follow thee, by heaven's light,
Where the grave cannot dissever
The souls whom God will unite."

Among the tributes to his character, which appeared in the public journals, at the time, one was offered by the editors of the National Intelligencer, at Washington. "We are sorry," say they,* "to have to announce the death of the Hon. Elijah Boardman, a Senator of the United States from the State of Connecticut. He died a

* In their paper of Sept. 3d, 1823.

few days ago, in the State of Ohio, whither he had gone on business. Our personal acquaintance with this gentleman was not of long standing; but it was long enough to place him high in our estimation. The simplicity of his character accorded well with the republicanism of his principles. He was a genuine patriot, of the good old stamp, and had, by a steady and firm devotion to the interest of his country, in the most trying times, well earned the honor which his native State bestowed upon him. With integrity and stability, in him were combined the purest morals and the most amiable manners. In a single word, he was worthy of the name of a Republican, in its best acceptation."

In Connecticut, one of the best journals* in the State said of him: "It is our melancholy duty, to announce the death of the Hon. Elijah Boardman. He died in the town of Boardman, Ohio, whither he had gone on a visit to his son, and for the purpose of attending to his private business.

"By the death of Mr. Boardman, the State has been deprived of one of its most distinguished and valued citizens; and his family have been called to mourn a loss which they alone can justly appreciate. He was a firm and faithful friend, an affectionate husband, and a kind and indulgent parent. A confident and practical believer in the doctrines of Christianity, he performed all the duties of life with great promptitude and exactness; and to his benevolence the many who were its objects will abundantly testify. To do good was his delight.

"Engaged in various and complicated mercantile con-

* The *Republican Farmer*, published at Bridgeport; in the paper of Sept. 10th, 1823.

cerns, he maintained the high character of an honest man. As an ardent and firm patriot, Mr. Boardman has long been distinguished. Early devoted to the cause of liberty, in the war of the revolution he took up arms, and voluntarily participated, with the common soldier, in all the fatigue and exposure incident to the military life, often reposing on the ground, by the side of his musket. The calls of his country he ever cheerfully obeyed; and in the gloomiest period of the late war, he stood unshaken, in support of the measures which were deemed necessary to the success of that eventful contest.

"In the year 1818, Mr. Boardman was elected a member of the Council of his native State; and, in the following year, took his seat in the State Senate, of which he continued a valuable and highly respected member, until he was elected a member of the Senate of the United States. He was a useful member of that body, and a vigilant guardian of the rights and interests of his constituents and the nation.

"His frankness and sincerity, combined with the amiableness of his deportment, endeared him to all his associates in the national council; while his extensive practical information, his sound judgment, his undeviating republican principles, stern integrity, and disinterested patriotism, entitled his opinions to great respect, and secured to him, in an eminent degree, the esteem and confidence of those with whom he was called to act."

After mentioning the arrangements made for carrying their father's remains to New Milford, William wrote to his sister Caroline, respecting their afflicted mother's case: "I was much alarmed on her account. Her watching, grief, and anxiety, came near destroying her at one time; and I was apprehensive that we should be deprived of

both parents at once. But we have succeeded in restoring her, in some measure." "She is now at Canfield,* expecting to hear the Rev. Mr. Morse, of Steubenville, preach."

In a few weeks, she was on her dreary homeward way. And when she crossed the threshold of her house, oh how keenly did her sympathetic heart, with its exquisite sensibilities, feel the *contrast* between the past and the present; between her paradise that was replenished with every smiling comfort, and her home now rifled of its chief joy! In a letter† to her son Henry, in Ohio, she thus depicts her state of mind. "Oh, how did I ever live to reach this desolate home? Every mile by which we approached it, seemed to add a fresh pang to my lacerated feelings. I go from room to room, scarcely conscious what I am seeking. Almost every thing in and about the house, seems to tell me how great is my loss. I know, that I ought to be resigned; and to consider, that a merciful God does not willingly afflict the children of men. Yet I cannot but remember, that *such things were, and were most precious to me.*"

She sat solitary, in her widowhood, "smitten of God, and afflicted." But she was not disconsolate. The same touch of the hand that bereaved her, also consecrated her as one who, in her character as a *widow*, could look to Him for comfort, who had proclaimed himself the "friend" of such. And by the influence of the Holy Spirit, she was enabled now to illustrate, in a remarkable manner, those heavenly graces that impart a sacredness to Christian sorrow.

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* A town in the southern extremity of what was then called Trumbull county.
† April 22d, 1824.

V. HER WIDOWHOOD AND OLD AGE.

"Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favor." LORD BACON: *Essay on Adversity.*

"Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth."

FROM the mournful epoch of her husband's death, she presided over her family, with exemplary faithfulness and assiduity, for the space of almost five and twenty years.

The homestead, around which now hung some melancholy shadows, had acquired a peculiar sacredness in her mind, from the many thrilling memories of her honored and beloved dead, which hovered there. When one of her daughters,* in a letter to her, indulged in glowing assurances of love for *her*, and attachment to *the hallowed spot*, she said, in reply: "Your expressions of affection are very grateful to my heart. And I hope that we may yet be permitted to spend many days, in peace, if not in happiness, under this roof, endeared to us by so many interesting associations. It was provided for us, by one of the best of fathers and friends. Here he watched over us, and, by the blessing of God on his exertions, made ample provision for all our reasonable wants. Sacredly cherish his memory; and *treasure in your heart every*

* C. E. B.

word he spoke to you on his dying bed. Endeavor to live, as you think he would wish to have you live; and I shall be sure, that you will not stray far from the right path."

The precincts of this hallowed home she rarely left, even for the short space of a single day. When urged to pay a visit to her affectionate son Henry and his family, at their residence in Boardman, she said, "My friends little know what a trial it would be to my feelings, to go over that ground again. The gloom of death is upon every part of Ohio where I have been. I wish that I could think of Henry's home, without such extremely painful associations. It may be said that I have suffered much here. Truly, no language can express the heart-rending sorrow I have experienced; but familiarity with scenes, in some measure lightens the impression they make on the mind."

Her deafness, which increased as she advanced in years, not only deprived her of the enjoyment of general society, but gave her an increasing disinclination to exchange visits with any persons except a few devoted relatives, and some very intimate friends. It was soon after her marriage, that she was called to endure this trial of the loss of hearing. And as she was then placed in the midst of many very interesting social circles, and, at the same time, deprived of the ability to enjoy "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" refreshing and exhilarating all around her, she felt her affliction to be truly tantalizing.

Speaking of it, in a letter to her husband, which was written at the time, she said: "The doctor does not flatter me, nor give me much encouragement. I have only to learn resignation; but it is a hard lesson, in this instance. Should I tell you all my feelings on the subject,

you would, perhaps, *blame* me *somewhat;* but I know, that you would *pity* me *more.* It is not my desire, to hear all the trifling chit-chat, the news of the day, or the scandal of the neighborhood. To the last of these I wish ever to be deaf. I need not enumerate the disadvantages and embarrassments that I am subjected to; for you are a daily witness of them. My affliction is a constant source of pain to me; and, when in company with those by whose conversation others are edified and delighted, to feel myself, in so great a measure, cut off from society, is almost insupportable."

For many years before her death, she found it impossible to take part in ordinary conversation, without resort to an ear-trumpet; yet, becoming gradually reconciled to her great deprivation, she often spoke of it, in after years, with humble and entire resignation to God's will. "There is not much happiness for me, in this world, of the social kind," she observed on one occasion; "it is too much trouble for people to talk to a deaf ear. And I ought not to expect it." On another occasion, writing to an assembled group of her children and grandchildren, she said: "I hope that you are all very happy; and I might wish to be with you. But if I were, I could only sit and *see* you talk, and lament my own infirmity."

Yet, by that law of compensation which Divine Justice has enacted, this very infirmity was made to subserve an important purpose. One* who saw her almost daily, for a long term of years, has said, "The natural sedateness of her temperament, increased by the partial solitude to which her deafness reduced her, matured by time, constituted that ~~severe~~ gravity of age, with which she was in- serene

* D. S. B.

vested, and which, though it was far removed from sternness, I never approached, without experiencing some feelings of affectionate awe."

According to the apostle's precept to "the aged women," she was "in behavior as becometh holiness." She seemed to be religiously observing a perpetual sabbath of the soul. And the trials which she was called to experience in her widowhood, (severe trials of her faith, patience, and resignation,) did not disturb her holy rest in God. While she was daily serving him, "in holiness and pureness of living," *in all her troubles she put her "whole trust and confidence" in his mercy.*

One of the most melancholy of her visitations, occurred but two years after she became a widow. No cup of sorrow, (and it was her lot to taste of many,) seemed to her more bitter. She was called to mourn the sudden death of her youngest son;* the son who was, she had believed, set apart by God, and eminently qualified, to be the prop of her old age. The short term, and extreme severity of his disease, greatly added to the grief occasioned by its crisis. Yet the language of her heart and of her lips, (meek, and trembling sufferer!) was, "The will of the Lord be done." "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

The witnesses of her tribulation at this time, bear testimony to the triumph of her faith. It has been observed, by one† who largely shared with her in her mourning over this son, whom all delighted to honor while living, as noble-spirited, generous, and of high destiny, and la-

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* George Sherman, aged 25 years. He was born, Oct. 17th, 1799; and died, Jan. 18th, 1825.

† D. S. B.

mented when dead, as a serious loss, not only to his friends, but to the whole community: "Under the occurrence of events the most trying to maternal tenderness, of which her heart was ever full, she would, with an unfaltering voice, in a few simple words, utter such sentiments as would reduce any hearer of sensibility to trembling silence. This power I witnessed, (and I can never forget the scene,) when she pressed her hand upon the forehead of that dying son, on whose society and support she relied in her widowed state. Her whole conduct, as I have always thought, presented the most striking exhibition of the power of religion that I ever have seen."

While yet a child, she had been taught, by a faithful pastor, as well as by her parents and sponsors, those things "which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health," and whither we are to direct our eyes for help, "in all time of our tribulation." In her mourning now, she thought much of the refreshing waters of salvation, which had been provided by that faithful pastor, in his public ministry, and of which she so often drank in early youth. Many of his sermons, she had been informed, were in the hands of her brother Samuel;* and she wrote to him, requesting that he would afford her the opportunity to enjoy the comfort of them in her present griefs. It was a natural and an earnest desire, prompted by many recollections, not unlike those of David, when, in his advanced age, and amid many sorrows, he exclaimed, "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem."

Her brother gladly satisfied her longing. "Agreeably to your request," said he, "I send you a parcel, containing

* Then residing at Reading Ridge, Conn.

sermons of Mr. Bostwick." And he adds, "In the trials which you have to encounter, I should entertain greater fears as to your ability to bear up under them, did I not feel an entire confidence, that you rely upon an "Everlasting Arm" for support. It is the peculiar privilege of the sincere and consistent *Christian*, to possess a peaceful serenity, in the stormy scenes of this life, knowing that the afflictions which they bring, are under the direction of a benevolent Being; that they will, in his own way and time, operate for the benefit of those who love and obey him; and that his visitations, as he has assured us, are not to be accounted *judgments*, (sinful as the best of us are,) but testimonies of *mercy* and *love;* for "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth *every* son whom he receiveth." "Repine not, my dear sister, that so many of your dearest friends are gone to their 'reversion in the sky' before you. I am happy in the assurance, that there is for *you* a treasure in heaven; and that 'in due season you shall reap, if you faint not.'"

A near relative,* highly honored in civil life, and eminent as a Christian, addressed to her a letter at this time, and said: "Agreeably to the request of your dear daughter Caroline, I contribute my share, however feeble the attempt, and unworthy the instrument, in administering consolation to one exercised by sore trials and bereavements." "You have been called, in a short season, to part with an *affectionate mother;* and before the habiliments of mourning were laid aside, a renewal of them was required by the death of a *lovely daughter;* and still,

* The Hon. Matthew Marvin, of Wilton, Conn., who married Mrs. Boardman's sister-in-law, Hetty Boardman. He was a Deacon of the Congregational Church.

while the tears stood trembling in the socket, they were caused abundantly to flow, by the removal of a *fond husband.* And now, it would seem that you are ready to exclaim, 'Behold, and see, if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.' But, alas! after breach has been made upon breach, the angel of death is not satisfied; but again you are called on, (I will not say, to *give up your last,* but) to have your prop taken away, on which you had fondly relied for support in old age." "It is a consoling thought, however, that sanctified afflictions will work out for us an exceeding weight of glory; and we feel grateful to God, that we discover so much Christian resignation manifested in your deportment."

"And think, dear Madam," he then continues, "on your many, very many special and valuable blessings. Although your social and domestic circle has been diminished in numbers, you are still blessed with affectionate and dutiful children, who are not only a comfort to you, and study to make your stay, while here, as pleasant as it can well be, but are also an ornament to the rising generation. Only contrast their character with that of those who might be named: and behold the difference with thankfulness."

She devoutly felt the power of this last appeal; for her children were her greatest earthly comfort, and she lived for them, and "lived again in them." "Oh," exclaimed she, on one occasion,* "you know not how intensely, how entirely, my whole heart depends for earthly peace and comfort on my beloved children." And to her daughter Caroline she wrote,† a short time after a Thanksgiving-day:

* In a letter to her daughter Cornelia, Dec. 16th, 1825.

† Nov. 29th, 1825.

"Two letters from you, and one from William, since Thanksgiving, have been a more delicious feast to me, than the most luxurious supper prepared for that evening could have been. They forcibly reminded me, that I yet have much to be thankful for; and that, if I can never cease to mourn what I have lost, I have reason never to cease praising God for his goodness, while I have such blessings left; for I am sensible that I do not merit one of them."

While the youngest daughter was pursuing her studies at New Haven and New York, the mother's eye was kept upon her, with unwinking watchfulness.

"I am covetous of your school-days," she remarked, "and I do not like you to lose *one* of them." "You did well, in returning to New Haven with William. However agreeably you might have spent your time in New York, it was more important to attend your school. Never, my beloved girl, suffer the syren voice of pleasure to seduce you from your duty." "You must have had a pleasant Thanksgiving; and I hope that your heart beat with gratitude to 'the Giver of every good and perfect gift,' for the blessings he suffers you to enjoy; and particularly *health*, and the opportunity of *improving your mind, and seeking his favor*." "I trust that you will use every precaution, to preserve your health; and do not commit suicide, for the sake of being in the fashion." "Do not value yourself, nor believe that any one will value you, for your dress and ornaments." On receiving a description of costly magnificence at an evening party, she said: "Do not let your eyes be dazzled with that display of diamonds, nor your heart feel any covetous desire of possessing them. But, my dear Cornelia, there is a 'pearl of great price,' which you can never sacrifice too much to

obtain. Remember what the wise man said, when he had proved all things: 'Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.'"

Commending to her serious thoughts the most important of all subjects, she wrote to her at school: "You know not, my dear, how much anxiety I have for your happiness. Remember, that you are not always to live in *this* world; and make it the object of your first, and most ardent desire, to be prepared for *another*."

When her daughter expressed great joy, at the thought of school-days ended, the devoted and wise mother wrote: "Why do you speak with exultation of leaving school? I am much mistaken, if you do not say, twenty years hence, if you live so long, that your school days were the happiest of your life. And I am sure, that, if well improved, they will lay a foundation for respectability in social life, and for comfort and serenity in solitude; and enable you to perform your duty, in every situation, in a manner honorable to yourself, and productive of pleasure and happiness to all your friends. Shall I, then, tell you my fears, my dear girl? A mother always has her fears. They are, that you do not improve as fast as you might, because you do not love study as you ought. Pardon me, if I am wrong. I shall be happy to be refuted. But I know, that a young mind is easily warped, and dazzled, and diverted from things of solid worth, to others that are of comparatively little importance."

In an affectionate letter, written on the anniversary of her deceased daughter's death, she penned the following solemn appeal: "This day, (February 7th,) six years since, we parted with our beloved Mary. I trust, that the day does not pass, without some recollection of that painful event, by you. I may say, that not a waking hour passes, with me, without my heart being pierced with the

keenest anguish, for the loss of those dear objects that possessed our warmest affections. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.' Forever blessed be his name, that in judgment he remembers mercy; and I hope to be truly thankful for the blessings he still gives me. We know not how soon we may be separated, or which one of us may be the first taken. We often see the youth cut down, and the aged left, like the oak that has borne many a winter's blast. In either alternative, my dear girl, what a consolation it would be, to know that you had been deeply impressed with the vast importance of being prepared to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. Oh, choose the one thing needful! You have a promise, that if you seek early, you shall find. God in his mercy grant, that you may be found with your lamp trimmed."

While this daughter was residing in New York, with her sister, Mrs. Schroeder, and was yet occupied in her studies there, her devoted and devout guardian again urged the subject of religion, as "the principal thing." "Could her mind and heart be properly prepared," said she, "it would gratify me much, to have her receive Confirmation." And when, some time after, this gratification was afforded, she thus expressed herself: "I thank my God, that he has inclined your heart to make a public profession of faith in the Lord Jesus. It is what I have long wished, prayed for, and, I may say, *expected.* You have, I believe, deeply considered the importance of the subject, and counted the cost. May the Lord grant you grace, to honor his holy name, in word and deed, and finally admit you into the number of his glorified saints, through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. You will, of course, converse freely with Mr. S., and receive his counsel and advice. Should you not be able to come home before

Easter, do not delay to go to the communion with Caroline, provided that you feel a strong sense of duty to do so."

With the same deep concern, she was ever, as if poised upon a guardian angel's wings, hanging over her children, in watchfulness and love.

Hearing that one of her sons was about to take a long journey, she observed, "William is again going to Ohio. The distance, however, is so great, and casualties, by land and water, so frequent, that I dread to have him go. After all, we know not where to find security. Should he stay at home, he would be liable to disease and accidents. The Lord only can preserve us. Oh, may I have grace to trust in him, and be resigned to his holy will."

Writing to her daughters, respecting her other son's remarkable preservation from death by casualty, she said:* "Henry,† dear fellow, has had a narrow escape with his life. 'He was, with his gun, after wild turkeys. It rained hard, and the powder became wet; so much so, that he could not fire his gun, nor, by any means, extract the ball. He scraped, as he thought, all of the powder out of the pan and breech, and put the but-end of the barrel into the fire, to melt the ball; when an explosion took place, and the ball grazed the right side of his chin, entered his neck a little below the ear, and lodged, more than half an inch deep, a little back of the ear. He wrote to us, two weeks after the accident, and said, that the wound was healing as well as he could expect. Join with me, my dear girls, in gratitude to God, that Henry's precious life is spared. What a dreadful shock it must have been

* Jan. 24th, 1826.

† Residing at Boardman, Ohio.

to Sarah,* as the accident occurred *in the house*, and probably *in her presence!*"

Her elder daughter† received, from her, unnumbered pledges of the tenderest endearment, and most affectionate solicitude; and as she always resided in or near the city of New York, from the time of her marriage until her mother's death, a constant intercourse could easily be kept up between them, by correspondence, and by frequent visits. The children also of this daughter, from their passing all their summers among the domestic and rural pleasures of the homestead, learned, from their earliest infancy, to regard "New Milford" with emotions of delight.

All the relations into which the daughter had been brought by her alliance; all her joys, and all her sorrows; afforded subjects for the mother's ready sympathy, pious consolations, and wise counsels.

Well knowing the true secret that gives home its charms, she said: "Your *motive* in decorating your rooms and table on New Year's day, was certainly commendable. I trust, that you will *ever* feel pleasure, in studying the gratification of your husband. It is more by *little attentions* that we manifest our affection, than by the *greater acts of duty*, which are always expected."

The birth of each one of the children‡ of this daughter, and their dedication unto God in holy baptism, afforded their grandmother opportunities, which she improved, for expressing those devout sentiments respecting

* Mrs. Henry M. Boardman.

† Caroline Maria, Mrs. Schroeder.

‡ Caroline Maria, John Frederick, George Boardman, Mary Anna Boardman, Cornelia Elizabeth, Eliza Margaretta, William Henry, and Henry Hermann.

them, which rendered the occasions of their being born into the world and into the Church, family epochs of a sacred, as well as deeply interesting character. Their names, their countenances, their germs of thought, and the budding of their emotions; all things that were, in any way, connected with their moral state or physical condition, served to engage in their behalf her fond affections and devout feelings, or to associate with them the cherished remembrances of her blessed dead.

When an infant died, who had received in baptism the name of his grandmother's lamented son "George," she said:* "If that dear babe had been permitted to live, it would indeed have been a gratification, to call him by that beloved name, which has now descended to the grave with him. But you cannot weep 'as others who have no hope.' Your sweet innocents are *safe*, in the bosom of their Saviour; and are spared the sorrows and trials of this wicked world, whose temptations are so powerful, that they might possibly have fallen before them, notwithstanding all your prayers and admonitions. Let us, then, with cheerful resignation, trust in God, 'casting all our care upon him, for he careth for us,' and will not lay on *any* of his children a greater burthen than they are able to bear. May your afflictions be sanctified, and may you be led to place your affections where there is 'no sorrow nor crying,' and where tears shall be wiped away from every eye."

The birth of her daughter's child, who was to bear the name of the lovely departed "Mary," gave occasion to the grandmother to say:† "If Caroline wishes this child to occupy the place in my affections, vacated by the loss

* Letter to her daughter Caroline, May, 1829. † Oct., 1830.

of my darling Mary, she must not omit the 'Boardman.' I say this, not because I bear the name, but as a tribute to the memory of that sweet child. And may she live, the delight of her parents' hearts, long after her old grandmother is laid by the side of those beloved ones, whose loss she can never cease to mourn."

When a third* had been added to the little group, and she heard of their being all blessed with perfect health, she indulged in these reflections:† "Those sweet children! I know how they twine about your heart. But remember, that they are *lent*, not *given;* and, at a moment's warning, may be called for. Dear little Mary cannot look more healthy, nor can her cheeks be more 'like a rose,' than little C. H. a few days before the grave received her earthly remains."

Entering into the feelings of the children, she was continually sending to them her messages of love; and she, in a measure, allayed her sorrows, by means of the sprightly joys awakened by their playfulness. "I am delighted," said she,‡ "that little J. takes so readily what you endeavor to teach him. 'Train up a child in the way he should go.' How glad I should be, to see the little fellow here, playing in the yard and garden, and inhaling the pure air. Every respiration would improve his health, and deepen the rosy tinge upon his cheek." A few years after the birth of another grand-daughter,§ she thus mingled her sentiments of piety with the emotions of joy prompted by the celebration of this child's birth-day. "This,"‖ said she, "is the birth-day of dear Eliza. Give

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* Cornelia Elizabeth Schroeder.
† Dec. 29th, 1831.
‡ April 17th, 1830.
§ Eliza Margaretta Schroeder.
‖ Feb. 8th.

her a sweet kiss from me; and tell her, 'Grandma prays, that she may grow up, an honor and blessing to her parents, and to all within her influence.'"

On hearing that her three little grand-daughters, Mary, Cornelia, and Eliza,* had denied themselves certain personal pleasures, that they might have the means to buy wood, and provide some other comforts, for a very poor and suffering widow and her children, who, on being relieved by them, gave them her blessing, their grandmother wrote: "It is certainly a good thing, to teach the children to practise self-denial, and impart a portion of their savings to the suffering poor. They will enjoy giving it, more than they would enjoy buying a toy. Dear little creatures! how much I wish to see them. Kiss them for me; and tell them, that I hope they may always have the power and disposition, to *make poor widows pray for blessings on them.*"

The tenderness of affection, with which they were regarded by her, was very touchingly expressed, on the occasion of their mother's being alarmingly ill. Their grandmother thus describes the scene, in a letter to her son Henry in Ohio:† "On the 11th day of February, I had a letter from Mr. Schroeder, informing me of Caroline's extreme illness; and, *in less than two hours, I was on the road*, to take, as I fully expected, my last look at her. Oh, it was dreadful, to be travelling in the night, with an agonized heart! At about one o'clock in the morning, we reached Norwalk landing; and, at eight o'clock, we took the steamboat. Mr. Clark‡ kindly of-

* Mary was then 8, Cornelia 7, and Eliza 5 years of age.

† May 16th, 1834.

‡ Mr. James S. Clark, an affectionate friend of the family, and their *next-door neighbor.*

fered to escort me from New Milford to New York. He did accompany me; and a few days after his return, went down again with Betsey.* William arrived there, the day after I did. His letter, by some mischance, was three days in reaching him. We spent a week of gloomy anticipation; but God, in mercy, was pleased to spare her to her afflicted friends and infant children. My heart almost bled, when I looked at the three little girls, with their brother, and thought that they would soon be *motherless!*"

The daughter's impaired health, a few years after, rendered it advisable, that she should resort, for relief, to a sea-voyage, and a tour in Europe. She accordingly crossed the ocean, in the spring of the year 1838, being accompanied by her husband, and her son, then in his eleventh year; and they travelled, for six months, in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and France.

It was an agonizing trial, for one who was enfeebled by sickness, to part with three infant daughters, and an aged, widowed mother, under the circumstances of this separation. One of Mrs. Boardman's letters† thus alludes to the severance, to her old age, and to the children: "I was somewhat troubled, after you left, fearing that you might think me harsh, when I took hold of your arm, and insisted on your leaving the chamber, where you were taking leave of the children. Your feelings were so highly excited, that I dreaded the consequences of a *prolonged* parting with those little ones that you so idolize." "As to myself, I ought to be thankful for the measure of health that I enjoy. The rest of my days on earth, I

* Miss Elizabeth Whiting, the sister of Mrs. Boardman.

† To Mrs. S., July 23d, 1838.

must expect pain and infirmity; for they generally attend old age. I hope I have your and your husband's prayers, not so much for my *health* or *long life*, as that my *sins* may be forgiven, and that I may find mercy and acceptance with God, through the merits and atonement of our only Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ." "As to your dear children, they are very good indeed, and appear, at present, to be in perfect health. Yet we cannot insure its continuance. Our affection for them, as well as for yourself, will prompt us to do every thing in our power to secure it. The *event* we must leave in the hands of a merciful God, who watches over all his creatures; and without whose knowledge not a sparrow falleth to the ground. Oh, how fervently do I pray, that you may be permitted to see all your dear family collected around the FAMILY ALTAR, in health; to bless God for his goodness in restoring you to each other, and to commit yourselves to his guidance and care, for the future."

While the parents, with their son, were visiting whatever spots were accounted most worthy of their attention in distant lands, the three daughters were tenderly cared for, by their fond grandmother, and devoted aunt Cornelia, at the happy homestead; and, on the return of the travellers, in November, 1838, to their residence in the city of New York, they found their little ones there, exhibiting, in their health, their intelligence, and their devout feelings, the best results of the influence of pure mountain air, wholesome mental discipline, and faithful spiritual training. Their mother's absorbing affection for them, would not permit her to remain as long away from home as her medical advisers earnestly recommended. She had made some progress in her journey on the continent; but, in the midst of its temptations that allured her to proceed, she

was unable to resist the surpassing temptations that appealed to her domestic sensibilities. She directed her course homeward; and soon resumed her place there, where, in her voyages and journeys, she felt that she had left her chief treasures upon earth. To these,

"Where'er she roam'd, whatever realms to see,"

her "heart, untravell'd," fondly turned; overpowered by the spell of an affection that was unmeasured and uncontrollable.

When she was far away, her fond mother's words came to her across the ocean:* "Oh, how fervently do I pray, that you may be permitted to see all your dear family collected around the FAMILY ALTAR, in health; to bless God for his goodness in restoring you to each other, and to commit yourselves to his guidance and care, for the future." It was a happy hour, when this fervent prayer was answered; and the children, gathering around their parents, sang, with sweetly blended voices, an original hymn, procured for them by a kind friend,† who entered, with much feeling, into the spirit of the occasion. The words of the hymn were adapted to a favorite German air, the German words of which the children had been taught to sing with the air, before their parents went to Europe. "The verses furnished by the Rev. Mr. Bryant," says their mother, "were sung by our dear little girls, to the melody of the German song, *Du, du, liegst mir am Herzen*, as a welcome to us, on our return; and the accompaniment was played on the piano, by sweet, precious Mary, then eight years old."

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* The letter, dated July 23d, 1838, was received, Aug. 24th, at Edinburgh.

† The Rev. Hilliard Bryant, now of Wallingford, Conn., formerly a missionary in Greece. He was affectionately attached to the children.

After the lapse of a little more than two years, however, it pleased the Disposer of the events of life, to break this spell, and sublimate and sanctify this parental fondness.

The three daughters and their infant brother were all attacked, at the same time, with scarlet fever. Mary* and the babe† were both suddenly caught away from the arms of earthly endearment; and Cornelia and Eliza were scarcely rescued from the grave. Mary, the eldest daughter, then in her eleventh year, sickened on the 22d day of March, 1841; and, in four short days, was "no more" on earth! She was a beautiful, a fascinating, and a holy child, with a maturity of thought and feeling, very far beyond her years, and a remarkable precocity in the knowledge of divine things. All who knew her, both the aged and the young, as well as those in the meridian of life, conspired to call her "lovely" while she lived, and "sainted" when she died. Well might angels envy earth the boon, and take her to their "better land." But the surprise, the shock, the loss, were startling, bewildering, and desolating.

The vanishing of this vision of domestic joy was exquisitely pictured, at the time, by the poetic genius of a gifted, sympathizing friend, who, in the following stanzas, used some of the most beautiful of Nature's emblems, to convey, in soothing strains, the consolatory voice of revelation to the mourners, while they looked steadfastly toward heaven, as their loved one went up to be with Jesus, and a cloud received her out of our sight.‡

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* She was born, Oct. 2d, 1830; and died, March 26th, 1841.

† He was born, Dec. 8th, 1840; and died, April 5th, 1841.

‡ They were from the pen of Mrs. Mary Noel McDonald; and, in her volume of published poems, are entitled, "Stanzas, suggested by the death of a young daughter of the Rev. Dr. Schroeder."

" I saw a lovely flower
Upon a slender spray,
But a rude blast came, with sudden power,
And swept its bloom away:
It bent beneath the blow,
And its leaves to earth were given;
But the bitter wind that laid it low,
Bore its fragrance *unto heaven.*

" I marked a rainbow's form,
When the summer shower went by,
Born of the sunbeam and the storm,
Spanning the eastern sky:
And I gazed upon the sight,
Till the glorious arch was riven,
And its varied hues of gorgeous light
Melted away *in heaven.*

" I watched a merry bird,
Building its fairy nest,
And the glossy leaves by its wings were stirred,
Round that little spot of rest;
And I deemed its gushing song
Would still to mine ear be given,
But it plumed its wing for the skies ere long,
And soared, and sang, *in heaven.*

" I gazed on a gentle star,
That was bright in the evening sky,
And thought, how it smiled in its home afar,
When watched by a mortal's eye;
But the tempest gathered fast,
And wildly the clouds were driven,
And the star was lost, as their dark folds passed,
But I knew *it was still in heaven.*

" So, like that lovely flower,
And like that rainbow's light,
And like the bird of the summer bower,
And the glittering star of night,

Hath thy loved one, in life's pure spring,
From thy fond embraces riven,
Been borne away on an angel's wing,
To dwell in the light of heaven."

There was, in the character of this dear departed one, and especially in her sweet temper and devout affections, a charm that won her grandmother's congenial sympathies. And now that they are both transplanted to the Paradise of God, there is a pensive pleasure in reflecting on the many points of resemblance, that proved them to be flowers of the same plant: one, but the tender bud; the other, the rose full blown.

"During the summer months of the year 1839," says one,* who had a favorable opportunity for studying her mind and heart, "Mary, with a few other children, was under my instruction; and time cannot efface the attachment which I feel toward that sainted child. She won the hearts of all who were around her, and lived in their affection and love." "Again and again was her voice heard, composing the differences of the younger children; and her words of love were like oil upon the troubled waters."

"From her early infancy," continues he, "she gave proof of the influence of divine grace upon her heart. She always possessed a natural sweetness of temper, which, of itself, makes childhood lovely; but to this was added a charm which nature fails to impart, the rich fruit of a high and heavenly principle, beyond and above nature, and *divine*. It moulded her feelings, and desires, and will, into that obedience, which is, like the sun, uniform and full of harmony, and 'shineth more and more unto the perfect

* The Rev. William G. French, then a candidate for Holy Orders.

day.' It threw around her a loveliness, so pure, and so attractive, as to win the hearts of all within its influence; while it pointed her out, as one whose home was far away from this bad world. None could meet her, and know her excellence, without feeling, even to sadness, the truth of what a member* of England's Church once said of her: 'Mary Schroeder is fit only for the society of angels.'"

"Nothing could more forcibly show the presence of that Spirit, whose office it is to glorify Christ, than the zealous regard of Mary for the honor of her Saviour's name. An instance of this was seen, on one occasion, which is worthy of notice, as it regards *the advantages and duty of teaching Christian children truths which may be thought above their comprehension.* In teaching Mary the Creed, by dictation, before she could read, her mother omitted the article, 'He descended into hell,' until the child could better understand it; but, on one occasion, the duty of hearing Mary and her sisters devolved upon a nurse, who pronounced the omitted words. The moment that Mary heard them, she was filled with grief, (for she attached the common idea to the word *Hell,*) and, rushing, with her excited feelings, to her mother's room, she sobbed out, 'No, no, she shall not say so of my Saviour.'"

"The story of the Saviour's sufferings affected her most tenderly." "At the early age of seven years, Mary was vividly sensible of the value of her Redeemer's love, and of the evil of sin." "Although cheerful as a bird, and with a heart all sunshine, the thought of having offended

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* Henry V. Tebbs, Esq., of London, a learned jurist, and a man of eminent piety, who became acquainted with Mary, during his visits at *St. Ann's Hall,* (an institution, at Flushing, for Christian education,) where she resided, with the family of her father, who was the Rector of the Hall.

God, was sufficient to throw a gloom over her most joyous moments. Her father established private weekly lectures,* for the especial benefit of his family and servants, in which he used great plainness of speech, discoursing upon the chief doctrines of the Gospel. These family lectures Mary loved to attend; but she was frequently affected so violently, as to compel her father to give a new turn to his remarks, in order to relieve her mind from its anguish."

"Mary loved her bible, above all other books; and she never seemed to tire of it. Every morning and evening, she spent a portion of her time in reading it in course; and the Spirit wrote its life-giving precepts upon her heart. Her favorite portions were the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the book of Psalms; but she loved much the simple and touching narratives of the Gospel. One morning, when on her way to my room, she picked up, from the sand on the road, a stray leaf from the bible, containing the tenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Mark. She kept it and read it; and, the moment she reached my room, she said, 'Mr. French, you cannot think what a treasure I have found!' 'Ah,' said I, 'what is it, Mary?' She handed me the leaf, and smiled. Without reading it, I was remarking upon the contempt which God's book met with from the world; when she interrupted me, by saying, 'Oh, but you *do* not see what I *wish* you to see;' and she then pointed to the verses, from the 13th to the 16th.†

"Prayer was her daily habit. And no one who beheld her countenance, beaming with love and devotion, as

* Every Tuesday afternoon, at 4 P. M.

† The subject is Jesus taking the children into his arms and blessing them.

she accompanied her young companions in the common prayers, could doubt that hers was a rich communion with the God of love. I chanced, one evening, to be at her home, just before she retired to rest; and I can never forget the appearance of Mary, as she knelt, with her brother and sisters, around the knee of her mother. It was a scene upon which angels would love to look. And the hymn which followed, was sung by Mary, with an air of devotion almost seraphic." "Her heart was a harp, full of rich harmonies; but they were not of earth, for the Spirit of God breathed upon the strings."

"Her fondness for reading, which was always encouraged, she made the means of her growth in grace, by devoting most of her leisure hours to religious biography; and what she thus acquired she retained with accuracy. Her memory was also stored with the richest strains of devotional poetry. Without detailing her progress in the various branches of study and accomplishments, it is enough to say, that she made rapid advances in studies, beyond her years. A sense of responsibility to God, is the only safe motive to exertion; and it is, without doubt, the most effectual."

"After she fell asleep in Jesus, there were found in the pocket of her apron two miniature volumes; one of which was entitled, 'Is it Well?' and the other, a Pastor's Address after Confirmation, entitled, 'Pay thy Vows.' For a year before her departure, she had cherished a desire for Confirmation, and her thoughts dwelt upon it daily. The following incident will show, that, while earnest for her own good, she loved the souls of others around her. Having induced her next younger sister, Cornelia, then nine years of age, to resolve, by God's grace, to devote herself to her Saviour, by reading and

thinking of Confirmation, she came to her mother, with a full heart, and said, 'Oh, mother, I am *so* glad! Cornelia is going to serve God.' She often encouraged her young companions to visit her father's study, for religious converse and counsel; and many times led them by the hand to the door, and knocked for them, to relieve them from embarrassment."

"The approach of her last sickness was sudden and rapid. On Monday, she was in fine health and spirits, and at her ordinary duties and recreations. Friday's sun rose upon her lifeless body. Though sudden, however, death found her ready; for her life had been a life of love, and of communion with her Saviour; and she shrunk not from the dark valley, for she knew that he would be with her, and would lead her to higher, and holier joys.

"While lying on the bed of death, she made many touching allusions to her interest in Christ. She spoke particularly of her desire, cherished for a year before, to be admitted to confirmation and communion. To her father she said, 'Father, you made a solemn vow for me, when I was baptized.' 'Yes, I did, my dear daughter,' said he; 'and I pray God to give me grace, faithfully to do all that I have promised.' 'Well, father,' she added, 'you promised, that, as soon as I was taught the meaning of my vows at my baptism, I should be brought to the Bishop to be confirmed. I think that I have learned the meaning of my vows, and I wish to be confirmed, and take the communion. May I not be confirmed, when the Bishop comes to visit us, this summer?' 'I have, for some time,' said her father, 'been fully satisfied, that you are not only willing, but ready, to be confirmed; and, should you live until the summer, I will, my dear child, present you to the Bishop, as you wish.' At this she seemed much

gratified, and expressed her deep emotion, by an earnest look toward heaven. The next day, speaking to her mother at the bedside, she said, with her characteristic sweetness of intonation, and with a smile upon her countenance, 'Oh, mother, I am going to be Christ's, very soon.' Her harp was in tune with the song of the redeemed, before she went to join their choir."

"She was aware of her approaching dissolution; and, when unable any longer to speak, she earnestly pointed with her finger to heaven." "Let parents be encouraged by this bright example of early piety; for the same means are open alike to all, for training their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. With God's blessing upon the faithful, prayerful use of those means which Christ hath left us in his Church, Mary was trained for her heavenly inheritance. Sponsoral counsels, parental admonitions, pastoral and catechetical instruction, the reading and committing to memory of God's holy word, private and family prayer, and the public services of the Lord's day of holy rest, familiarity with the institutions, sacraments, and services of the Church, were the means. And these, warmed by a cherished love for the Divine Head of the Church, and firm trust in Him, as 'the author and finisher of our faith,' and enlivened by a constant reliance upon the quickening influence and controlling presence of the Holy Spirit, polished the jewel for the Heavenly Temple."

The clergyman who officiated at her funeral, delivered an Address appropriate to the occasion.* And, in the

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* The address, printed for private distribution, is a pamphlet of twenty-four pages, entitled, "*The Voice of the Early Dead in Christ*, A Funeral Address on the occasion of the sudden death of one of the pupils of *St. Ann's*

course of his remarks, he said: "It is this consolation, that the dead are blessed who die in the Lord, that ought almost to make us rejoice, when our believing relatives and friends fall asleep in Jesus. It is this, if any thing, which, in the present instance of affliction, should sustain and support those who are called most to weep.

> "'God has but taken the gift he had given,
> Too pure for this world, he has call'd her to heaven;
> And the blossom, now pluck'd from the arbor, in sadness,
> Shall there bloom unfading, in beauty and gladness.'

"She has finished her course; she rests from her labors. She has died in peace; she has died with joy. Death has been deprived of its sting; the grave, of its victory. She has gone to her home, to her Fatherland,

> 'Where her best friends, her kindred, dwell,
> Where God, her Saviour, reigns.'

"She is transplanted from this ungenial soil, this world's unkindly weather, to rejoice in a heavenly land and a better clime, to flourish near the tree of life, in the midst of the paradise of God, forever."

Amid the domestic sorrows that were awakened by the sudden and afflictive death of Mary, the mourning grandmother, who was also the *godmother* of the child whom Jesus had just "taken up in his arms," thus wrote to her heart-stricken daughter Caroline: "What words of consolation for you can I have, that am overwhelmed with sorrow myself? Sweet, affectionate child! are you gone from us forever? No, my dear Caroline, you will meet

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Hall, Flushing, Long Island: delivered before the family at the Hall, March 27th, 1841, by the Rev. FREDERIC J. GOODWIN, M. A., Rector of St. George's Church, Flushing, L. I., *Private Impression:* Flushing, 1841."

her again, more lovely, and purified from all earthly dross. Comfort yourself with the well-grounded belief, that she is now in Paradise, in the presence of her Saviour, and joining the multitude of the blessed spirits, with her sweet voice, in singing the praises of the Lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world, to redeem them, and make them heirs of a glorious immortality. And may we not hope, that our beloved Marys, and your lovely babes* are permitted to recognize each other, in some of the heavenly mansions." "You have every consolation, my dear Caroline, that one under such afflictive circumstances can have; and I trust, that time, and a sense of duty in submitting to the will of God, will, ere long, restore your agonized bosom to tranquillity and peace." "He has taken your beloved ones to heaven, that he may thus draw your heart after them; and you will not refuse to follow where the grace of God leads. You have received your dear little Eliza† almost *back from the grave.* Be thankful, and do not rebel against God's righteous laws, lest he find it necessary to smite you again."

While the hand of sorrowing age was thus extended to soothe and cheer the mourning daughter, one‡ of the little sisters of the lamented Mary, although *herself then upon the bed of sickness,* and prostrated by the same fever that had just borne the beloved one away, lifted up her voice, in turn, to offer spiritual consolation. She composed, and

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* Caroline Maria, who died, June 25th, 1826; and George Boardman, who died, May 22d, 1829.

† She and her sister Cornelia were very ill of scarlet fever, in April, 1841, just after the death of their sister Mary. Eliza, at one period of her sickness, was almost pulseless.

‡ Cornelia, at the age of nine years and five months. She dictated the words to her mother, just as they are here given, April 2d, 1841.

addressed to her grandmother at New Milford, the following stanzas:

"Grandma, you mourn for Mary, who
On earth had so much love for you:
Her spirit God to us had given;
But now that spirit 's gone to heav'n.

"Grandma, you'll see her once again:
It is not in this world of pain;
But in a brighter world above,
A world of everlasting love!

"We should not *mourn* for Mary, now;
But we should all remember, how
With joy, in heav'n, we soon may be
United, through eternity.

"Let's try to bear it patiently;
God ne'er afflicts us willingly:
Oh, let us think upon Christ's love,
To come to earth from heav'n above;

"To come to earth, to bleed and die
For us, and in the grave to lie;
Then rise again to heav'n, where he
Now intercedes for you and me."

Before her sickness, Cornelia repeatedly expressed her thoughts in verse, especially when they were of a devotional character. In January, 1841, she composed a hymn, entitled, "Peace in Death," the last verse of which seemed to presage her and her sisters' walking on the brink of the grave; as they often sang* together,

"Though my friends mourn for me here,
When I die I will not fear;
For then I'll know, that Christ is near,
To take me to his breast."

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* The children had all learned to play on the piano; Mary played on the guitar also; and they had composed and arranged an air, to which they sang their hymn.

Two weeks previous to her sickness, she composed (March 13th) another hymn, on the words "world without end." And before she sent her stanzas to her grandmother, she dictated verses of consolation to her father, March 29th; her brother, on the 30th; her sister, on the 31st; her mother, April 1st; and her aunt Cornelia, April 2d. They all reflect the sentiments, and breathe the spirit, that characterized dear Mary, who was ever tenderly devoted to Cornelia, and rejoiced over her growth in grace. The lines inscribed by Cornelia to her father, are these:

"You've lost a child!—my sister, too;
'Tis hard for me; 'tis hard for you:
With patience try to bear it,—do,
My father.

"'Twill teach, 'twill teach us, yes, to feel
For our dear friends, who have to deal
With the misfortunes we may heal,
My father.

"'Tis harder much for us to mourn;
Because *she* from whom we are torn,
Was kind, was sweet, since she was born,
My father.

"But think how happy she is now,
And oh, do think, my father, how
God with his grace did her endow,
My father.

"And now her happy spirit's fled,
To be with Christ, who for her bled,
Although her mortal body's dead,
My father.

"We would not call her back again,
When we remember all the pain
That she's escaped,—the joy she'll gain,
My father."

In reply to Cornelia's stanzas addressed to her, the grandmother wrote:* "Yes, my dear Cornelia, you will miss our beloved Mary at all times; and particularly her sweet voice, when you sing your evening hymn. But you will never forget her, and will endeavor to follow the example she set. Affectionate, kind, and obedient to her parents and teachers, she gained the love of all who knew her; and, what was far better, she loved her Saviour, and delighted in acts of devotion to him.

"We have every reason to believe, that she is now supremely happy in his presence, singing praises to God, and to the Lamb who redeemed her with his own precious blood. She will not come to you; but you must go to her. Some people believe, that the spirits of those who die in Christ, are permitted to hover around dear friends left in this world of sorrow. Is it not a delightful idea, that, possibly, dear Mary may be with you, although you cannot see her? Will it not incite you, to do always as you think she would wish to have you do?

"Your sweet little brother,† too! It was hard to part with the lovely babe. I was grieved and disappointed, that I was not permitted to see him. But it was happy for him, to be transplanted, in all his innocence, from this world of temptation and vanity, into the garden of his God, there to bloom forever.

"You are now, dear Neely, the *eldest* daughter; and must endeavor to supply the place of your lamented sister. You must be a solace to your dear parents, a companion for your mother, and a guide to dear little Eliza, cheering her on in all her duties. Oh, what thanks are

* New Milford, May 16th, 1841. † William Henry.

due to Him who said, '*Live*,' when she was apparently sinking into the grave!

"I was much gratified with your letter; and thought the poetry very pretty indeed, for a child, as you are."

The venerable servant of the Lord, and the mere babe in Christ, thus mingled their devout sympathies, respecting her whom they contemplated as "supremely happy" in the Saviour's presence. Mary's thoughts had made that Saviour and his sinless world familiar to her, long before she entered into his immediate presence and his joy. One of her teachers,* who loved to sit with her at Jesus' feet, and took great pleasure in conversing with her upon spiritual subjects, indulged in these reflections: "She is happy in the society she so often spoke of,—'the angels in heaven.' Often did she wonder, whether, if she were taken from us, it would be her lot *to be one of them*." When she spoke, as she habitually did, of God, and the Spirit, and her Saviour, and of heaven, and the saints and angels there, her countenance and tones of voice, which were lovely at all times, were loveliest then.

> For then her faith and hope took wing,
> And warbled in the skies;
> "Like morning larks, that sweeter sing,
> The nearer heaven they rise."

Among her friends and teachers, there was one,† whose devout affections and refined sensibilities enabled her fully to appreciate a heart and mind like Mary's. She has prepared a Memoir of this holy child, in which Mary's heavenly-mindedness is thus portrayed :‡ "The morning (Sep-

* Mrs. Eliza M. Roberts, in a letter to Mrs. Schroeder, March 30th, 1841.

† Miss Mary P. Hale, now of Boston.

‡ In an extract from a journal kept by Miss Hale during her visit at New Milford, in September, 1840, six months before Mary's death. The Memoir is in MS.

tember 8th) being uncommonly fine, Miss Lowra and myself agreed to improve it in walking. As we were about leaving the house, little Mary ran to us, saying, 'Oh, you are going to take a walk; shall I go, too?' 'Certainly,' I replied. We set out on our usual ramble, taking the road that leads over town-hill. I enjoyed, as usual, the delightful and extensive view there presented, and was enthusiastic in my admiration of it; but there was little spirituality in my feelings; and although, on viewing the beauties of this fair spot, some comparisons arose in my mind, between the natural and spiritual world, I did not adventure a serious remark, until, as we were admiring the uncommonly beautiful assemblage of fleecy clouds, reposing on the distant hills, contrasting finely with their dark verdure, and relieved by a back-ground of the purest blue, my little companion exultingly exclaimed, 'Oh, how beautiful!' and immediately added, 'How *good* is God, to make the earth so beautiful!' I made some passing remark in reply, and she continued, 'What a beautiful world this is! God might have made every thing that is necessary for us, and yet not so *beautiful*.' 'Yes, dear Mary,' I replied, 'and how many behold and enjoy the beauties of this fair earth, without a thought of God. How many, even among his friends, do not always find their thoughts led to God, in contemplating his works!' 'Yes,' she said, 'and still he forgives us, and has sent a Saviour to die for us, that we may live with him in heaven. Oh, how *good* the Saviour is!' 'To die for his enemies,' I said, desiring to elicit the train of thought which was passing in her mind. 'Yes,' she added, 'and to bear with his friends, when we forget him, and sin so much, after he has redeemed us with his precious blood.' I made some reply, and she continued, 'How often he forgives us, and makes

us love him more than we did before. I think, that the more he forgives us, the more we love him.'

"As I was silently remarking, how artlessly the child had drawn this inference, as from her own experience, she continued, 'I often wonder, that he *does* love us, when we sin against him so every day, and break our resolutions when we promise to do better; but he does, and he makes us happy after we have repented. How forgiving he is!' I replied, in these words of Scripture, 'Because he hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'how *sweet* is it! What a *dear* Saviour! Oh, how *good* he is! Is it not strange, that *every body* does not love him? Oh, *I wish they would love my dear Saviour.*'

"Sweet child! thought I, as I beheld the glowing countenance and unaffected ardor with which these words were uttered. Thou hast been with Jesus; and if the world would take knowledge of thee, surely many would be drawn to that Divine Being, in whom even a child can see so much that is lovely!

"We seated ourselves on some rocks, on the top of the hill; and, as we sat, my little companion, with all the warmth of her natural disposition, and with all the simplicity of childhood, continued to speak on the theme which seemed so dear to her. 'I think, sometimes,' she said, with an air of modesty, 'I want to go right to my Saviour now; but then,—but,—I want to be *fit* for heaven.' 'But how *can* you be fit, Mary?' 'I cannot; only, Christ died for me. He will make me fit.' 'And why do you wish to go to heaven?' 'Because, then I shall not grieve my Saviour any more, and I shall always be with him.'

"I was not prepared for this reply. I thought, that, although the child had conceived very just and scriptural

ideas of heaven, and had, through grace, received a relish for things divine, she would, by her peculiar susceptibility for enjoyment, and by the impulses natural to childhood, be led to think, rather of the *happiness*, than of the *holiness* of heaven; or that, in reply to the question proposed, she would hesitate, or name its perfect happiness, in connection with its freedom from all sin. When, therefore, I received the prompt and unstudied reply, 'Because I shall not grieve my Saviour,' with the additional argument, that she would *dwell forever in his presence*, I felt that this babe in Christ had attained a greater degree of Christian maturity, than many an older disciple."

The heart that delineated this engaging portrait, was prepared to speak words of comfort, to all those who mourned at Mary's absence. This she did, in the following verses:*

"'IS IT WELL WITH THE CHILD?'

"Thou youthful band,† from whose sequestered shades
Unsparing Death has snatch'd a lovely flower,
Oh, can ye say *'tis well* our loved one fades
And dies, before the with'ring noon-tide hour?
No more, amid your peaceful, happy halls,
Is heard her voice, in music, mirth, or prayer:
But lo! that voice more sadly to you calls,
From heavenly courts, 'To meet me here, prepare!'

"Ye faithful guides, instructors of her youth,
Who loved to mark her heaven-illumined face,
As, meekly bending o'er the page of truth,
Distilled on her young heart celestial grace;
Oh, is it well, that she no longer shines,
A star in your loved group, whose gentle light

* They were published at New York, in the columns of the Churchman, April 10th, 1841.

† The pupils of St. Ann's Hall, Mary's associates.

Might lure some wanderer, to religion's shrine,
Where she ye loved sought daily her delight?

"Sisters beloved, whose infant feet she'd lead,
Full often, to the shrine where dwells her Lord,
And for you pray, that He the lambs would feed,
Preserve from dangerous foes that roam abroad,
And save in death, the hour of greatest need;
Say, little ones, who now her loss deplore,
Say, is it well, that she'll no longer plead?
And, angel-like, watch o'er you here, no more?

"Brother, her only one for many years,—
By whom, each evening, at thy mother's knee,
She's knelt from infancy, to offer prayer;
Her, at thy side, no longer wilt thou see.
And the sweet voice thou'lt miss full often, there,
Where from thy lips harmonious praises flow.
Oh, is it well, that she no more will share
With thee the sweet employment, here below?

"And ye, oh stricken parents, bending low
Beneath the stroke which laid her in the grave,
With scarce a warning; sad, unlook'd for blow!
To you I come; unwilling, still, to break
Grief's sacred silence; softly and in tears,
Scarce murmuring. Is it well, that she has gone,
Just as the buds which graced her infant years,
Had opened on the full, clear light of morn?

"But list! a voice, harmonious through the gloom
Of sorrow's night, I hear; in soothing strains
Responding, *It is well.* Even from the tomb
What joy, what hope, for mourning souls remains!
A morning dawn,—a morn of endless light!
The dark, cold grave is not your Mary's prison:
The stone, which hid your precious one from sight,
Is rolled away, and she, indeed, is *risen!*"*

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* Alluding to the season of Easter. Mary died, on the Friday before the fifth Sunday in Lent.

The members of the Hall, teachers and pupils,* expressed their tender sentiments of love for their departed sister, and of sympathy with the mourning kindred, in a manner the most delicate and soothing, both at and after the touching funeral service. The circumstances of the occasion are thus related by one of Mary's most affectionate friends:†

"It was at seven o'clock in the morning; a morning, calm, and quiet, and clear; a beautiful and expressive emblem of the life of the young sleeper; when the inmates of the Hall assembled to pay the last, sad tribute of affection to their departed sister. They had resolved to dress in mourning, on learning the event of Mary's death; and they appeared at the funeral, in a garb but too well expressing the sorrow which reigned in their bosoms. After the reading of our beautiful burial service, by the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, the funeral train, consisting of the members of the family with the minister officiating, followed the remains to the steamer, which was to convey them to their resting-place. Their way lay through the village, for a distance of half a mile; and it was passed in silence, the more impressive and solemn from the peculiar circumstances of the time and the occasion. Death in a country village, is an event which never fails to touch the hearts of its few inhabitants with feelings of sympathetic sadness. These feelings are much more intense,

* There were then, among the resident inmates of the Hall, thirteen teachers and fifty-seven pupils.

† The Rev. William G. French, now in North Carolina, and connected with the *Missionary Family and School at Valle Crucis;* a religious house, under the personal inspection of Bishop Ives, "established for educating and Christianizing the population in the region around it, and for training up candidates for the holy ministry."

when the victim is young and pious, and is taken from the hopes, the joys, and the bright sunshine of life's fair spring-time. Under such circumstances, and with the affecting thought, that she was now carried from her home, to return no more, and was taken away in the just opening spring, the sight of a slow funeral train, with the eight juvenile pall-bearers, all in mourning, and moving through the village street, could not fail to thrill the heart of every beholder. The remains were put on board of the steamer, amid the sobs and tears of the surviving relatives and friends, and were taken to the city of New York, and thence to the new cemetery at Greenwood, and laid to rest.

"In the afternoon of the same day, the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, with the Rev. Mr. Kerfoot,* again attended at the Hall; and, after an appropriate service, addressed the family, in a manner well suited to their afflicted condition, and improving the mournful event to their spiritual benefit. It was a day long to be remembered by those who had known the bright spirit who had passed away; and never to be forgotten by those, whose privilege it was to associate with her, to enjoy her affectionate intercourse, to love her, and to be, in turn, by her beloved.

"There was a beautiful example of chastened and delicate feeling, in the governesses and pupils of the Hall. Each one, according to her taste, had chosen evergreen and other emblematic plants, and now offered them, as the last gift to the unconscious dead, to be deposited in the grave of their departed sister. As the accompanying

* The Rev. John B. Kerfoot, then a professor in *St. Paul's College*, College Point, near Flushing; and now Rector of the *College of St. James*, Hagerstown, Maryland.

emblems of one to whom the Spirit of God, through His Church, had imparted the gift of immortality and the pledge of a resurrection to immortal life, these gifts and offerings were peculiarly appropriate and impressive: 'Love's last gift.'

> "'They were Nature's offering, their place was there,
> For they spoke of hope to the fainting heart.'

"What added to the interest of this little incident, was the association of the evergreen with some well-chosen text from the Blessed Book which their young departed sister had loved so well. One said, on handing her gift, which was composed of evergreen and balm, to the mourning father, 'Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?' Other offerings were accompanied with equally appropriate sentences. I have often thought the custom of the ancient Greeks and Romans, of casting an olive-branch into the grave, to be beautifully expressive of the feelings of surviving friends; but this *variety* of tributes, this *consecration* of the offerings, by Scripture texts, surpassed, in delicacy of taste and in chastened religious feeling, the classical association connected with the olive.

"Nor was this the effect of a sudden outburst of affectionate feeling; as a reference to other incidents will show. It is one of the excellent observances of the Hall, after the blessing has been asked at breakfast, for each member of the institution to recite, in turn, some text of Scripture. The texts which were chosen and repeated, at this season, were eloquently expressive of the common sentiment of sadness. They showed the happy effect of such an observance, (would that every family would practise it!) on

this, as on many other occasions that admit of improvement, from a reference to God's Holy Word.

"On Sunday evening, another useful and commendable practice is common there; the repeating of sacred poetry, original, or selected from the best writers. On the Sunday after the funeral, this exercise was attended with a peculiar interest. Selections were made from our best authors, and original pieces were recited, offering, in the strains of poetry, consolation to the bereaved, and moulding the heart to a ready submission to the will of Him, who would have the same mind in us, which was also in our Divine Master. The collection of these in a volume, would receive a welcome reception from afflicted mourners, offering, as it would, the results of the collective taste and poetic feeling of refined and educated females.

"I lay this humble tribute upon Mary's grave, with the hope, that it may thence gain the strength of an unearthly eloquence, speaking to the young members of our Holy Church; and that, by an affectionate recital of her virtues, I, as well as they, may better feel the emotion in the prayer of old, 'Let me die the death of the righteous!'"

A gifted clerical friend,* whose sensibilities were touched by the bereavement which his mourning brother's family now sustained, composed the following lines, which were truly oil and wine to hearts pierced with sorrow. The lines were published, a few months after, in a volume† of poems by the same friend and clerical brother.

* The Rev. John W. Brown, Rector of St. George's Church, Astoria, N. Y.

† The volume is entitled, "*The Christmas Bells; A Tale of Holy Tide: and other Poems.*"

THE EARLY DEAD:

ADDRESSED TO A BROTHER IN AFFLICTION.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

"There's a sound of mourning, brother,
Where sweet peace was wont to reign;
One was called, and then *another*,
Death came once, and came again;
Sadly, in the dreamless slumber
Of the quiet grave they fell;
Darkly, with the countless number
Of the early dead they dwell.

"We have sorrowed with thee, brother,
For the loved, the lost, the dead;
It is well! we would not smother
Grief so pure, so hallowed;
It is good to weep, when sadness
Brings its own most precious balm;
Grief resigned, and tearful gladness,
Hope midst mourning, bright and calm.

"They are gone to heaven, brother!
Christian father, dry your tears;
They were Christ's, oh Christian mother!
Christ's alone, from earliest years;
His by word and sign baptismal,
His by grace in baptism given!
From earth's deserts cold and dismal
He has taken them to heaven.

"In the verdant spring-time, brother,
In the holy weeks of Lent,
To *one* bright one and *another*,
Was the Saviour's summons sent.
From the sunshine and the flowers,
From the vigil, fast, and prayer,
They are gone to fadeless bowers,
Free, for aye, from sin and care.

"We shall meet them there, my brother!
Christian father, dry your tears;
They were Christ's, oh Christian mother!
Christ's alone, from earliest years.
To the fatherland above us
He has called them: weep no more;
Think ye, that our children love us
Less because their pains are o'er?"

While sympathizing friends were thus strewing upon Mary's grave the flowers of poetry, or planting there, (by numerous letters of condolence to the mourning family,) thoughts redolent of heaven, Mrs. Boardman truly said to her daughter,* "The sympathy of friends is consoling; and *this you have, without measure.* Do not dwell on your own loss; but think of those dear childen,† as rescued from the pollutions and temptations of an ensnaring world. They are transplanted from this wilderness to a more congenial soil, even the garden of their God, there to bloom and flourish through an endless eternity. Imagine that you now hear their sweet voices, singing praises to God, and to the Lamb that was slain and bought them with his precious blood. Were they permitted to speak to you, they would say, '*Weep not for us,* but weep and pray for those who are left behind. WE are *safe.* THEY have yet the great battle to fight; and many are the enemies they will meet to contend with.' May God grant us, all, grace to fight the good fight, and to finish our course with joy!"

Yes, may all who loved those cherub spirits now translated and glorified, catch the cadence of their voices, be

* In a letter from New Milford, April 14th, 1841.

† Ten days after Mary's death, the babe, William Henry, died, (April 5th,) of the same disease, scarlet fever.

soothed by the sweet consolation which they offer, and be led to prepare for a reunion with them, by hearkening to their tender, touching, powerful appeal:

"*Weep not for us!* for we are angels now,
And tread the sapphire floors of Paradise,
All darkness wiped from our refulgent brow,
Sin, sorrow, suffering, banish'd from our eyes;
Victorious over death, to us appears
The vista'd joy of heaven's eternal years:
Weep not for us!

"*Weep not for us!* There is no cause of wo;
But rather nerve your spirits, that they walk
Unshrinking o'er the thorny path below,
And from earth's low defilements keep you back;
So, when a few fleet swerving years have flown,
We'll meet you at heaven's gate, and lead you on:
Weep not for us!"

Although Mrs. Boardman was so frequently and sorely chastened by bereavement, in the loss of parents, husband, children, grandchildren, relatives, and friends, and was, for so many years, in the very midst of the fire of affliction, yet, like the burning bush upon the mount of God, she was not consumed; for the Lord was in the flame, and she heard his voice calling unto her, and telling her, that He surely sees the affliction of his people, and knows their sorrows. In the chastening by which he called her to the experience of a severe discipline, she found many pledges of his love. And when she saw the tears, and heard the lamentations, of the bereaved around her, she was ever ready, from her own trials, to "weep with them that weep;" yet, from her own consolations, also, to teach them lessons of divine mercy, in all their troubles.

When her bereaved daughter was, for several years, overpowered by the burthen of her grief at the removal

of *four* of her children by the hand of Death, the aged "mother in Israel," in the fulfilment of her maternal mission, thus took her sorrowing child into her withered arms, and spoke to her in accents of divine comfort: "Dear Caroline, why will you continue to mourn, and make yourself wretched, for those dear ones, who are now as the angels in heaven; and you feel as sure of it, as if you had seen them there. Can you wish them back, to struggle through this world of temptations, disappointments, and sorrows? Bishop Chase said, when he lost a son, that he had *one* child in heaven, and he wished they were all there. It seems to me, that we ought never to regret the death of an infant; for, since Christ, the blessed Saviour, said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God,' must we not infer, that every one of them adds to the number of 'the heavenly host?' And your dear Mary, who loved her Redeemer so much, that she longed to *give herself wholly** to him; can you doubt her being now with him, singing the praises of the Lamb? How could you mourn more than you now do, if you were as those that are *without hope.* You cannot justify yourself, in giving way to despondency. You are, I trust, a Christian. Ought you not, then, to say, 'The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' I know how tender your feelings are; and I sympathize with you, most sincerely; but I fear that you are destroying yourself. Look at those children that are left to you; and think what might become of them, should they be left

* This alludes to the great desire of dear Mary to be confirmed by the Bishop of the diocese, at a confirmation then expected to be held three months after she died.

without a mother. I say again, 'Be patient, and trust in God.' 'All things work together for good to them that love him.' Be assured, dear Caroline, that you are never forgotten in my prayers; and I pray, fervently, that you may enjoy a serene, quiet mind, notwithstanding all your troubles."

In a *postscript* to the mother's letter, which conveyed these consolatory words and godly admonitions, well might her younger daughter,* who was then with her, add, "We have, indeed, cause to be proud of such a mother, who, at seventy-four, and almost seventy-five, years of age, can write such a letter. And we ought, indeed, to thank God, every day of our lives, that she is spared to us."

This sentiment of filial love found a response in the heart of each one of her children, all of whom clung to her with great tenderness of affection. It has been said,† that "love descends more strongly than it ascends, and commonly falls from the parents upon the children in cataracts, and returns up to the parents but in gentle dews;" yet, in this family at least, there may be discovered a striking exception to this rule. One of the daughters‡ has said, with great truth, "From the time of dear mother's removal to New Milford, in the winter of the year 1793, she became the bright and ruling star of that house, which, for *nearly fifty-five years*, she adorned with increasing lustre; admired, beloved, and venerated, by all who knew her, and *almost idolized by her husband and children*."

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* Cornelia E.

† By Bishop Jeremy Taylor, in his *Life of Christ*, Lect. III, Disc. 1, § 14.

‡ C. E.

On the seventy-fourth anniversary of her birth-day,* all the surviving members† of the family assembled at the homestead, in the autumn of the year 1841. It was a memorable occasion, in the view of all; and many affectionate contributions were made to the celebration of the festival.

Among the *poetic* offerings presented, was this selection by one of the daughters.‡

"Hail! dearest, sweetest tie that binds
Our kindred hearts in twine;
Hail! sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We *all* shall meet in HEAVEN.

"No ling'ring look, no parting sigh,
Our *future* meeting knows;
There friendship beams from ev'ry eye,
And hope immortal grows:
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We *all* shall meet in HEAVEN."

At the same time, one of the grand-daughters,§ then in her tenth year, offered the following stanzas, composed by her for the occasion:

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* October 19th.

† William, Henry, Caroline, and Cornelia; Henry's children, Elijah, William, and Henry; and Caroline's children, John Frederick, Cornelia, and Eliza. The only grandchild absent, was Frederick Alexander, Henry's eldest son.

‡ Mrs. Schroeder.

§ Cornelia E. Schroeder.

TO MY DEAR GRANDMA, ON HER SEVENTY-FOURTH BIRTH-DAY.

"The Summer of your life is past,
And Winter's coming, very fast;
Though you've no hope to stay long here,
You can cherish a hope that is still more dear:
The hope of life in a *better* land;
The hope of *that* bliss which will *never* end.

"All of your children now have come,
To visit once more their happy home:
Let us thank the Lord, that he has thus
Shown his great mercy and goodness to us;
And oh, that we *all* may meet again,
In a world that is free from care and pain!

"Please accept this, from
"Your affectionate grandchild,
"C. E. S.

"New Milford, Oct. 19th, 1841."

The children and grandchildren might, properly, rejoice together, with devout thankfulness, that their honored and beloved mother, in a green old age, to their great happiness, survived so many of her kindred and associates, and among them, not a few who were her juniors, with greater promise of longevity. Yet, while the group around her were rejoicing, the pleasing exhilaration of her own mind was tempered with that solemn sentiment to which the young are strangers, and which can be duly estimated, only by one who is the *survivor* of a father and a mother, of a partner, of children, of grandchildren, and of the companions of life's vernal season, and its summer-tide. She had had many strong ties, that bound her, by affectionate sympathies, to earth; and, as God was preparing to translate her to the world of glory, it was in tender mercy that he unloosed these strong ties, one by one, and conveyed before her, to the better world, what she had prized

above all else below. Her earthly, as well as spiritual, treasures being there, her heart, long before the appointed time of her departure, was there also. Her parents had, both, gone; her husband; her daughter Mary; her son George; and four of her daughter Caroline's children, Caroline Maria, George Boardman, Mary Anna Boardman, and William Henry.

Her brother Samuel, also, her tenderly affectionate brother, who had so devotedly watched over her in youth, and honored her in old age, it was her lot to see numbered with her lamented dead. In her early youth,* he had written to her, "I say it with a degree of modest pride: *I am your brother;*" and, in her declining years, he had written,† "I am happy in the assurance, that there is for you a treasure in heaven." The recollection of his many testimonies of affection, naturally led her to desire, and often pray, that he might have the choicest of God's blessings. And when she conveyed to one of her children the mournful record of his death,‡ her desire was satisfied, and her prayer answered, in the assurance of his entrance into the joy of the Lord. "It is an unspeakable consolation," were her words, "that he died in peace, with a well-grounded hope of a glorious resurrection, through the merits of the blessed Redeemer."

This was an appropriate termination of the life of one who was "an Israelite indeed, in whom" there was "no guile;" a man who habitually indulged sympathies the most amiable, and whose characteristic thoughts and feelings were the most delicate and refined.

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* July 14th, 1785. These words are already quoted, at p. 94.

† February 7th, 1825.

‡ It occurred on Sunday, Jan. 29th, 1832.

Mr. Samuel Whiting was Mrs. Boardman's eldest brother. He was born at Hartford, Connecticut, August 14th, 1762, about four years before his father's removal to Great Barrington. From early youth, he had a predilection for the pleasures of literature, and the acquisition of scientific knowledge. Retiring in his habits, and of a pensive turn of mind, he found his chief enjoyment in reading and reflection. No pecuniary prospects could tempt him from the indulgence of his love of books. His youth and early manhood were spent in communings with the master-spirits of our race; and he discovered, in their mines of thought, what he esteemed more valuable and desirable than the purest precious metals. A distaste for employments which were incongruous with his ruling passion, greatly interfered with his success, when he devoted his attention, first, to the transaction of mercantile business, at Hillsdale,* in the State of New York, and at Great Barrington, and then to agricultural pursuits. His genius, not adapted to any such employments, was always ill-at-ease, under the infliction of the necessity that placed him in a counting-room at Great Barrington, and on a farm at Reading Ridge, whither he removed soon after the period of his marriage. He beguiled, however, what he deemed the *unintellectual* cares of trade and agriculture, by reading, and by literary essays, effusions in poetry, the preparation of several volumes for the press, and the invention of various mechanical and other contrivances. He had also a decided taste for the fine arts. Music was among his chief enjoyments; and a pleasing specimen of his practical talent in the art of

* Then known, also, by the name of *Green River*, near the Massacnusetts state-line.

painting, is a miniature portrait of his beloved Mary Anna.*

While residing at Great Barrington, he was appointed, on many occasions, to civil offices; being a Justice of the Peace, and a member of the legislature of Massachusetts. After his removal to Reading, civil duties of the same kind again devolved upon him; and he was a member of the legislature of Connecticut, and, by appointment of the legislature, a Judge of the County Court of Fairfield, where the town of Reading is situated.

He was a steady and devout member of the Church, also, venerating her divine sacraments, and apostolic institutions; cherishing in his soul the evangelic spirit of her liturgy; and acknowledging her, both in his life and at his death, to be indeed, as every Churchman may well delight to regard her, the child whom, while she was an infant, Jesus took up in His arms, on whom He bestowed His blessing, and whom He commended to His apostles, to be brought up in His faith and love; now, in her maturity, His "Holy Catholic Church," the mother of our consolation and hope, awaiting His return, when she is to present to Him, prepared to enter into His joy, the children whom He hath given her.

Mr. Whiting was also much engaged in literary pursuits. He wrote numerous articles for public journals; and, among these articles, a series of Essays, under the signature of Cordwainer, which were well received. He made many contributions to monthly magazines; and was frequently consulted, in the settling of disputed points, which divided the opinions of his literary friends.

Two of the volumes which he published, consisted of

* This miniature is now in the possession of her daughter Cornelia.

selections in prose and verse, with some original contributions, and with appropriate introductory remarks. One of these volumes, entitled *Elegant Lessons*, received the commendations of Judge Trumbull,* at that time one of the most prominent men in the commonwealth of Connecticut. He calls the book "valuable," not only as a literary production, but as an auxiliary in promoting the cause of "delicacy and virtue."† The celebrated De Witt Clinton said of it,‡ "I have read the manuscript with much pleasure; and I consider it a very useful and judicious compilation." Another work, published by Mr. Whiting, entitled the *Elementary Reader*, was commended by scholars of high rank. President Day,§ of Yale College, says, "It is well adapted to the purpose which it is intended to answer;" and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Brownell, Bishop of Connecticut, observes, "It is written with purity of style, attractive in its matter, and just in its principles;" and the author "deserves the thanks and encouragement of the friends of the rising generation."‖ Mr. Whiting was also the author of a popular and useful work, called the *Town Officer*, which reposites, in a convenient form, just that information which is sought for by those for whom the volume was designed.

He was, moreover, always celebrated as *a good reader*, both of prose and verse. His just views of elocution, are evinced by the admirable observations contained in his Elementary Reader, and his Elegant Lessons. And his

* John Trumbull, LL. D., the author of *McFingal and other Poems*, 2 vols. octavo.

† MS. *Letter to Mr. Whiting*, Sept., 1819.

‡ MS. *Letter*, dated, Albany, March 20th, 1820.

§ March 19th, 1824.

‖ November 15th, 1823.

easy, graceful enunciation, and unusual skill in tone and emphasis, caused him to be much in request at *reading circles*, which were fashionable in his day.

Possessing the mechanical talent of his father, he constructed, among other ingenious contrivances, a machine for ventilating rooms, and for serving, at sea, the purpose of a windsail. A particular account of it, with a plate, was published in the leading scientific periodical of the day.*

Holding the pen of a ready writer, he performed many of his literary labors, with great expedition. When Mr. Bidwell,† then an undergraduate at Yale College, published a tragedy, entitled the "Mercenary Match," Mr. Whiting, prompted by the perusal of it to the execution of a like work, completed his undertaking in the leisure of a few days.

His rapid, neat, and even elegant penmanship, and his great readiness and precision in the command and use of words, gave him prominence among his associates, as a scribe or secretary, at their stated or occasional meetings, whenever a record of their proceedings was required.

He was, moreover, by common consent, the authorized and accredited family correspondent. And his parents, brothers, and sisters, together with not a few of his relatives and family friends, could bear affectionate testimony to the promptitude and faithfulness with which he executed his commission; never failing to mingle, in a skilful manner, the agreeable and the instructive.

His disposition was remarkably amiable; and his manner, in social intercourse, unpretending, gentle, and con-

* Prof. Silliman's *Journal of Science and Arts*, Vol. 18: July, 1830; Art. xv, p. 75—78.

† Barnabas Bidwell, Esq., already spoken of, at pages 102 and 112.

ciliating. It is the remark of one* who knew him well in youth, "He was a young gentleman of purity of heart and genteel address, and one of the best English scholars I ever knew." His great impediment, that hindered his success in business, was a want of energy and efficiency in his pecuniary transactions; and, had these qualities been added to the many others that adorned his mind and heart, he might easily have freed himself from the restraints against which he was continually struggling. But, throughout his life, he was destined to pay the usual penalty of genius.

It was not until he had attained an age, beyond the ordinary period for a matrimonial alliance, that he was led to venture on resorting to what, in a playful letter to his sister Mary Anna, he calls a "desperate resource." In reference to this subject, he said to her,† "There have concurred a series of unpropitious events, in the course of my life, to add to the native stock, (plentiful indeed!) of *saturnineness* in my character. You scarcely need entertain a hope of seeing that character divested of it. At this late period, I have myself no hope, unless, perhaps, in the *desperate* resource of a WIFE. Possibly, I may make trial of that measure, when a few more years of *maturity* have passed. I have, indeed, only the alternative of marrying, or retiring to my cave; for every brother *old bachelor*, and sister *old maid*, seem determined to leave me in the lurch. I suppose my old *fellow-laborer* Allen, has, the week past, actually departed this (single) life."‡ His "old fellow-laborer," as he here jocosely terms him,

* The Rev. Dr. Burhans, in a MS. letter, dated Jan. 9th, 1849.

† In a letter from Great Barrington, July 12th, 1801.

‡ Mr. Allen married Miss Ursula McCurdy, of Norwich, a relative of the present Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut.

was his devoted friend *John* Allen, at that time a schoolmaster, but afterward an eminent lawyer, one of the twelve members of the Upper House, or Council of the State, and a member also of the House of Representatives of the United States. Of the warm attachment that subsisted between Mr. Whiting and Mr. Allen, it was frequently observed, that two friends could not be more unlike in characteristic temperament and manner. They were proverbially similar in their unusually great bodily dimensions; being of tall stature, with large frames. Mr. Allen was six feet and four inches in height, one inch less than his friend Jeremiah Mason,* and one inch taller than his friend Samuel Whiting. But the combination of Mr. Whiting's almost feminine gentleness and winning amiability, with the abruptness, and, to the gentler sex, seeming sternness, of Mr. Allen, was accounted much less like any of the ordinary operations of human sympathies, than the combinations of certain chemical ingredients, when an alkali, exhibiting a powerful affinity for an acid, readily unites with it. And from the attachment of these friends, as their attic wit at every interview attested, a salt was the result, which all who knew them highly appreciated and enjoyed.

In the year 1803, Mr. Whiting, following the example of his "old fellow-laborer," renounced all thought of retiring to his "cave," and betook himself to the "resource" which he had playfully called "desperate." He married, in the spring of that year, Miss Sarah Betts, of Reading, Connecticut; a lady, whose refined sensibilities and genuine piety fitted her to become the bosom friend and the help-mate of such a man. She was the daughter of Ste-

* For an account of him, see pp. 107—112.

phen Betts, Esq., a highly respected magistrate of Fairfield county, and one of the most prosperous farmers in the neighborhood of Reading.

Having resided at Great Barrington until the birth of his first child, his son William, Mr. Whiting removed thence to Reading, and resided in the *East part* of the town, called Reading *Ridge.** There, on a farm, with his wife's relatives, and among the hills and valleys that beautifully diversify the scenery of the town, he passed the remainder of his days, in the rural solitude which one of his favorite poets accounted the happiness of the man "whose wish and care" are thus bounded by a few acres:

"Bless'd, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years glide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,.

"Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most doth please,
With meditation."

From his unpretending home among the hills, he often went on excursions of affection, visiting his kindred and his friends, in various and remote sections of the State. And few, if any, were there, among them all, who could see him arrive with his humble equipage and alight at their doors, without giving him the salutation of a welcome guest, and acknowledging, at his departure, what one† thus expressed, in a letter to his sister Mary Anna: "We have had two visits lately from your brother, from which I have derived much satisfaction. You, who are

* For an account of his family, see Appendix H.

† Mrs. Susan Tracy, of Litchfield, Conn.

daily experiencing his goodness, will believe me when I say, that I am always *made happier*, nay, *benefited* too, when he finds an opportunity to pay us these friendly attentions."

His sympathies were also every where upon the wing; ready carriers, conveying letters of congratulation or of condolence, and a variety of pleasing communications, prose and poetic, calculated to promote the temporal happiness or the eternal welfare of those to whom they were addressed.

On hearing of the death of his beloved sister Mary Anna's husband, and reflecting that her eldest daughter was *alone* at home,* his kind affections hovered over her, with these words: "Dear Caroline, I devote a few moments of the stillness and serenity of a *Sabbath morn*, while the rest of my family are yet in bed, to attempt a few words of comfort and consolation to my afflicted niece. I know that your tender heart is burdened with a weight of sorrow, which *no* words can wholly remove; and if I did not conceive there were considerations of alleviation, which, in the depth of your despondency, you may not duly appreciate, I should hardly presume to move the subject. It is true, indeed, that you have lost a valuable parent; but the very affection which you bear for his memory should dry your tears, when you reflect upon the hope which he has left behind him, that *our* loss is *his* gain; and that if a friend, a guide, and a protector are taken from you, it has not been without leaving you many others, less valuable indeed, but able and desirous, I trust, to promote your welfare and happiness, and, in some good measure, supply the place of that friend. It is a consideration, also, not

* The circumstance is particularly alluded to, at pp. 164, 169, 170.

undeserving of regard, that all which a parent ordinarily does, in the longest life, for his children, in providing for their wants and wishes in *this* world, and in the cultivation and improvement of their minds by education, to prepare them for securing happiness in *the next*, has been, in a remarkable manner, done by yours, for you and his other bereaved children."*

In the same letter, he sends messages of love to his "sister Betsey,"† and says, "Tell her, that we heartily sympathize with her, in regard to the dispensation which falls so heavily upon us all."

To his mother, when she was at the age of seventy-eight years, he wrote,‡ "I have felt much anxiety for your health, during the past winter, it having been here a season of peculiar mortality among aged persons. The calls of death, however, have not been confined to the *aged;* and, although I have been spared, I have been visited by a severe illness, (which confined me for about five weeks,) from which I am now recovered, and enjoy my usual health. It has, however, I hope, impressed more strongly upon my mind the immense importance of being prepared, whether old or young, for our great and last change."

The thought of death was, to his mind, not a stranger, that came unexpectedly and intrusively, startling and disquieting, but a household thought, that dwelt with him, in daily and familiar intercourse. And when the time arrived for his retiring from the world, this thought, conciliated and won over, so as to be transformed from a sup-

* Reading, Sept. 21st, 1823.

† Miss Elizabeth Whiting, the almost inseparable companion of her sister Mary Anna.

‡ Reading, May 19th, 1816.

posed enemy to an avowed friend, stood by him, and, like a priest of God, administered to him the consolations of the Gospel. His sister Mary Anna's words, already* quoted, are, at once, the record of a fact, and the offering of a tribute, that might well awaken in her mind, in reference to *such a brother*, emotions which she calls "unspeakable." No more fitting epitaph could be inscribed upon his monument: "*He died in peace, with a well-grounded hope of a glorious resurrection, through the merits of the blessed Redeemer.*"

Deeply impressed with a sense of the many and great obligations, which his long, diligent, and faithful friendship, and almost parental watchfulness and tenderness, had laid upon her, she repeatedly conveyed to him, in her letters, the assurance of her love, accompanied with allusions to his *brotherly-kindness*. In answer to one of these communications from her, he said:† "The approbation and gratitude you so frequently express, and so uniformly manifest in your conduct, in regard to what you are pleased to call my former attention to your welfare and happiness, are among the principal sources of my pride. In proportion as any instrumentality of mine may have contributed to the formation of your character, will that pride be well founded. It were happiness too great to be hoped for, not only to individual characters, but to the community in general, if such were, in every instance, the fruit of either paternal or fraternal 'attention,' and watchfulness over the 'welfare' and happiness of our friends. Still, there is a precious satisfaction in the consciousness of having performed one's duty in that respect, even though it prove ineffectual." "It is not only when I am writing to you,

* At page 222. † In a letter from Great Barrington, July 12th, 1801.

that I think of you and love you. I am, most tenderly, your brother."

Surviving him, more than sixteen years, she often made, not only her happiness with him on earth, but his transcendent heavenly bliss, the subject of her thoughts, and the theme of her conversation. It was a comfort to her, to meditate upon all her *blessed dead* as "in a state of happiness" on high. Like one who has dear friends departed to a distant country, she acquired an emotion of continually deepening interest, in whatever related to that land, whither so many of her loved ones were removing in quick succession, and where, occupied amid the scenes and in the society of their new home, they were, by their presence, imparting to all things and all beings around them an extrinsic charm, full of tender allurement to the sympathies of fond affection. The vision of her beloved among saints and angels in the paradise of God, made even heaven the more attractive to her soul.

As old age advanced, she frequently expressed her devout gratitude, for her exemption from many of the afflictive infirmities by which the old in general are visited; and, at the same time, she kept distinctly in view, and often alluded to, the intimations which she received of her being in the wane of life, when the years come that cannot be expected to afford much corporal enjoyment.

Among her reflections on this subject, were the following: "I felt weak, for two or three days, recently;* but I have since been as well as *usual*, and, indeed, as well as I can expect to be, so late in life. I am much more favored than many people of my age. I have little

* March 4th, 1839. She was then seventy-two years of age.

pain; can see to read as much as I wish; and rest quietly at night. These are blessings for which I cannot be thankful enough." To her brother William, three years older than herself, she wrote:* "We have lived to old age; and the time that remains to us must be short. May we improve it to the best purposes, and be prepared when we are summoned to depart. My health is as good as I can expect; but I feel some infirmities of age. My deafness, I think, increases on me." When in her seventy-fifth year,† she said, "My health is tolerable; but I find that I grow old every day. It seems as if my strength was sinking. My back and limbs fail. But it is that time of my life when I cannot look for any thing better. I have much reason to be thankful, for the measure of health I enjoy, beyond that of many women of my age."

Continually recognizing the divine hand in the disposal of all things relating to herself and others, like the patriarch of old she *walked with God.* His law was her meditation all the day. Her lengthened life brought with it none whatever of those mental infirmities, which are so frequently the concomitants of age. On the contrary, she afforded continually increasing proofs of an unclouded and well-regulated mind, in its most admirable development of thought and feeling, with a clear apprehension, comforting enjoyment, and strengthening and refreshing antepast, of the precious promises of God in Christ. She

> "Sunk to the grave by unperceived decay,
> While resignation gently sloped the way;
> And all her prospects brightened to the last,
> Her heaven commencing ere this world was past."

* May 2d, 1839. † June 7th, 1842.

Old age, in her case, under the influence of true piety, mitigated and softened the affections of her mind, and rendered them more and more gentle, tender, benevolent, and holy; imparting to her, as a mature saint of God, and one who had "come" "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ," much of the angelical nature.

The severing of ties that bound her to earth, served but to prepare her for more readily taking her flight heaven-ward. And by a mysterious dispensation, just before she closed her pilgrimage, she was called to the experience of a bereavement, which, in her view, divested life of much of its remaining interest, and served to increase the allurements of the world of spirits.

One of her sons, Henry Mason Boardman, when in the vigor of health, and in full possession of his mental faculties, was suddenly taken from her. For many years, she had rejoiced over him, as a devout, zealous, and devoted Christian, sincerely desiring to walk "in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." "I have a letter from Henry," said she to one of her daughters, "and all are well. He expresses much gratitude to the Author of all good, that he and his family are all spared, and in the enjoyment of health, with overflowing stores. He remarks, that another of his birth-days has just passed; and that he felt his life to be spared, that he may be better prepared to meet his Judge." And in the year 1846, at the age of forty-eight, he was found ready, when surprised by a casualty that caused his sudden death. Having fallen from his carriage, he severely injured his spine, and was in a condition beyond the reach of surgical skill. But his mind was in a happy frame; and the hope of heaven cheered and comforted him, in the short interval of his last conflict.

> "He plunged, he swam, and in an instant rose,
> The barrier past, in light and glory."

The aged mother, then in her eightieth year, felt that her frame was too feeble to sustain the dreadful shock, and long survive it. She mourned for *him*, who had looked forward to the hour when *he* was thus to mourn for *her*, as the saddest hour that he could anticipate. That agony was spared him; and the blessed spirit of this son, and that of her husband, with those of her previously departed children and grandchildren, were ready, we humbly trust, to receive and welcome her, as she entered into Paradise.

Henry Mason Boardman was the *second* son of the Hon. Elijah Boardman and his wife Mary Anna; and was born at New Milford, January 4th, 1797. From his early childhood, he exhibited so predominating an attachment to the associations and the joys of home, that, after various experiments, it was found impracticable to render him contented elsewhere, during the time usually devoted to academic studies. While his elder and his younger brother were both away from their native village, at academies and colleges, he was instructed at the schools *in* or *near* the village. But he enjoyed, at that period, what he then prized far above all scientific and literary privileges and distinctions; the daily testimonies of parental love. And he was also favored then with what he afterward had reason to regard as among his chief earthly blessings; the genial influence of uninterrupted home discipline, from infancy to manhood. Although he forfeited the advantages of a collegiate education, he did not deny himself the pleasure and the benefit of knowledge to be derived from books. It was his rule and habit, to procure and read, not the mere ephemeral publications

of the day, but standard works of literature; and he, in this manner, gradually formed a collection, that now constitutes a well-selected, valuable library.

Having, for some time, been occupied with mercantile affairs, and, from his boyhood, busied on the homestead farm, he married, (December 13th, 1818,) Sarah Hall Benham, a daughter of the Rev. Benjamin Benham, pastor of St. John's parish, at New Milford. The next year, in compliance with his father's wish, and with a view to the superintendence of certain lands already alluded to, he removed with his wife to the town of Boardman, founded by his father, and situated in the northeast part of Ohio, in what was then called *Trumbull* county.*

It was after many a severe conflict of emotions, that he thus removed from HOME, to a remote, uncultivated, and wild region, expecting to pass there the remainder of his days, and to forego all those home associations and home joys which had, from infancy, exerted over him so powerful a spell. On his arrival at Boardman, in the year 1819, the woodman's hand had as yet felled but few trees, in the dense forests that covered a region of many miles around the spot where his dwelling was erected. The barking of the wolf and the peep of the wild turkey were then familiar sounds, heard even in the enclosure of his own farm-yard. The whole population of the State was but *five hundred and eighty thousand;* and in all Trumbull county, although the earliest settled section of the Western Reserve, there were but *fifteen thousand* souls, scattered over an extent of *eight hundred and seventy-five*

* The county is now divided into two parts. The northern part retains its name; but the southern part, in which Boardman is situated, is called Mahoning county.

square miles. In the whole county, there was not even one parish of the Church; and not a human habitation was to be seen for many miles, except only here and there an humble log hut.

His occupation in the woods and in the fields, the companionship of a devoted wife to cheer his family fireside, and good books to supply a never failing source of recreation, enabled him to spend his time, throughout the week, in an agreeable interchange of out-door toils and in-door comforts. And the settler's life, in such circumstances, can afford much pleasure. With the engaging, interesting cares that usually attend upon a *farmer's* life, the *settler*, interspersing the exhilarating adventures of the *hunter* also, often bears with him, on his return home, as proofs of his having a true rifle and sharp sight, the wild turkey and the squirrel, the fox, the opossum, and the buck or doe. Mr. Boardman found, in occasional exploits of this nature, much enjoyment; and, on his visits, as well as in his letters, to his friends in the Atlantic States, he would recount the stories of his achievements, in a manner highly entertaining.

But, when the six days of ordinary duty and enjoyment had gone by, he felt seriously the loss of his accustomed privileges of the sanctuary on the Lord's-day. Faithfully brought up as a son of the Church, he prized her heavenly ways,

> "Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
> Her hymns of love and praise."

And when his children were to be, in like manner, brought up "to lead a godly and a Christian life," as is required by the sponsoral promises and vows in the sacrament of baptism, his sense of spiritual deprivations was afflictive. To supply the existing want of pastoral services, he united

with some neighbors, in organizing a parish, under the title of St. James' Church, in the year 1820; and the records which he, as clerk, kept for the long term of five and twenty years, detail the history of his Christian zeal, diligence, perseverance, and fidelity.

As a lay-reader, licensed by the Bishop of Ohio, he conducted public services, both at Boardman and at Canfield, generally twice on the Lord's-day. For several years, very seldom was he, on any occasion, relieved in his accustomed Church duties, by the kind offices of a missionary, or other man of God. For a long time he was also Senior Warden of the parish; and, as a delegate, he represented it at the annual convention of the diocese.

In the years 1828 and 1829, deeply interested in the erection of a place of worship, he engaged personally in the labors which this work required. He wrote, two years before, in a letter to his mother:* "The prospect is now favorable for the building of our church. The materials are slowly getting to the ground; and, by the blessing of God, we shall be able to have a house dedicated to Him, and set apart for the worship of that Being, from whom we receive every blessing." Having accompanied his family on a visit to their relatives in Connecticut, he soon returned to Ohio, willing to deny himself the gratification afforded by his mother's society and the joys of HOME, and hasten back to Boardman, "in order," as he said in a letter to his wife,† "that the building of the church should not fail." "It seems to me," he adds, "my duty to our God, that, while I live, I should exert myself in His service; and it appears to be a duty to Him, to

* May 6th, 1826. † January 5th, 1827.

erect churches, and lay a good foundation for the worship of His name."

He drew, with his own teams, much of the timber used in the building of the church; and he contributed to the pious work, independently of his time and labors, materials to the amount of more than five hundred dollars. The glebe, situated in the town, and lying near and south of the church, is a plat of ten acres, which, with five hundred dollars in money towards the erection of a House of God, was the gift of Mr. Boardman's father, whose godly purpose in this gift it was the son's privilege and joy to see fully realized, in the erection and consecration of a temple for the public worship of Almighty God, "for reading his holy word, for celebrating his holy sacraments, for offering to his glorious majesty the sacrifices of prayer and thanksgiving, for blessing his people in his name, and for the performance of all other holy offices." Rejoicing over the progress of the work, Mr. Boardman said:* "Our church is a very handsome building thus far. It is enclosed, and the floors are laid. The house was prepared for services on Christmas-eve and Christmas-day, very much to the acceptance of a fine congregation. Our parish would prosper, if we could have a clergyman, to explain to us the word of God, and break to us the bread of life." A few months after, he wrote:† "On the 22d day of August, Bishop Chase was here, and held service in our church. He was accompanied by the Rev. T. C. Wing, a clergyman of this diocese. On Sunday, the 23d, the Bishop *consecrated* our church, in the presence of many people, and administered the communion to about thirty persons. We now have a

* In a letter to his mother, February 1st, 1828.

† September 11th, 1829.

church, *consecrated* to the service of God! But, at present, we are without a clergyman."

On all occasions, however, when a minister could not be had, Mr. Boardman, as lay-reader, read, with a due regard to the requirements of the rubrics, the Church's prescribed forms of common-prayer; and he usually added a sermon, selected from the writings of Bishops Seabury, Hobart, or Griswold, or of Venn, Gisborne, Simeon, or other learned and devout expositors and inculcators of the Gospel's life-giving truths.

He was devotedly attached to the distinguishing doctrines, discipline, and worship of the Holy Catholic Church, and loved to walk in her "old paths." He habitually cherished such influential views of the ministry and sacraments, as caused him to welcome to his hospitable house, with Christian affection, the divinely commissioned servants of the Lord; and also induced him to contribute freely of his worldly goods to promote their personal comfort, and the success of their good work. "I hope," said he* to his mother, "we shall, ere long, be favored with a Pastor, who will break to us the bread of life. I think we can give for his support, so that he who *waiteth at the altar* shall be *partaker with the altar*."

His religion was not a holy-day dress, to be laid aside when he engaged in every-day employments. He was a Christian, at all times, and in all places. In his letters, and in conversation, he very frequently referred to the transitory nature of our pilgrimage on earth, and the importance and the duty of being *ready to go hence*. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return, is fully verified in every clime," said he,† "and there is a bound that none

* Aug. 11th, 1827. † In a letter to his mother, May 6th, 1826.

can pass; but I do not know, that the length of time we are permitted to remain here is of any consequence, further than its aiding us in our preparation for *the great change*. Oh, that we all may be prepared for this, that when God calls us to render our account, we may do it with joy and not with grief." At the close of the letter in which these reflections were introduced, he said, "I now bid you farewell, not knowing that I shall have another opportunity to do so. Let us look to the Divine Fountain, that, if this shall be our lot, we may meet in heaven, with our dear friends that are gone, and those that yet remain here."

When his lovely sister MARY ANNA'S spirit went to join the multitude "before the throne, and before the Lamb," he thus replied* to a letter from his father on this afflictive bereavement: "Ever respected Sir,—Much have I anticipated in meeting my dear sister, if permitted to visit once more the parental dwelling; but God, in his providence, has seen fit to make that meeting impossible, on this side of the grave. The stroke is a very afflictive one. Yet may we not profit by it? I do hope, and I believe, that she has made an exchange of a thorny path for a bed of roses; and has left a world of pain and sorrow, and on the wings of the morning ascended to the city of our God. The family is deprived of one of its members; and we know not whose measure of days is, next, the nearest full. May we, with the assistance that I pray God to render, walk in *the narrow way which leadeth unto life.*"

Three years after, when his brother GEORGE was suddenly removed, Mr. Boardman wrote:† "My ever respected mother, The chilling hand has once more, indeed,

* In a letter, dated Boardman, May 18th, 1822. † March 14th, 1825.

been near to us. Death has entered our door, and found a victim; one who was very dear to our hearts! But we have reason to believe, that he is taken, by our All-wise Father in Heaven, from we know not what evils, which we are left to endure. But we do know, by faith, and by His written Word, that we have a Redeemer, who is able and willing to support us in all our trials, if we look to Him from whom cometh every blessing."

The epithets which, in these letters, he applied to his parents, calling them "ever respected," are expressive of that mingled tenderness and reverence, with which, from childhood, he *honored his father and his mother.* Among the many tributes of his filial affection which his mother received from him, one was in these words:* "You have been to me a protector, under God, in infancy; a guide and admonisher, in youth; and an example, and certainly my best friend, from youth to manhood, when I was entering on this pilgrimage of sorrow, in which life is, as it were, a dream; so uncertain is it, and, at farthest, so very short." Of his revered father, he said, at the same time, "While that affectionate friend was spared to us, we were, in imagination, frequently among you, particularly when father was at Washington; for scarcely a week passed, without our receiving from him some little token of his remembrance. I now realize our loss. While he was with us, we never knew the value and the blessing of such a friend and father. But now he is gone! and, I believe, to heaven, where sorrow and sighing never enter. I speak of him, because the memory of him is so dear to me, and so often in my mind; and when my bosom is unburdened, I feel relief."

* March 2d, 1826.

That these amiable sentiments of filial affection and reverence were ardently reciprocated by parental love, there are afforded the most engaging testimonies, in numerous letters written by the mother, during the period of six and twenty years. "My dear Henry," said she, on one* occasion, "you have a mother who loves you, with as tender an affection as a mother's heart is capable of." And, on another† occasion, in a letter to his wife, she said, "A mother's love to my dear Henry, than which nothing can be stronger." His account‡ of his being saddened and depressed, in the long and remote absence of all his family, led her to say,§ "How I wished it possible for me to fly to you, when I learned how solitary and dejected you were; yet I should be but a poor comforter. I could only weep in concert with you. With a feeble frame and a broken heart, I am travelling the last stage toward the grave."

After an unusually great delay in writing to her, he filled, for her information and amusement, four and a half folio pages in one letter, saying, "If I supposed *you* were forgetting *us*, I would have written very often; for I am determined on continually reviving ourselves in your memory, since, as Dr. Johnson says, 'We should be remembered by those whom we delight to remember.'" There is, throughout his many letters to her, the constantly recurring sentiment of an uncommon *tenderness* of filial love, that was sometimes mingled with a jealous apprehension of rival claimants, who might secure a preference in her affections, to which all claimed at least an *equal* title. She was thus led, on one occasion,‖ to say to him, "I am not conscious of partiality for any one among my children.

* August 24th, 1825. † September 2d, 1827. ‡ May 6th, 1826.
§ June 17th, 1826. ‖ September 8th, 1831.

They are all equally dear to me. Were it not for the great distance, I would visit you in your seclusion, with as much if not more pleasure, than I now do Caroline in the great city. I like the country, the country life, and country manners, far better than I do New York with all its fascinations." At another* time, she cheered him with these words, when, sequestered as he was, in "the far west," from the domestic and social pleasures of his "childhood's home," he had naturally been tempted to speak with sadness of his lot: "I wish as much to be with you, as you can wish to have me. But oh, the many hundred miles, the mountains, and the lake that separate us! I hope, that what has been done for you is the best that could have been done. I think, that *an independent farmer may live as happily, and be as free from care and anxiety, as any man in Church or State.*"

Except occasionally, at those hours when some peculiar trial cast a shadow on his path, he fully realized the truth of his fond mother's observation; and he rejoiced, with devout thankfulness, in the independence and the peace and comfort which he enjoyed upon his farm.

His sensibilities, very delicately strung, were controlled and harmonized by the spirit of deep piety, so that the fields, the woods, the garden, and the farm-yard, as well as the family hearth, furnished him with innumerable sources of delightful, innocent exhilaration, and regaled him with the pleasures of "a continual feast." His heart was susceptible of those amiable emotions, which are suggested by the budding of the earliest spring flower, and by the appearance and the melody of the first spring birds. "It is warm," said he, March 12th, 1837, "and the feath-

* July 30th, 1839.

ered tribe seem very much to enjoy the renewal of their song." "On the morning of the 7th, the sun, which came out like a *summer* sun, seemed to reach, for the first time this season, the retreat of the blue-bird and the robin; for they appeared, with their first notes, very much to our delight. Happy little creatures, full of their summer-talk! The weather continues warm; and the frost is out of the ground, except in some secluded spots. It was out, in the garden, several days since. And the airy travellers, the goose and swan, are, in numbers, looking to the lakes for their summer-houses."

It was, however, amid the endearments of domestic life, that his sympathies were most winningly exercised. A Christian husband, and a Christian father, it was his heart's desire, that he and his house should serve the Lord. On receiving from the hand of God the gift of children, his first thought was, as a Christian parent, to devote them to the Divine Giver. The birth of his first son, Frederick Alexander, put it into his power to give, as he expressed it, "an immortal offering of gratitude to God." Soon after the birth of his second child, he wrote, (September 11th, 1829,) "Our son is baptized by the names *Elijah George;* and we hope that he may, long, and in respectful remembrance, bear these names, and finally resign them in peace." The gift of his third child, led him to say, (April 15th, 1832,) "We all rejoice, and feel very thankful. May this child be an honor to his friends, and a worshipper of the true God!"*

At the opening of a new year, when he was, in health and happiness, encircled by his devoted wife and bloom-

* For a further account of Mr. Henry Mason Boardman's family, see the Appendix I

ing children, he indulged in reflections prompted by the sincerest Christian gratitude, and thus gave vent to emotions that owe their origin to impulses transcending those of this world: "The anniversary of my birth-day (January 4th) returns, almost at the same time that the new year begins. By the blessing of God, I am spared; and thus another year is added to my span. My appointed day is put off, in order that I may make the better preparation to meet my Judge, the Judge of the whole earth. May I always be thankful to God, for this, as well as for every expression of his mercy and kindness to me. The year has rolled by; and *our stores are full.* We can lie down, and our sleep be sweet. When we arise in the morning, health blooms in our faces. Our children are spared to us, and are in perfect health, coming to us in the morning with their smiling faces. They are truly pleasant gifts of God. I hope, that they may continue to live, be an honor to His Church, be worshippers of the true God on earth, and, finally, saints in heaven, to His praise and glory."*

The Christian faith, that prompted these reflections, it was God's will to bring to a touchstone by which its *sincerity* would be put to a severe trial. The eldest son,† then in his sixteenth year, was suddenly laid upon a sick bed, in extreme illness. "Yesterday morning," said his father,‡ "he was much worse, and continued to fail through the day. Last night was another of great anxiety. We were constantly expecting to see him die, until about four o'clock this morning, when he revived a little. At about five, Sarah sat down on the edge of the bed, and spoke to him. He appeared to wake up, and

* Letter to his mother, January 19th, 1834.

† Frederick Alexander. ‡ July 9th, 1836.

show a ray of reason that was let in upon his mind. With what thankfulness did we see this! He asked us to pray with him, and repeated with us the Lord's Prayer. There is now seen but the shadow of the slender thread of life by which he is suspended between this world and eternity. If he goes to-day, as he very probably may do, we shall have great cause for gratitude to God, who, in mercy, gave him his reason, though but for a short time, fully to know his state, and his nearness to the house appointed for all living, before he was to leave us, never to return."

A few days later, (July 14th,) the father added, "The night after I last wrote, we were called up to see him die. His breathing had almost stopped. Yet he lived; and, the next morning, requested his mother to pray for him. He seemed to know his dangerous situation; and, for two or three hours, appeared to mend, as to the worst symptoms of his fever."

When she received these tidings from her afflicted son, Mrs. Boardman said to him,* in the meek spirit of Gospel resignation, "I take courage, and flatter myself, from what you have written, that God will yet spare the dear child. And, oh, may he live, and be a stay and staff to you in your declining years! If God has, however, determined otherwise, it is our duty to submit without murmuring. The Lord *gave;* and He has an undoubted right to *take away.* Let us ever bless His name. You have parted with those that were near and dear to you; but the loss of a beloved son would inflict a deeper wound, that *time alone* could never heal."

When, according to her anticipation, God did indeed

* July 15th, 1836.

"spare the dear child," and the father, having escaped from his threatened deep wound, was rejoicing over his "beloved son," as a renewed donative from Heaven, to the cheering promises which Hope had led the aged friend of Jesus to suggest, she added Faith's timely, edifying precepts. "The Lord," said she,* "has been very gracious to you and your dear son, in raising him to health from the gate of death which appeared to be closing upon him. I hope you do not fail to press upon him the duty of devoting that life, which has been mercifully spared, to the service of his Preserver." "I have endeavored to press upon his mind," said the godly father,† "the *necessity of a well-spent life*, and, as he has experienced, the *uncertainty of life*. We recently gave him, (when he left us, for the purpose of going to Connecticut to pursue his studies,) a BIBLE and a PRAYER-BOOK, wishing him attentively to read the one, and at all times use the other. Baptized in the Church, may he always *possess* her spirit. And may he, always *governed* by the spirit of the Church militant, so run, as to obtain the blessed privilege of adoring and praising God, our Heavenly Father, in the Church triumphant." He soon commenced his academic studies, at Cheshire; and his grandmother addressed to him these words:‡ "You have now a fine opportunity to improve your mind and manners; and I trust, that you will be able to give a good account of your time. From this period until you are twenty-one years of age, your character will be forming. Be circumspect, and careful in all your conduct, that it may be such as your friends, yourself, and, above all, your God, may approve. Set a watch upon yourself, and do not suffer any one to make you angry.

* November 25th, 1836. † December 21st, 1836. ‡ May 29th, 1837.

There is more honor in governing one's self, than in governing a kingdom."

The father of this son presented to him, and to the family in all its branches, a bright example of the sincere Christian and sound Churchman, loving his Bible and his Book of Common Prayer, and ever attended by them as his guardian angels, to teach him lessons of repentance, faith, and holiness, and prompt him to live unto the Lord, "continually mortifying all evil and corrupt affections, and daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness of living."

His deprivation of divinely instituted means of grace, when, in a new country and a feeble parish, he was very frequently without a spiritual pastor, and without the "strengthening and refreshing" influences of the Supper of the Lord, weighed heavily upon his heart. "We have been to church to-day," said he, (October 18th, 1835,) "and had the service read by a lay-reader, Mr. Starr, and an excellent sermon of Mr. Venn's read by your son. We have to supply the lack of *clerical* services, as far as in us lies, by our lay-readings, which are had, alternately, at Canfield and Boardman. We have been, for a long time, destitute of a clergyman. If we have to continue so, with our prospects clouded, and must be deprived of the privilege of attending on the offices of a Christian ministry, I shall get sick of home, and, if an opportunity afford, shall very much incline to dispose of my property, and go to more favored lands. Our children's being tempted to go astray from their parent Church, is, in my estimation, like the Israelites joining themselves to the people of the land. I feel so well established in my mind, that it would pain me very much, to see these sons of ours any where but in the pale of our own Apostolic Church. There they have

been baptized; and there, I hope and pray, may they continue until their journey of life shall, at its close, bring them safely into the Church triumphant!"

Although an important, honored, and beloved member of the community in which he resided, his disposition was so retiring, and he was so exceedingly diffident of his intellectual acquirements and his spiritual attainments, that he steadily refused appointments to offices of honor, trust, and profit, in opposition to repeated and earnest solicitations from his friends. It was much regretted, that he would not consent to serve as an Associate Judge of the County Court, his character so eminently fitting him for that station. He once felt himself, under peculiar circumstances, bound in duty to accept the appointment of *Captain of light infantry;* and he performed the duties of this station with such great acceptance, that, by common consent, it was determined to promote him to the rank of *Major General.* But he at once declined the proffered honor, in accordance with his retiring habits and long established purposes.

His known integrity and sound Christian principles, led to his often being designated as an arbiter for settling, upon grounds of equity, disputes and disagreements among his neighbors and his friends. And it was ever his delight to promote, in domestic, social, and civil life, "peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety." Instead of that labyrinth of worldly policy, in the bewildering mazes of which so many seek, by subtle expedients, to serve, although with many a corroding care and bitter disappointment, their own private interest, Mr. Boardman, frank and artless as a child, pursued the plain path of well-known duty, which was to him, at all times, a way of pleasantness and path of peace. This was very pleas-

ingly illustrated, by his manner of performing the various duties which devolved upon him, as a son, a brother, a kinsman, a husband, and a father, and as a neighbor, a citizen, a friend, and, above all, a Christian. In early infancy, his pious mother conveyed to him that directing power, which caused him to look continually to the Author and Finisher of our Faith, and live with a constant reference to the great account, and his eternal state. And his mind, when he attained maturity of years, having thus been touched as by a magnet, preserved its directing power unimpaired, and also imparted to the scenes and the events of life a kindred influence.

His mother, who, in all her letters to him, never failed to give a spiritual turn to her reflections, wrote* to him, on the occasion of his having, after much delay, completed the house in which he lived at Boardman: "I am glad to hear of your finishing your house; and I hope and pray, that you may enjoy it in peace, for many, many years, always remembering, however, that you must leave it, and you know not how soon. And may you thus be at all times ready, with your lamp trimmed, to meet your Lord, at whatever hour his summons may come. I wish I could think of your habitation, without such distressing associations.† But if I have lost much, I know that I have more blessings spared to me than I deserve, and many more than some other widows possess. Yet, oh,

> 'I cannot but remember such things were,
> That were most precious to me.'"

Her son, referring to these words of sadness at the

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* September 18th, 1828.

† Alluding to her husband's death there, five years before.

thought of his house, said,* "I know, that, with *you*, there are distressing associations touching our abode. Yet I think that, perhaps, to *me* these have been beneficial; for I scarcely ever enter *the room*, without recurring to events that remind me of the uncertainty of life."

That these monitions were, in an effectual manner, conducive to his spiritual good, was fully apparent from his being "ready" when, a few years after, he received the summons of his sudden death, and breathed his last in that very room.

"The circumstances attending his death," says the author of an obituary notice† of him, "were truly of a melancholy nature. On Tuesday morning, December 15th, he left home, to transact some business in Canfield; and, returning in the afternoon, nearly a mile on his way, he called on an acquaintance. Upon leaving, and while in the act of stepping into his buggy, his horse moved forward, which threw him off his balance, just at the point of time when he had placed one foot on the inside of the buggy, and was in the act of drawing in the other. The buggy standing on ground which formed a declivity from the forward to the hinder wheels, he was carried, in that direction, still further off his balance. Not having the lines in his hand, and having now entirely lost his balance, he was forced to fall backward upon the seat, to recover himself. But fatal effort! It seemed, there was a chain of destruction, without one missing or broken link. The seat not being fastened, and his weight coming upon it, it, too, fell over backwards; and he was precipitated upon his head to the ground, from the hinder end of the buggy. Though

* January 18th, 1829.

† It first appeared in an Ohio paper, and was reprinted in the Calendar, at Hartford, Saturday, Jan 23d, 1847.

he was not dead, retaining his reason perfectly, and able to converse, the work of mortality was soon to be accomplished. He was so completely paralyzed, from his neck throughout his whole body, that he never afterward moved so much as a finger; his head and neck being the only parts that retained any sensation. The latter was the chief cause of pain; a pain so intense, that the sufferer likened it to hot burning coals. In this helpless and suffering condition he remained, retaining his reason, until Thursday, December 17th, at half past eleven o'clock, having survived only forty-four hours. A post mortem examination was held by his physician, Dr. Mygatt, which most fully evinced the appropriateness of the language used by the sufferer, to convey some idea of the acuteness of the pain. The very joints were separated at the back part of the neck; or, in other words, the ligaments which bound together two of the vertebræ, were either mutilated or entirely dissevered.

"We cannot leave this painful record, without paying a passing tribute to the memory of him who was esteemed, and is now lamented, both as a most estimable and worthy citizen, and as one of the most useful, prominent, and influential members of society, and of the Church. In these respects, to all acquainted with the deceased, his demise cannot fail to prompt the tear of sympathy, for the loss thus sustained by acquaintances, relatives, and friends, and by the cause of Christ. Mr. Boardman was most sincerely and devotedly attached to the Episcopal Church; not from prejudice, but by intelligent conviction, at once deliberate, decided, and rational, that its institutions and doctrines are stamped with primitive and apostolic sanction. The most strict religious integrity, and the strictest adherence to religious principle, were characteristic marks,

in all his intercourse and dealings with his fellow-men. Energetic, but not enthusiastic; possessing zeal, but not without knowledge; he was ever most faithful in the discharge of all the duties and obligations devolving upon him, and with such fidelity and punctuality, correctness and precision, as mark him an example worthy of imitation. It may be added, that if *his* example were fully copied by men in the transactions of life, disorder and confusion would be strangers to the community.

"He was ever a most trusty guide, to those who came to him in the dark hour of adverse fortune; and in him, as one distinguished for prudent foresight, sound counsel, correct judgment, and friendly advice, his acquaintance and friends, the Church, and the community at large, have sustained a loss which cannot be readily supplied.

"The day of his funeral was the offering of a general grief. The unusual concourse of some four or five hundred, together with many from the neighboring villages, evinced an attachment, veneration and respect, worthy the character of him whose remains they now followed, in long and mournful procession, to the place of burial.

"We have now to record a word of sympathy, in behalf of the bereaved relatives. An endeared and weeping consort, affectionate children, and more distant connections, may justly claim the tears of all, when thus suddenly bereft of a companion whose place no earthly being can fill. They beheld not disease, by slow and gradual progress, preparing their minds to resign the dear object of their hearts; but they saw death fly on his commission, take his victim, and depart. But though these weeping relatives saw vigor, health, and activity, dressed so quick-

ly in the shroud, there is this rich consolation, that the event was but 'the birth-day of a saint, from earth into heaven, from labor into rest.'

"The calm and tranquil serenity of mind observed by all, while life was spared, and the radiant expression that beamed on his countenance, even in death, are comforting assurances to those who mourn, that in dissolving his communion with the Church militant, he has gone to join the Church triumphant."

In an unusually impressive and consolatory sermon, delivered at the funeral, by the Rev. Charles F. Lewis, on the words "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," (Job xiii, 15,) the preacher, after many touching allusions to the worth and piety of the deceased, said, "There is a peculiar and interesting reflection, in the circumstance of his *sudden departure*, connected with the sentiments of his favorite prayer, which he almost invariably offered when concluding the lay-services of the Church. This was that favorite prayer: 'O God, whose days are without end, and whose mercies cannot be numbered; make us, we beseech thee, deeply sensible of the shortness and uncertainty of human life; and let thy Holy Spirit lead us through this vale of misery, in holiness and righteousness all the days of our lives: that, when we shall have served thee in our generation, we may be gathered unto our fathers, having the testimony of a good conscience; in the communion of the catholic Church; in the confidence of a certain faith; in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope; in favor with thee our God, and in perfect charity with the world.'* The sentiments of this prayer,

* Prayer in the *Order for the Visitation of the Sick*, in the Book of Common Prayer.

especially the shortness and uncertainty of life, how fully realized!"

Four years previous to his death, as appeared on opening his will, he had written, (1842,) on a paper which was appended to it, a prayer for a reunion with his family, among the spirits of the just made perfect. This theme was often in his thoughts: *the bliss of a reunited family in heaven.* In devotional reading, (and he loved this above all else that books afforded,) he would frequently select, and dwell upon, the subject of our recognition of each other, in the society of the blessed. It was a household topic. His venerated mother loved to speak to him respecting it, when he was yet a child. As he advanced in years, and grew in grace, he acquired an ever-deepening interest in the persuasion, that the most sacred sympathies of the Christian family have in them the element of perpetuity. And while the believer devoutly meditates upon the spirits of his blessed dead, and fondly muses on the familiar features of their affection and their loveliness,

"Hope still lifts her radiant finger,
Pointing to the eternal home,
Upon whose portals now they linger,
Looking back for us to come.

"Hearts, from which 'twas death to sever,
Eyes, this world can ne'er restore,
There, as warm, as bright as ever,
Shall meet us, and be lost no more."

No consolation could be more soothing to the aged mother in her sorrow, than the full assurance which she had of her son's having actually joined the souls of saints with Christ, and being welcomed to the home of the redeemed, by those, it may be, with whom he could hold

immediate converse, as his father, and his brother, and his sister, who entered before him on their reversion, and now, with him,

> " our coming wait,
> To share their holy, happy state."

To attain this blessed consummation, and to induce her children and her children's children to use all the divinely instituted means of grace, that they might love and serve the Lord, and *daily increase in His Holy Spirit more and more, until they come to His everlasting kingdom*, she let her light shine before them, and was continually pointing out to them the way of life.

In the *spirit* of true piety, she met, every morning and evening, with her household, at the family altar. The reading of a portion of Holy Scripture, according to the Table of Lessons appointed by the Church, and the use of some appropriate formularies of devotion, were the sacrifices they offered unto the Lord, morning and evening, day by day. And truly God was in the midst of them, by a prevailing spirituality, the shekinah of his presence. Her children, having all been " baptized into Christ" in early infancy, and signed with the sign of the cross, were faithfully taught, according to the exhortation addressed to godfathers and godmothers, all things " which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health," and were " virtuously brought up to lead a godly and a Christian life ;" being " sufficiently instructed," were " brought to the Bishop to be confirmed by him ;" and were " not ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified."

It is an interesting fact, and sacred, household reminiscence, that she conducted the family devotions herself, on

her *eightieth* birth-day.* "To her children," says one† of their number, "and to her family, it was a season of deep and touching interest. And as her voice ascended, in feeble and tremulous tones, to the mercy-seat on high, offering thanksgiving, and supplicating blessings upon us, we felt that it might be the last time on earth, when, in such circumstances, we should hear those sweet and affectionate tones at our family altar. We are told, that the effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much; and, blessed be God, *her* prayers have been offered for us, not merely on *one* occasion, but during our *whole lives.* Oh, may they be mercifully answered!"

Old age was, to her, the period for enjoying, with her family, the sweets of Christian experience, which she had long been hiving. She looked not to *the world* for her enjoyments; but the affectionate and spiritual resources which she had in her own mind, afforded her a ready and an unfailing resort.

At that season of our temporal existence, when life's spring, and summer, and autumn, have, in turn, ceased to lead us abroad, by the allurement of their out-door pleasures, it is essential to our comfort, in the winter of old age, thus to have social, fireside joys within. Although, in general, less stimulating, these joys are, certainly, at least as rich in genuine emotion, as the most gladdening exhilaration of the animal spirits, at any other season of our being. And, with the happiest effect, they foster the most sacred sympathies of our nature, blending and consecrating home thoughts, home wishes, and home longings for reunion in a future state. Our venerated mother proved this.

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* October 19th, 1847. † Mrs. Schroeder.

Her precepts and opinions, her habits, her familiar words, her very countenance and actions, while they teach us the way of everlasting life, conspire to increase our longings to enjoy, with her, its promised bliss. The traits of her truly admirable and engaging character, like the words in some emphatic text of Holy Writ, combine to express a sacred sentiment for our meditation. To a delineation of these traits the next chapter will be devoted.

VI. HER CHARACTER.

"Her light increased unto the perfect day;
The world, it knew her not, and could not know,
Nor understand her ways, nor see the ray
That came from heaven to light her, while she'd go
From strength to strength; along this vale of woe,
A rainbow, sprung from the baptismal well,
Surrounded her, and beamed about her brow."

THE BAPTISTERY.

"Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is retreat:
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight;
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light."

LORD LYTTLETON.

IN childhood, in maturity of years, and in old age, her distinguishing traits of character were gentleness and meekness. To these were superadded, by the influence of divine grace, eminent spirituality. Her slender, erect figure, easy and quiet movements, sweet tones of voice, and, above all, benign and often heavenly expression of countenance, gave her, especially when she drew near the close of life, a presence that was felt to be almost unearthly;

"For holy angels seemed around to dwell,
Creating there a heaven-constraining spell."

One of her near relatives, eminently fitted, both by nature and education, to appreciate her qualities of mind and

heart, and, for more than fifty years, an almost daily visiter at her house, has said, "The natural sedateness of her temperament, increased by the partial solitude to which her deafness reduced her, matured by time, constituted that serene gravity of age, with which she was invested, and which, though it was far removed from sternness, I never approached, without experiencing some feelings of affectionate awe."*

Amid her cares, her trials, and her sorrows, she preserved a sweet benignity of countenance; and there was indicated by it, with great faithfulness, as sweet a tranquillity of mind. She enjoyed, also, with her devout composure, an elevation of religious feelings, that resulted from high, and far-reaching Pisgah views of the saints' promised rest. Her deafness secured her mind from the intrusion of many every-day, idle and frivolous thoughts; and abiding in its sanctuary, which was a very temple of the Holy Ghost, her soul indulged so much in uninterrupted and devout contemplation, that her aspect and movements, as well as the whole manner of her thoughts and feelings, acquired, more and more, particularly attractive and alluring characteristics of a divine philosophy.

In prayer, in reading, and in meditation, she was daily in the mount with God. She lived above the perturbations of the grovelling world, in a calm upper region, where, even when "shadows, clouds, and darkness" hung over the scenery of earth, she was placid, and encircled with a celestial radiance. Habitually under the controlling influence of Gospel faith, and viewing all sublunary things by the light of eternity, she regarded the occur-

* These words of the Hon. D. S. Boardman, (Aug. 14th, 1848,) are already quoted, in p. 177.

rence of a death as a vivid event, associated with the great verities of the invisible world. And "all the changes and chances" of our existence here,

> "Do take a *sober* coloring, from an eye
> That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

In her allusions to the departure of souls from time into the eternal world, there was, in general, moreover, a very comprehensive brevity, that was often singularly terse and memorably expressive.

On the sudden death of a connection,* eminent for moral worth and Christian piety, she said, "How true is it, that in the midst of life we are in death. When a good man dies, it is a loss to the world." A young friend having departed after a lingering illness, she observed, "Julia is *gone!* and, I believe, she died a sincere penitent. We have more reason to weep for *ourselves* than for *her.*" Her reflection on the case of one who had but little treasure in possession, and much in prospect, was: "E. B. is dead. Although his rank in life was rather humble, he is a serious loss. God hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith. And that he was rich in faith, he gave sufficient evidence." She says of one, "Mrs. L. is no more. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord! God in mercy grant, that *we* may die the death of the righteous;" and of another, "His wife expected that he would have come to the North; but he has gone, I hope, to a better country, as she speaks highly of his piety." Hearing of the decease of an aged Jewess, who was an acquaintance of the family, she remarked: "Poor old Mrs. N.! She probably died, without the knowledge of a Saviour. But the

* The Hon. Matthew Marvin, of Wilton, Conn., already referred to, at p. 180.

Judge of all the earth will do right; and in his hands we must leave her." "I attended, yesterday, the funeral of Mrs. W., a resigned, humble Christian, who died in faith, and with the hope of a blessed immortality. May her death lead her husband to reflection and repentance!" "A long procession has just passed, bearing the body of Dr. R. to his narrow house. Who shall go next? Will it be an old grief-worn, infirm mortal, like myself? or a young, blooming one, full of anticipations, and hoping to see many years and much happiness? Inscrutable are the ways of Providence! How little do we know what changes a day may bring!" "Our Church is called to mourn the loss of one of her most respected members, W. W. Oh, how dreadfully that poor family are afflicted! Four taken, in little more than a year. May God support them, and be their Father and their friend!" "What an afflictive dispensation to Mr. W. and family the loss of his daughter must be! She was a beautiful and blooming girl, when I last saw her. But she could not be *too early* admitted into the mansions of bliss."

When a young man, residing in her neighborhood, committed suicide by poison, she said, "How unaccountable, that one brought up in a Christian community, and in a family of which so many are professors of religion, should be led to commit such a dreadful crime! How fervently ought we all to pray, 'Lord, take not thy Holy Spirit from me!'" And when a married woman, after having *for two years* meditated self-destruction, laid violent hands upon herself, and was found in her own house, with a razor at her side, and with just life and breath enough to profess her repentance of the deed, Mrs. Boardman remarked, "How dangerous, even to suffer our thoughts to dwell upon a crime, and especially one of such magnitude!"

The prominent emotion which she felt, at the contemplation of a funeral scene, was excited by a concern for the spiritual state of the departed. "Yesterday, I was very much surprised," said she, "on learning that Mrs. C. T.'s corpse had passed through our village. She has followed her husband, very soon; and will, I hope, meet him in a state of blessedness, no more to be separated. How frequently we hear of the deaths of our friends and acquaintances! Others, we know not how soon, will hear that WE are gone. God grant that we may not go *unprepared!*" "Mr. B. is expected to live but a short time; yet he appears to possess what is better than life; perfect resignation to the will of God, and a joyful hope, through faith, of a blessed resurrection." "The longest life is soon terminated," said she, in communicating the tidings of a friend's departure; "and what will it avail us to have been rich and learned, and to have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, if we have not purchased that pearl of great price, an interest in Christ! May the goodness of God lead us to repentance; and may it be *our chief concern, to live to His honor and glory!*"

Such reflections, in which she very frequently indulged, were not, however, intended merely for the admonition of *others*. They led her to think of her own condition. "Do not these deaths call loudly on *me*, to be ready? I hope, that my dear children," said she, in a letter to her daughters, "will pray, that, through the grace of God, my sins may be pardoned, before I receive my summons."

With a view to be found, at her last hour, (to use her favorite phrase in describing a preparation for death,) *with her lamp trimmed and her light burning*, she diligently used those means of grace which God had instituted, and

cherished a deep interest in all things relating to the Redeemer's cause. She valued, above all else, His ministry and sacraments.

It was a peculiarly sore deprivation to her, to be denied the full enjoyment of the worship of the sanctuary, and the preaching of the Gospel. So great was her defect of hearing, that, even with the aid of an ear-trumpet, she could catch but a few words, and such only as were pronounced with very great distinctness. Yet she never failed, when her health permitted, to join the people of the Lord around His Holy Table. And there, as she received the sacred elements, without the comfort of hearing even one, perhaps, of those gracious words which the Church addresses to her children, as they kneel around her altar in the blessed sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, the venerable, but afflicted mother in Israel would, in a *touchingly gentle and devout* manner, "take" from the priest's hands the consecrated symbols. The last time that she was able to enjoy this refreshing from the presence of the Lord, was at the celebration of his Nativity, on the morning of Christmas-day.*

She felt a lively interest in the commemorations noted in the Church's Calendar. The holy services of our Sacred Year, continually kept alive her fervors of devotion; and,

> "Warmed by the breath of God
> With spiritual life, were made a source
> Of heav'n-ascending thoughts."

"From your account," said she to one† of her daughters, "you must have had an agreeable time at Christmas in New

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* December 25th, 1847. † C. E. B., December 21st, 1825.

York. In all your enjoyment, I hope that you did not forget the great event which on this day is commemorated,—even the birth of a Saviour, who 'shall save his people from their sins.' *They* are *not* his people, who forget him, and neglect to supplicate his grace." "To-morrow will usher in a new year. May it be a happy one to all the dear family at New York; and may every New-year's day we are permitted to see, find us making earnest preparation for the great and *last* day, which will soon come to us all." Year after year, not the Nativity only, but other holy-days, were improved to her own benefit, and that of her family and friends. After celebrating Christmas,* she said, "We had a pleasant day, and tolerably full church. It will surprise you to hear, that several of the Presbyterians joined us at the communion. Their minister, Mr. E., attended church, that day and the evening before. The church was handsomely decorated, and Mr. H. gave an excellent discourse, on Christmas-eve. Miss E. F.† spent the evening with me, and I read to her Bishop Dehon's Sermons for the season." Alluding to the custom of decorating the church with evergreens and other ornaments, and lighting it with numerous candles, on the evening before Christmas, and also of assembling then for divine worship, she wrote,‡ "They are busy in decorating the church, and arranging candles for Christmas-eve. Oh, that our *hearts* may be properly prepared, to celebrate that great festival, to the glory of God, and the salvation of our own souls. Will it not be, by many, observed merely as a day to feast and be merry! What ingratitude

* 1828.

† A Presbyterian lady; an old friend of Mrs. Boardman's.

‡ December 21st, 1832.

to that blessed Saviour, who came into the world, to suffer, and lay down his life, to save us miserable sinners from everlasting destruction."

The SACRED SEASONS designated in the Church's Calendar, she was long accustomed to improve, by reading appropriate sermons, or biographical sketches, from the pens of our most prominent divines, and works on the early history of the Church. She would often, also, on these occasions for animating the devout affections of the soul, peruse some volumes of modern biography, such as the memoirs of eminent and devoted missionaries. During the festivals at the close of the year 1831, she wrote: "How does the zeal of Martyn throw the greater part of professing Christians in shade! Alas, how few there are, that will 'leave all,' and so mortify their earthly affections, for the love of Jesus, and the souls of sinners! Oh, that *we* were all actuated by the same spirit; and that we might do all, to *the glory of God*, without consulting our own ease and pleasure."

She was always greatly devoted to the interest of the PARISH of which she and her family were members. At one time, when it was destitute of a pastor, and in a very depressed state, she mourned over its desolation: "Our church is shut, and I fear that it will not soon be open again. Our parish seems reduced almost to annihilation." When, a few months after, it greatly revived, under the efficient ministry of a pastor,* whose labors were eminently blessed, she said: "The Bishop has appointed to be here; and it is expected, that as many as twenty will present themselves for Confirmation. Mr. H. has bap-

* The Rev. Enoch Huntington, Rector of St. John's Church at New Milford, for twenty-two years, from A. D. 1827 to 1848.

tized eighteen persons since my return home. It is pleasant, to see our parish awaking from its long lethargic slumber; and I pray, that Almighty God, who is able to reanimate 'dry bones,' may water and bless it, and cause it to bring forth fruit a hundred fold."

During the prevalence of "revivals of religion" among non-Episcopalians, for several years, and amid seasons of general attention to religious subjects, among all Christians, her reflections, often very brief, were always remarkable for their sound wisdom and true piety.

"L. has gone down to the 'inquiry meeting,' this afternoon," said she. "Fervently do I wish, that *all, old* and young, may be deeply impressed with the importance of religion; and never rest, until they have made their peace with God, through the merits of a crucified Saviour." At another time, she observed: "There has been a very great religious excitement, the winter past. N. has been so much under the influence of it, that her health and spirits have suffered material injury. We all are sinners, and ought to be profoundly penitent. But to indulge despair, to the destruction of health, seems to imply a distrust of the promises of God, and to be a species of suicide. There are many, I presume, who, without considering the subject in this light, fall victims to it." Two years after, she thus expressed herself, on a similar occasion: "There is a great religious sensation here. Many are *running to and fro*, seeking *knowledge*. I hope, that, through the blessing of God, it may prove mighty, 'to the breaking down the strong-holds of Satan.' Mr. H. is very much engaged; visits his people, and preaches every evening in different parts of the town. The Presbyterian society are not less active. They have their evening meetings, and prayers at the meeting-house every morning at 5 o'clock.

Oh, I do pray, that this may not all evaporate, and their hearts become more hardened." "May the Lord bless all *proper* means of bringing people to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, the only Saviour!"

To the SUPPORT OF THE PASTOR of the parish, and the general expenses of the church, she cheerfully and liberally contributed, at all times; and even when many would have been tempted to withhold *at least a part* of their usual contributions. "I feel not a little mortification," she once remarked, "that my name has been made so much use of, and I would much rather have taken a *back seat.** I think, however, that the principal men were determined that I should keep *the one we have always occupied.* I suppose that something was said about 'Madam's' sitting there, and offence taken. Dr. W. called on me to explain what he thought was misunderstood. I told him, that I was not particularly attached to that seat, but that I would give *as much* toward the salary of the pastor, as the principal men did, provided that their *sons who had families* were not included in the fathers' subscriptions, which, I understood, was the case the preceding year. The Dr. seemed pleased, and said, 'Well, well, I believe that is about right.'"

The parish SUNDAY-SCHOOL engaged her sympathies, and received many pledges of her Christian charity. "I confidently expect," she said, while a number of young persons were using their efforts in the cause, "that our Fragment Society will collect money enough, before Easter, to lay the foundation for a Sunday-school Library." To her younger daughter,† who had long been very zealously en-

* This alludes to the annual assignment of sittings in the parish church.

† C. E. B., then absent from home.

gaged in the Sunday-school, she wrote: "You would feel well paid for the trouble you have taken in procuring clothes for little G. B., were you here to attend church, and see him, every Sunday, in his seat, with his Prayer-Book, and composed, pleasant face, kneeling whenever he sees others assume that posture. It is very encouraging, when children are thus docile, and take instruction readily. Yet, when it is *otherwise*, teachers must *persevere*, adding 'line upon line, and precept upon precept.' Sow 'the good seed,' and it may 'bring forth fruit' in 'the day that we think not of.'"

She highly appreciated the importance of the RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG. On receiving an account of the infant-school connected with the New York *City Mission*, she said, in reply, "The Mission Infant-school must certainly be a very interesting object. So many poor, destitute children, clothed, and taught their duty to God and their fellow-creatures! I am willing and desirous to *do* something for them; and I send a donation." While the Rev. Dr. Cutler* was in the midst of his great usefulness in the mission, she said, after reading a sermon of his, "I hope his exertions may be blessed, and that he may be instrumental in bringing many a poor sinner to the knowledge of the truth."

The labors of THE MINISTRY, and the STATE OF RELIGION, throughout the borders of the Church, not only occupied her thoughts, but deeply interested her feelings.

The occurrence of the lamented *death of Bishop Hobart*, led her to indulge in the following appropriate devout reflections:† "Poor Mrs. Hobart must have been ex-

* The Rev. Benjamin C. Cutler, D. D., now Rector of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

† Sept. 28th, 1830.

tremely afflicted, to receive the dreadful news of her husband's death. No one can conceive of her distress better than *I* can, who have experienced it all. Most sincerely do I sympathize with her. God, in his providence, is rapidly thinning the ranks of our clergy. Ought we not to consider it a judgment upon our lukewarmness? May it arouse the minds of all, that they may be more diligent in religious duties, and more liberal in contributing to the support of religious institutions, and particularly to *the education of young men for the Sacred Ministry.*"

It was her habit, to cheer the clergy, by kind words of encouragement, amid their trials, and thus to animate them in their "work and labor of love." To one of them,* she sent this message: "Give my best love to our dear Frederick; and tell him, that, if he cannot make all good, he must be diligent in planting and watering, and trust in God for the increase."

Those chords of her heart, that, throughout her widowhood, most readily and most frequently vibrated, were such as felt the touch of sorrow or of death.

When her son-in-law was in a state of dangerous illness, occasioned by a fever resulting from a fall, and little hope of his recovery was entertained, she thus improved the incident:† "I tremble, from fear of the consequences. Oh, how truly may it be said, 'In the midst of life we are in death.' In what constant preparation, then, ought we to live, that Death may not surprise us by his *unexpectedly* appearing, but that we may meet him, as a messenger sent from our Heavenly Father, to call us from a world of sor-

* Her son-in-law, then an Assistant Minister of Trinity Church, in the city of New York.

† In a letter to her daughter, Mrs. Schroeder, Jan. 27th, 1827.

row to a blessed and eternal home. My dear, beloved child, my tears flow, and my heart throbs for you. I know what your sufferings are, while watching, in suspense, by your dear Frederick, and what they will be, if the event should be fatal. I yet trust and hope, that God will not take away His servant, in the morning of his usefulness, but that he will live, many years, to plead the cause of Christ, and to assist not a few poor sinners to escape from death unto life. My most affectionate regards to him. That God may spare his precious life, and restore him to health, is my ardent and constant prayer." And on a subsequent occasion, when he severely suffered, from an attack of varioloid, she remarked,* after having sent to him many comforting and cheering messages, "I hope, that we may never forget to be truly thankful to the God of all mercies, that He has been graciously pleased to restore our dear friend to health, and not suffer the loathsome disorder to attack any other member of the family."

Her house, the well-known seat of generous hospitality, every apartment of it being associated with the names of revered, honored, and beloved guests who had been its occupants, was, by emphasis, the home and trysting-place of all Bishops of the Church, and other clergy, who visited New Milford. It was their rule, for a long course of years, to accept her offer of *a prophet's room*, and to *abide with* her, and meet around her board. And she was ever ready to receive them with a glad heart, and to furnish them with at least as may comforts as were afforded by *the widow of Shunem*† to the "man of God" in *her* day. She delighted to honor the Lord's prophets, in the name

* October 31st, 1830. † 2 Kings, iv, 10.

of prophets; and she rejoiced to think of the blessings which they left behind them, by their edifying conversation, and their prayers of faith.

From her frequent interviews with the clergy, and from her constant perusal of Church and other magazines and journals, she was familiarly acquainted with the state of religion, both at home and abroad; and domestic and foreign missions she made the subject of her prayers, and the object of her liberal benefactions.

It was her long established rule of duty, to "lay by" her "in store" stated contributions for the cause of religion and benevolence, "as the Lord prospered" her. The general institutions of the Church, and the diocesan institutions of Connecticut, she accounted it her *privilege*, as well as her duty, to sustain. Not forgetful of the apostolic precept, to "provide for her own, and especially for those of her own house," she often relieved, in the true spirit of this divine directory for Christian conduct, such as needed her considerate "testimonies of regard," as she called them. After signing her name to a letter that contained a liberal gift, she added a postscript, saying, "Something is enclosed." On another occasion, she said, "We are growing old, my dear ———, and cannot expect to meet many times more in this world. May God grant us grace to be prepared to meet in a happier one. My love to your children and grandchildren. Accept the enclosed trifle, from your affectionate M. A. B."

The poor in general, always found her homestead an asylum, where they might be *sure* to have *relief in time of want;* and, what proved to some of them more important, from its abiding influence, *Gospel consolation and advice.* Some, who *asked* no charity, but had favorable opportunities to convey it to their relatives or neighbors,

she would, in the most quiet and unpretending manner, supply with pecuniary means, by putting into their hands, in the act of bidding them farewell, some substantial proof, that she was disposed to do more for the suffering, than to say, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled."

A pleasing illustration of this was afforded by the case of a plain woman, whose faith was much tried by sickness in her sister's family. She paid a visit to the homestead, to enjoy the consolation of our aged mother's Christian sympathy, not soliciting nor expecting pecuniary aid. But as she told her tale of sorrow, it awakened the appropriate Gospel sentiment of pity; and when she left the house, she felt in her hand, as she took leave of her venerable Christian friend, what proved to be a bank-note, to procure for the afflicted sister and her family the relief required. It was not without reluctance that the money was received; but the visiter said, afterward, in speaking of the timely, valuable gift, "*It was wanted, where it went!*"

From long established Gospel principles of charity, and from the habitual contemplation of the good examples of those who have finished their course in faith, this unpretending giver gave promptly, liberally, and cheerfully, and, at the same time, with as strict a regard as possible to our Divine Master's rule, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth; that thine alms may be in secret."

Very numerous *delicate* offerings by her, for the temporal relief of the suffering, are gratefully remembered by them and their families. Among this group who call her blessed, are found many widows, and very many of *the fatherless.* Although unseen by man, the alms and oblations which have gladdened these, are, like the mites of the widow in the Gospel, not unobserved by the all-seeing

eye of Jesus, and are recorded in the book of his remembrance, to be told of this aged mother in Israel, "for a memorial of her."

A venerable clergyman, who has, for forty-six years, been an affectionate friend of the family, has said, in a letter to one of the daughters, on the subject of her "lamented parents," "I duly appreciate their valuable and useful lives, and bear testimony to their blessed memory; for their love and patronage of the Church, and patriotism to the State; for their public spirit and private charity; their hospitality to all, and munificence to widows and orphans."*

In the legitimate exercise of true Gospel philanthropy, she sent her sympathies to DISTANT LANDS, to pour oil and wine into the wounds of the wretched, or to supply the famishing with food. She recognized and beautifully exemplified the truth, that

> "Man is one:
> And he hath one great heart. And thus we feel,
> With a gigantic throb, across the sea,
> Each other's rights and wrongs."

In the year 1828, she was all alive to the claims of suffering humanity in Greece; and, at later periods, she remembered, in her prayers and alms, the hungry and the thirsty, the stranger and the naked, the sick and the prisoner, in remote regions of the earth. Whenever Religion or Humanity appealed to her, by their messengers at her door, with applications from various parts of our own country, or by a distant cry borne on the winds across the ocean, she listened to the claims presented, and was always, when she gave, one of those *cheerful* givers that *God loveth.*

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* MS. *Letter from the Rev. Daniel Burhans, D. D.* to C. E. B.

A striking characteristic of her benefactions, was the *Christian principle* that prompted them. While she did good and distributed, because "with such sacrifices God is well pleased;" and while she was, in the indulgence of her far-reaching philanthropy, desirous to "do good unto *all* men," she cherished a prevailing and predominant disposition to remember "especially" "them that are of the household of faith." On this account, she was particular in giving a suitable portion of her alms, during the offertory, at the celebration of the Holy Communion.

When persons of doubtful character or of evil habits applied to her for charity, she judiciously contrived, by the measure and the manner of her gifts to them, to accomplish something for their *spiritual welfare.*

A poor man and his wife, who indulged in habitual intemperance, were occasionally relieved, in their great extremity, by her alms to them and their large family of children. When, on one occasion, the wife called to ask for alms, her Christian friend expressed great willingness to *relieve distress*, but not a little reluctance to give charity when it was so very likely to be misapplied. She then, in her gentle and kind manner, remonstrated with the poor woman, and so convincingly and touchingly set forth the awful consequences of intemperance, and its great sinfulness in God's sight, that the woman was, at once, persuaded, secretly but firmly to resolve, that she would lead a new life. And although, for a long time, daily tempted by her husband, to share with him his alluring, but debasing cup, she was enabled, by the grace of God, entirely to abandon her degrading habit, through her aged friend's frank and earnest remonstrance.

The contemplation and enjoyment of the blessings with which she was favored, led her to think of those families

around her that were destitute, and to render unto God, at the same time, a tribute of thanksgiving. "Betsey* sits reading at the fire," said she, on a chilly day in autumn, "and we begin to feel like winter. It is quite cold this evening. If *I* dread the severity of the weather, how much more must they, who have no means of procuring fuel and other things necessary for their comfort? Bless the Lord, O my soul, for all his goodness to unworthy me; and may he ever incline my heart to feel for others." In mid-winter, with home comforts around her, she wrote:† "Betsey boasts that she has beat Jack Frost. She has been battling with him for six or eight weeks. Her monthly rose has three beautiful blossoms, and too many buds to count." And the beginning of June found her heart overflowing with sentiments of the same religious gratitude, which she had indulged at her fire-side in autumn and mid-winter. One of her letters to her daughters thus expresses her emotions, at the end of May: "I wish you could be here. The transition would surely be delightful, from brick walls to green fields, purling streams, and trees clothed with the richest foliage. The few days of warm weather that we have had, have made a great change in the face of nature. Every thing of the vegetable kind, seems to have sprung into life, and expanded itself at once. How good is God, who provides so abundantly, not only for our necessities, but for our pleasure! And how ungrateful we! to neglect, or at least not to praise Him, and give Him thanks, for the blessings we are continually receiving."

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* Her sister, Miss Elizabeth Whiting, better known by her familiar title, "Aunt Betsey," and never more "at home," than when with a good book in hand, or busied with her plants both in summer and winter.

† February 23d, 1831.

It was a source of unfailing pleasure to her, to tell of God's loving kindness, by recounting, in detail, His temporal and spiritual benefits. And she had a heart that could make every word of the Church's song of praise glow with devout fervor, as she said or sang, "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord."

She dwelt much upon His mercies to us as a *nation*, and would recur to striking facts, with which she had been impressed in childhood, and during a period of more than half a century.

Her ardent LOVE OF COUNTRY led her to take great pleasure in the perusal of all books, pamphlets, and journals, that recorded its history, or exhibited the lives and characters of its leading worthies. The speeches of our prominent statesmen, on the welfare of the nation, she carefully perused; and her observations on them were often very judicious, and sometimes remarkably sententious and terse. The fact of her husband's being so much occupied in public business, as a member of the Legislature of Connecticut, and also of the Senate of the United States, and afterward her son William's being in the same Legislature, and in the House of Representatives in Congress, very naturally heightened her interest in those political subjects which most engaged their thoughts. But, independent of these influences, she felt, throughout life, those pulsations which, when she was a little child, she had felt, while rocked in the cradle of the Revolution. Careful to obtain accurate information in reference to the various leading topics of the times, she was able to discern with a clear eye, and fairly estimate the character and opinions of our prominent statesmen, and intelligently mark the progress of our political affairs.

At the time of the last war between the United

States and Great Britain, (and never may a breach between the mother and the daughter, Christians of the same family, and kneeling at the same altar of the Lord, again give occasion for the shedding of each other's blood!) she thus* patriotically gave vent to her feelings: "I pray, that we may have an honorable peace; but I fear, that there is no prospect of it at present, unless our brave tars can strike a terror into the hearts of the enemy, that will subdue their *pride and obstinacy*. We have great reason to bless God, who hath 'given us the victory,' in so many instances, in battles AT SEA. It is *there* that the British feel a defeat the most sensibly. It is *there* that they have tyrannized over our defenceless seamen. And it is *there*, I hope, that they may be made to *tremble* before the noble-spirited America."

When important questions of civil policy were agitated, in the year 1833, she thus expressed herself, in a letter to one of her daughters:† "How mortified I should be, if the Legislature of Connecticut should approve and applaud the unconstitutional measures now proposed. Perhaps I take too great an interest in the politics of the day, for an old woman, whose race is nearly run. But it is painful to think, that the descendants of the brave men who fought and bled to make them free, are in danger of being again, so soon, reduced to a state of vassalage. But 'the Lord reigneth.' Let us hope and pray, that He will bring order out of confusion, and not punish us, as a nation or individuals, as much as we deserve." After receiving from her daughter Cornelia, who had just visited Mount Vernon, an account of her tour to that sacred spot,

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* April 3d, 1813, in a letter to her son William, then at Cambridge, Mass.
† C. E. B., April 11th, 1833.

she said, in reply,* "No true patriots can visit the tomb of Washington, without an emotion which it would be difficult to describe, if they duly estimate his character, and the services he rendered to his country. I fear, that the world will not produce another such man, in this degenerate age."

She loved to read and speak of the great and good men of the Revolution, and of their wisdom and piety, as well as of their heroic achievements, the Lord being their helper, in founding and erecting our vast and august temple, sacred to political and religious liberty, the admiration and the wonder of the world. The stirring scenes distinctly and faithfully daguerreotyped upon her susceptible mind in youth, especially her father's frequent risk of life in promoting the good cause of the Federal Government, and the trials and perils of *him* also, at a later period, to whom she was destined to be allied in marriage, would impart to her eye a sparkling brightness, when she told of the noble works which God did *in their days*, and would kindle her expressive countenance with new life, even at the epoch of her advanced old age.

She entertained for General Harrison the profoundest sentiments of admiration, regarding him as almost a resuscitated veteran chief and statesman of '76. When his sudden death, just after his inauguration, cast the gloom of an eclipse upon the bright prospects of our country, she said,† "I consider *the death of our President* a judgment upon the nation, for their many and aggravated sins. And I wish that we, as a nation, may apply the subject to our hearts, and sincerely repent and turn from every evil

* April 19th, 1839.

† In a letter to her daughter Caroline, April 14th, 1841.

way." To her son William, then a member of the national House of Representatives, she wrote,* "It seems to me, that General Harrison's death is as much to be regretted from religious as from political considerations. The wicked will stand in awe of a truly pious man; and if they will not follow his example, it will be at least some check upon them. I should have few fears for my country, if every member of Congress was possessed of the spirit of our late President, and if all had the good of the nation at heart, instead of their sordid ambition and selfishness. Yet I trust that there are *some* who do fervently and earnestly pray, that the Holy Spirit may be with them, and direct them in all their doings; and I trust, that *one very dear to me* is among the number."

The *deterioration of morals and of social habits*, among the members of our national councils, since the times of those who composed our Continental Congress, and signed the Declaration of our Independence, often formed the topic of her conversation. And when a hope was raised of effecting a *reform* at Washington, by regulating and restraining, in a measure, the prevailing immoderate pleasures of the table, she thus wrote to her son :† "High living and little exercise are not conducive to health and long life. A certain physician, when he saw a luxurious table spread, remarked, that on such occasions he fancied he saw numerous diseases lurking among the dishes. Mr. Marshall has set a good example to the members of Congress. I wish that all would follow it, and discard all intoxicating liquors, wine not excepted, from their tables. Business would go on more rapidly, and in better temper. Some one observes, that, if temperance should prevail in Con-

* July 10th, 1841. † January 15th, 1842.

gress, he would hope to see religion gain admittance. I should be sorry to believe, that, among characters of the first class in the United States, there is no religion. Could I believe that, I should almost despair of my country."

Not less fervent than her love of country, was her LOVE OF THE CHURCH. Her attachment to its doctrines, discipline, and worship, and her earnest desire to grow in grace and spiritual knowledge, directed her attention to the perusal of such books as she thought best calculated to lift up her heart unto the Lord, and to "enlighten her mind more and more with the light of the everlasting Gospel," so that she might "daily increase in His Holy Spirit more and more," until she should come unto His everlasting kingdom. The prayer which the Church offered for her at the font, was answered; for she was "steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in charity." And it was the prevailing, influential, cheering, and comforting conviction in her mind, in all her pilgrimage, that He who had "begun a good work" in her would "perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

Her chief source of spiritual nourishment, beside the Supper of the Lord, was the bread of life in Holy Scripture. In addition to those portions of the Word of God which she read morning and evening, daily, together with her family, according to the Calendar in the Book of Common Prayer, she would frequently, amid her household cares and duties, take occasion to repair a moment to her Bible, as to a pure, cool fountain, for a refreshing draught. She read also standard writers of the Church, with an ever present thought of being thus, through the coöperating grace of God, built up in her most holy faith. In her old age, she perused, with much pleasure, the lives of Bishops White, Griswold, and Hobart, the sermons of

Bishops Seabury and Porteus, Bishop Brownell's Religion of the Heart and Life, Baxter's Saints' Rest, Venn's Sermons, Legh Richmond's Memoirs and Works, the lives of Ashmun and Henry Martyn, the writings of Gresley and Sewell, Jay's Exercises, and especially Doddridge's Family Expositor. The difference of views among these authors did not disquiet nor distract her mind; for, in the exercise of an eclectic privilege, which all may enjoy without a troubled thought, she culled what she regarded as the choice products of their best sentiments and holiest fervors, and with these she regaled herself as she journeyed heavenward.

Her conviction of the divine origin and institution of the Christian Ministry, was deep and influential; and she thought that it must be "evident unto all men," as the Church says in the preface to her Ordinal, "that from the Apostles' time there have been three Orders of Ministers in Christ's Church, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons." This led her to have them "in reverend estimation," to esteem them as authenticated ambassadors for Christ, and to receive from their hands, in the Holy Communion, "the spiritual food of the most precious Body and Blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ," "assured thereby of His favor and goodness."

The doctrines of the Church, as set forth in the Articles and Liturgy, she regarded, in all points, evangelical and apostolic. During a "revival of religion" at New Milford, she was led thus to vindicate these doctrines:* "The Presbyterians have made a great stir here, and have had meetings nearly every day for a fortnight. This is all very well. I only wish, that they had a little more charity

* Letter to her son Henry, March 30th, 1838.

for their neighbors. Some of them have revived the old story, that there is *no religion* in the Episcopal Church, and that we do not believe in *a change of heart*, &c. &c. If ours is a *true* Church of God, they cannot overthrow it. For our lukewarmness, they may be permitted to punish us, by annoying us and weakening our hands, and by enticing away from us those who were inclined to be our friends." Of all the doctrines of the Church, that one on which she discoursed most frequently, and around which her devout affections were continually clustering, was the ATONEMENT. She very often referred to it in her letters and in conversation; she prized those sermons the most highly, which derived from this doctrine their arguments and their appeals; and whenever she alluded to her consolation and her hope, her thoughts and feelings at once led her to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Her favorite expressions, in speaking of him, were "The Crucified Redeemer," and "the Bleeding Saviour."

Upon the Book of Common Prayer she set a high value, esteeming it not only as a directory of devotion, but as a casket repositing the choicest jewels of the sanctuary, the *cardinal doctrines of the Gospel, in the very words of God.* And the Churchman, as he clasps it to his heart, with fervent gratitude, has good reason to say,

> "It is, in one rich handful, heaven and all!"
> "It is the armory of light;
> Let constant use but keep it bright,
> You'll find it yields
> To holy hands and humble hearts
> More swords and shields,
> Than sin hath snares or hell hath darts."

The Bible, the Ministry and Sacraments, and the Lit-

urgy, afforded our aged saint in Christ that provision of "angels' food," which strengthened and refreshed her for performing every duty, and encountering every trial, that by God's appointment became a part of her Christian experience. Her habitual associations were religious. Her life, especially as she drew near its close, was a continued act of communion with God.

Free from the influence of grovelling or selfish passions, she lived, in the fullest acceptation of the phrase, "above the world." It was her delight, to go up, as to the summit of the mount of God, in elevated contemplation, and in secret prayer; and, like those who visit lofty mountain heights, she too discovered, in her ascents,

> "Rare, lovely flowers, such as disdain to live
> In lower regions, and, delighted, drink
> The clouds before they fall."

These she would bring with her, when she descended to resume her ordinary occupations. And the divine fragrance that breathed around her, caused all with whom she associated, to "take knowledge" of her, that she "had been with Jesus."

A family friend,* every way qualified, by education and by piety, to appreciate true excellence, said† to the daughter Cornelia, long her affectionate associate, "I know not why, but, from the first, I was irresistibly drawn toward your sweet mother. Her gentleness of manner, and the touching pensiveness of her countenance, always interested me. Her heart seemed to me *a resting-place for all that is good and peaceful.*" And the truth of this was admira-

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* "Julia," the wife of the Rev. J. F. Fish, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

† In a letter, dated July 6th, 1848.

bly illustrated by her charity, that *suffered long* and was *kind*, restoring offenders "in the spirit of meekness."

A woman who had lived with her, was led, from some unknown cause, to requite her kindness with highly disrespectful language, to the offence of the whole family. A short time after, when the woman called at the house to ask a favor of her insulted benefactress, one of the family said, "Dear mother, if you grant what she wants, you certainly ought not to attend to it *yourself*." "Oh," she replied, in her quiet manner, and with a tone of peculiar tenderness, as she rose from her chair, and, in the spirit of the Gospel, promptly went from the parlor to the kitchen, to give the woman what she asked, "Oh, does not God make his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and send rain on the just and on the unjust?"

Her kind condescension greatly conciliated the affectionate esteem of her household, including all classes of visiters who tarried at the homestead, though for a day only, and the clerks and agents employed during her husband's life, and servants also, together with those who in Connecticut are entitled "help."

After the departure of one of the clerks, he wrote to her: "Respected Benefactress,—On retiring from a family, of which I have so long been a member, permit me to present my sincere acknowledgments, for the indulgent treatment and respectful attention that I have ever received at your hands. It is not without some struggles of heart, that I can fortify myself, to bid adieu to tender guardians and intimate friends, with whom I have spent so many agreeable and happy hours. But I console myself with the reflection, that I have not spent those hours in vain, nor prodigally sported my time away, in pursuit of futile, vicious, and deceitful pleasures. The sentiments

of gratitude, I trust, are so engraven on my heart, that it will require more than a few years, to obliterate those times which are still dear in recollection."

One of the clerks, naturally harsh and violent in his manner of accosting those around him, would often use profane words, in the presence of her, whom he, in common with all others, delighted to honor, but whose deafness prevented her hearing the expressions which he uttered. Shocked at his language, as he, on one occasion, was sitting in her presence, one of the family said, "If you use such words again, I will certainly tell her of it." Starting at the thought of this, he exclaimed, with intense feeling, "Oh, no! I'd rather have you tell all the ministers in Connecticut."

Many pleasing testimonies to her character are suggested by the fact, that she often retained persons in her employ, for a long term of years. Several remained with her, nine, ten, or fifteen years; her old gardener, more than thirty; a farmer, thirty-eight; and a serving-man, forty.

Writing to her daughter Caroline, who had sent a gift to the old gardener, she said, "Shannon was quite overcome with your present, and could scarcely speak. At length he said, that he ought to pray for you, as long as he should live. He is, as usual in winter, feeble and lame." A few years after, she wrote: "Poor old Shannon has been very ill, for two or three weeks. It is doubtful, whether he will ever go out of the house again to work. He appears to be very penitent, and says, that he has lived a long life to no purpose. Two days after he was confined to his bed, he sent for Mr. Huntington, talked freely with him, and received the communion. He invokes, with tears in his eyes, blessings on the heads of all our family."

In addition to the superintendence of her domestic affairs, she had the care of whatever related to the farm connected with the homestead; and was required, daily, and not unfrequently many times in a day, to give her opinion or her sanction, as to the purchase or sale of farm stock or produce. This she did, during the five and twenty years that intervened between her husband's death and her own last sickness. And as she kept no pass-books, and no open accounts with shops or stores, but uniformly paid cash for all her purchases, she was called to the practice of great diligence and accuracy, in making the numerous entries of receipts and payments in her day-book, which she kept with a neatness and precision that would do credit to a professed book-keeper.

The numerous demands upon her time and thoughts she did not fail to answer, from delays, and procrastinations, and the *want of time*. She learned in childhood, and she maintained throughout her long life, the habit of *early rising*. And this was one of the most important elements of her success in managing household affairs. "I believe," says one of her daughters,* "that, until within the last five years of her life, her usual time of rising was between five and six o'clock." She thus had, to use one of her well known phrases, *the whole day before her*.

In all her toils and cares, there was no exhibition, at any time, of a confused or distracted state of mind. Her "much serving" did not prevent her *sitting at Jesus' feet*, to *hear His word;* nor was she, on the other hand, so absorbed in the contemplative enjoyments, that she forgot the practical duties, of religion. While she made the proper entries in her day-book, she never failed to recur,

† Mrs. Schroeder.

also, to that unspeakably more important book, according to the records of which we are to be called to render our account at the last day.

And that which was the crowning charm of all her qualities, shone in her entire unconsciousness of the admiration she excited, and in her low estimate of all that she so perseveringly and so well accomplished. It might be said of her, with emphasis in every line,

> "As streams that run o'er golden mines,
> Yet humbly, calmly glide,
> Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
> Within their gentle tide,
>
> "So, veiled beneath the simplest guise,
> Her radiant graces shone,
> And that which charmed all other eyes,
> Seemed worthless in her own."

It was, however, in the circle at the family fire-side, that she illustrated the most winning of her attributes.

To the homestead, which possesses numerous attractions in its surrounding scenery, she imparted a transcendent charm, by her unusually endearing qualities of mind, and by her liberal supply, not only of "creature comforts," but of intellectual and moral sources of enjoyment.

There is, indeed, not a little allurement in the homestead landscape. Nature has disposed it, with the happiest effect. It exhibits, in the midst of an amphitheatre of hills, a New England village, with the marked and conciliating features of such homes of industry and piety. The Housatonic, flowing meekly in its current to sea, winds its unpretending way along a quiet valley, around which the Green Mountains throw a range of graceful, undulating hills, with here and there a stately natural dome that di-

versifies the scenery, and agreeably blends with its prevailing beauty, a sentiment of grandeur.

Nestled in this quiet valley among hills, is the village of New Milford, on the Housatonic's eastern bank. A pleasing view of the adjacent country is afforded by a rising ground, "Town-Hill," just at the north end of the village. From this point is beheld a slope on the south-east, which travellers who have visited the land of Palestine have found to enliven their religious sensibilities, by a quickly recognized resemblance to Mount Olivet. And towering above that is seen Second Hill, from which the eye can range over a vast panorama, that is replete with interesting objects of attraction, scattered over a wide expanse limited by the Catskill Mountains in the remote west.

In a southerly direction, we behold, three miles distant, Falls Mountain. Near its base, but undiscoverable from the village, the waters of the Housatonic change their peacefulness to great disquiet, plunging down an abrupt descent, in foam and spray, among obstructing rocks. But soon resuming their tranquillity, they pass through a deep, narrow gorge, between two densely wooded declivities, and, beyond these, expand into a lakelet, the shores of which, as well as the rocky margin of the river at the place of its descent called Great Falls, were Indian fishing grounds. The whole neighboring region awakens also many recollections of the Sachem Werauhamaug, whose grave may still be seen, near the site where stood, (at the beginning of the last century, when he was visited by his missionary friend, the Rev. Daniel Boardman,)* his curiously wrought bark palace, long the object of the red

* See page 124, where this fact is more particularly mentioned.

man's wonder and admiration, but now, like the honored sachem and his warriors, mingled with the dust.

On the west side of the village is a mountain ridge, which the aborigines consecrated to the interment of their dead. And at the present day, numerous mounds there indicate the spot, where, now and then, some Indian pilgrim might, but a few years since, be seen visiting and sighing at the graves of his forefathers. In the immediate neighborhood of these aboriginal tumuli, is situated Guarding Mountain, where the Indians placed their sentinels and kindled their watch-fires, in view of their contiguous stronghold on Fort Hill.

Further northward, are presented to the eye of the spectator who looks out from our point of observation, the pine-covered cliffs of Candlewood Mountain and its family of hills. And as we thence turn to the north-east, we see standing out, in bold relief, a pinnacle, entitled Mount Tom, stationed like a sentry, and signifying to his numerous comrades who recline around him, "All is well."

The mountain host around the valley, like giant guardians of the spot, clad almost throughout in rich green drapery, and here and there pointing a lofty summit to the skies, awaken in the spectator's mind, (especially if he has glanced at the neighboring grave-yard,) mingled reminiscences of earthly joys with loved ones here, and hopes of heavenly bliss with them hereafter.

The village, thus encompassed and sentinelled by hills, presents a picture of about seventy neat, cheerful dwellings, on the sides of a broad street; near one extremity of which is the meeting-house with its tall steeple, and, near the other, the church with its less pretending tower, both pointing to the Divine Source of the surrounding blessedness. Directly fronting the meeting-house, and

with a full view of its Doric portico, stands, a few feet retired from the general range of houses, the home of the Boardman family, overarched with venerable elms and maples, and embellished with unusually tall and wide-spreading lilacs, choice shrubs and flowers, and espaliers and trellises with sweet-scented vines hanging in redundant festoons and wreaths.

A family friend,* whose delicate perception of the beautiful in Nature is equalled, if not surpassed, by her devout appropriation of it to the cherishing of spiritual affections, several years ago addressed the following stanzas to one of the daughters of the family, who has long been her friend and correspondent. The stanzas throw over the home scenery many pleasing and hallowed associations.

"TO CORNELIA."

"As stand the hills about thy happy home,
As if supporting heaven's o'erarching dome,
So may th' Almighty's love begirt thee round,
And thus with guardian angels thee surround.

"As when the angry storm-wind's ragings cease,
That tranquil river sleeps in gentlest peace,
To my admiring gaze reflecting true
The beauteous cloud, and pure ethereal blue,

"So may a still small voice, harmonious more
Than softest breeze along its peaceful shore,
Your troubled spirit soothe in storms of wo,
And thus may you show heav'n to all below.

"As bend the trees along its verdant banks
Low o'er the gliding stream, as if in thanks

* Miss Mary P. Hale, of Boston, already (pp. 206—210) mentioned.

For genial moisture night and day supplied,
In constant freshness, from its flowing tide,

"So to the Source of all the joys that rise
Along your path in ever fresh supplies,
Thus grateful, bow; your tribute humbly bring
To Him, the fount whence living waters spring.

"As the pure cloud that rests awhile serene
On summit of yon hill of varied green,
Reflecting now to my attentive gaze
In dazzling brilliance Sol's resplendent rays,

"So live above the earth, thus brightly shine,
Reflecting radiance from thy Sun Divine;
Then, gently as yon cloud recedes from sight,
Ascend to heav'n, to exult in endless light."

Describing the attractions immediately around the dwelling of the family, one of the daughters said:* "The scented breeze coming from the vines, flowers, and foliage that surround this sweet spot, seems like the spicy gale from an oriental grove, wafting delicious perfume. The fragrance from the blossoms of the grape when covered with dew, is of the purest odor; and while I stood last evening at the west hall-door, admiring the mellow light of the moon as it displayed to my view a scene dear from my childhood, the enjoyment seemed worthy of a journey from New York."

The trees and shrubbery around the house attract, especially at the seasons for the songs of birds, many a feathery visitant, that is prompted by the refreshing shade to pour forth there his cheerful melody. The tiny humming-bird also loves to resort thither, for the sweets af-

* Mrs. Schroeder, in a letter to her son John Frederick at New York, June 16th, 1848.

forded by the lily and the honeysuckle, and is often seen, in gorgeous plumage, poised a moment in the air, or flitting before the eye, like a winged flower; fixing, for an instant only, as by a spell, the gaze of the charmed beholder, and then, like life's bright, transitory joys, caught suddenly away.

Pleasures which were the counterpart of this surrounding loveliness, pervaded the home within, under the benign influence of the presiding spirit there. The cheerful entrance to the house; the wide, airy, furnished hall, smiling a glad welcome to every friendly guest; and the domestic aspect of the apartments, with their family portraits and numerous mementos of affection, combined with endearing sympathies habitually cherished, to make a comfortable, happy, and beloved HOME, the very name of which, to the children and the children's children of the family, was a magic, joy-inspiring word.

Throughout the summer and in autumn, every room was generally occupied by kindred or by family friends; and while some were reading in the house or in the adjoining arbors, others might be heard at the piano, or seen culling flowers in the garden, or plucking fruit there and in the orchard just beyond. The hall back-door was a favorite rendezvous for the grandchildren, and those who enjoyed with them the sport of feeding the tame doves, that would flock around their liberal purveyors, and even alight upon them and eat from their full hands. In the rear of the premises, between the house and stables, were seen, among the usual accessaries of the farm-yard, domestic animals and poultry; and the sounds occasioned by a conduit-pipe, from which a stream of water, afforded by a neighboring spring, runs into a large trough near the hall back-door, were heard at all hours, and, by their gush-

ing, purling, and bubbling, contributed many a refreshing thought, and soothing, lulling emotion. All things seen and heard around the peaceful spot, had an air corresponding with easy competence, prosperity, and plenty; and when the guest, although but a casual visiter, crossed the threshold of the house, and glanced around him at the furniture and arrangement of the parlor, the library, and the dining-room, with their abundant provision for literary instruction and amusement, religious knowledge and devotion, domestic comfort and happiness, and social pleasures, he could not fail to discern expressive indications of a cultivated, devout, and hospitable guardian genius of the place.

The crowning charm of this scene of domestic happiness, was the religious gratitude with which these blessings were enjoyed. A sacred flame burnt ever bright upon the family altar. Morning and evening, every inmate of the house heard the familiar summons to unite in family prayer; and the venerable mother of the group, and her children, grandchildren, and guests, solemnly, after the reading of a portion of God's word, lifted up their hearts unto the Lord, in the fervent language of the liturgy.

All who tasted of these home joys thus consecrated, found, and owned, that it was good for them to be there. It was a home, not of happiness only, but of true Christian piety. It was a serene retirement from the anxious cares of life; it was an expressive type, and cheering antepast, of those sympathies which are to be indulged in heaven.

That the truth of this sentiment was recognized and cherished, previous to the time when Mrs. Boardman's death solemnized and consecrated all that is associated with her name and dwelling, is evinced by many tributes of affection, and, among them, the following lines. They owe, perhaps, their only interest to the recollections they

awaken of her, but may serve at least to illustrate the observation which has just been made. They originally appeared in the form of a communication to three of the grandchildren and their mother, to be inserted in the columns of a weekly *manuscript* sheet, entitled the "Family Missive," which was edited by them, and sent statedly to New York, in exchange for a similar sheet prepared there with a view to their entertainment, and entitled the "On-dit."

"[For the Family Missive.]

KNOW'ST THOU THE LAND:

IN IMITATION OF GOETHE'S 'KENNST DU DAS LAND.'

Adhibete Penates
Et patrios, epulis, et quos colit hospes.
VIRG. ÆN., V, 62.

"Know'st thou the land? where, with her purling waters,
The Housatonic flows along the vale
That gladdens now my wife, and sons, and daughters,
Whom homestead joys 'mid homestead hills regale?
Know'st thou the spot?
'Tis there, 'tis there,
At summertide, we breathe the balmy air.

"Know'st thou the house? which elms and maples bower;
Where lilacs and altheas so abound;
Where joyous birds and many a fragrant flower
Glad songs and sweet aroma waft around?
Know'st thou the spot?
'Tis there, 'tis there!
To its primeval pleasures we repair.

"Know'st thou the inmates? aged and young kneeling,
To God their grateful orisons to give;
Who, loving and beloved, 'mid feasts of feeling,
In holy fellowship together live?
Know'st thou the group?
'Tis there, 'tis there,
Sweet antepasts of heav'n we love to share."

It was the happy faculty of Mrs. Boardman, so to influence the duties and the recreations of the inmates of her house, that they felt the power of the religious sentiment which was her master motive. No one could share her hospitalities, or lodge a night under her roof, and not *take knowledge of her*, that she and her house served the Lord.

And yet there was no obtrusiveness in her devout affections. There was not the slightest evidence of spiritual pride, nor any thing whatever that could be construed as out-of-place, quaint, trite, or puritanical. Her piety, like her characteristic gentleness and meekness, was so attractive and alluring, that her reflections and her conduct were as admirable, as they were edifying to all such as enjoyed the benefit of her society and conversation.

If there were any of her domestic virtues that predominated, they were the *social*. She was ever most desirous to impart a share of all her blessings, to her kindred and her friends. This prompted her to be continually conveying to them testimonies of good will, by gifts. It led her to address the following characteristic letter to her brother WILLIAM, when, being without children, he was mourning, in old age, at his wife's decease, by which he was merged in sorrow, and left in the world *alone!* "My dear brother," said she,* "I cannot express the grief and disappointment I felt when I heard of the sudden death of your beloved wife. I had hoped to make her comfortable and happy here this winter, and to have enjoyed much in her society; but that privilege is denied me. She has gone, we trust, to a home of never-ending happiness. We may weep, but not murmur; for the God that made

* In a letter to him at Great Barrington, Dec. 20th, 1840.

us, has a perfect right to dispose of us how and when he pleases. May her unexpected removal be sanctified to all surviving friends! And may it make us more diligent in preparing to meet our God; 'for we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.' I hope you will not relinquish the idea of coming to us soon; and *not only for this winter.* You must not think of keeping house again. Consider *this* your future home, to go and come when you please. While I live, you shall always find a welcome."

In compliance with this tender and affectionate entreaty, Major Whiting removed from Great Barrington to New Milford, and at his sister's house found the home she promised him. He still survives. But now, in his four score and fifth year, and disabled by the infirmities of old age, that unfit him for usefulness, and for the enjoyment of his temporal benefits and spiritual privileges, he is almost without any inducement to desire a longer continuance away from the many and dear friends whom he has outlived. His early friends, (and a few of them yet survive,) reflect, with pleasing satisfaction, on the amiable sympathies with which he was endowed by nature; and on his religious character, and devotion to the institutions of the Church; his melodious voice, in conducting the praises of the sanctuary; his happiness with his devoted partner in domestic life; his adopting, (as it pleased God to deny him the gift of children,) several sons, whom he faithfully trained up in the way they should go; his readiness to serve all who required his aid, in private and in public life; his interest in performing the military duties that were assigned to him; and the affection with which he was universally regarded, even by little children, among whom he was a counterpart, in many respects, of Mr.

Burchell, as described by Dr. Goldsmith in his Vicar of Wakefield.

To her brother SAMUEL Mrs. Boardman rendered every requital that the most glowing gratitude could prompt at the thought of his tender devotedness. In addition to the proofs of this mentioned in the preceding pages, was her affectionate interest in his children. His son Stephen was long an inmate of her family. Until manhood, this son had chiefly spent his time in that busy idleness, among desultory thoughts and indeterminate plans and purposes, which so frequently retards the development of true genius. It was while residing with his aunt Boardman, that he was encouraged, by her advice, to enter on the study of medicine; and he was essentially aided, by her liberality, in his course of medical instruction at the colleges of New York and New Haven. In the year 1830, he graduated at New Haven; and he soon gave promise of a successful and useful professional career. But all the budding hopes, which thus engaged the lively interest of his aunt and many friends, were destined to be blighted by his sudden death. When on a journey, to attend, as a delegate from Reading, the Connecticut diocesan convention, to be held at Norwich in the year 1833, the steamboat New England, in which he was a passenger, having burst its boiler, he was enveloped with hot vapor, which he inhaled, and, in a few hours, sinking into a torpid sleep, he awoke in the world of spirits. His place in the convention of the Church on earth was thus made vacant. But he occupied, we cannot doubt, an unspeakably more enviable place in the communion of the blessed, among the souls of those who sleep in the Lord Jesus. Born at Reading, in May, 1806, Dr. Whiting, at the period of his death, was but 27 years of age. Yet he had made highly creditable ad-

vances in useful knowledge and professional skill. In mineralogy he manifested a particular interest; and he had accumulated, by diligent inquiries, much valuable and interesting information on this subject, and more especially with regard to the chief localities in Connecticut. His early and sudden disappearance from among those whom his intelligence and piety, and his amiable sympathies and agreeable conversation, taught to respect and love him, led them to lament the mournful incident. And his attached aunt Boardman yielded to no one of all his friends, in her expression of deep sorrow and her affectionate tribute to his worth. All the family loved "cousin Stephen," for *his own sake;* but *she* had far greater cause than they to love him, as she did sincerely, for *his father's sake.*

Her brother, Dr. Abraham Whiting, of Great Barrington, and his children, ever found in her a kind relative and friend. She gave them all a cordial welcome to share her best hospitalities; and, for many years before her death, she numbered the Doctor's daughter Emma among those who constituted the family circle at New Milford. With his daughter Harriet she associated recollections full of thrilling domestic interest; and in minute particulars relating to other members of his household she felt an affectionate concern.*

Her brother Mason, in his early youth, received from her important pledges of her kindness; and she afterward essentially influenced his destinies through life. In one of the letters which her brother Samuel addressed to her, he said, "Mason, I suppose, cannot, as affairs now stand, remain at his present school longer than the present quarter.

* For further particulars respecting Dr. Abraham Whiting and his family, see the Appendix II.

Oh, how my heart is pained, to think of the fate which may attend that dear promising youth!" The sister's sensibilities responded; and she and her husband united in the views and feelings so admirably conveyed in the following letter* from Mr. Boardman to Mr. Mason Whiting, who was then 18 years of age.

"The painful sensations and distress occasioned by the death of your father, are more poignantly felt by both of us than I shall attempt to describe. Your restoration to cheerfulness of manners and composure of mind, I shall leave to your reason and philosophy; but, Sir, the misfortune flowing from this melancholy circumstance has occasioned me much anxiety respecting your education, and has led me to the following resolution:

"That, at any time after one year, and in the course of your education, I will furnish you with cash for your board, tuition, and other necessary expenses, except clothing, for the term of two years at least; and the sum so advanced shall be a good charge against you, payable at some future day, when you may be able; and if you should be so unfortunate as never to be able with convenience to cancel the charge, I shall never regret attempting to do you good. I am induced, Sir, to make this proposition, not from arrogance, or a wish to be thought generous, nor from an idea of the want of real property in your family; but, Sir, to prevent you from shortening or cramping your intended studies, which, from the goodness of your heart, you might be tempted to do, by relinquishing to the family, for their convenience, the property destined to complete your education."

This proposal, thankfully accepted, inspired the gener-

* Written at New Milford, January 16th, 1793.

ous youth with corresponding emotions and purposes. He entered zealously upon his studies, in the Academy at Greenfield Hill, in Fairfield county, Connecticut, where he enjoyed the enviable privilege of having for his instructor the Rev. Dr. Timothy Dwight, who soon after became the distinguished President of Yale College. At Greenfield, the pupil's ingenuous character, and success in study, won the preference of his eminent teacher; and it is said,* that, "as long as Dr. Dwight lived, Mr. Whiting was a particular favorite with him." "At the request of father," says one† of Mr. Whiting's daughters, "I called on the widow of President Dwight, (I think it was about eight years since,) and found her eye as bright and her mind as clear as in early youth, although she was then just ninety. I spent a delightful morning in her chamber, and she spoke affectionately of 'Mason.'"

After leaving Greenfield Hill, Mr. Whiting studied law at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, with his sister Mary Anna's early friend and agreeable correspondent, Barnabas Bidwell, Esq., who was at this time rapidly rising to that professional and political eminence which he soon occupied, as Attorney General of Massachusetts, a State Senator, and a leading member of the House of Representatives in Congress.‡ Mr. Whiting was admitted to the bar, in the year 1794,§ and practised law at Lanesborough

* MS. Letter of Mrs. Doubleday, a daughter of Mr. Whiting, written in March, 1849. She makes this statement, on the authority of her "uncle William Edwards."

† Mrs. Doubleday.

‡ His correspondence with Mrs. Boardman is referred to, pp. 102, 112—116. He was County Treasurer of Berkshire, 1791—1810; State Senator, 1801—1804; and a member of Congress, 1803—1806. See Dewey's *Hist. of Berkshire*, pp. 107, 112, 114.

§ *Hist. of Berkshire*, p. 233.

and at Great Barrington. He married, (April 26th, 1800,) Mary, daughter of the Hon. Timothy Edwards, of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, who was the eldest son of the celebrated President Edwards. The year after his marriage, Mr. Whiting removed to Broome county, in the State of New York, and was among the first settlers* and founders of the village of *Chenango Point*, afterward incorporated by the name of *Binghamton*.

Here he resided, almost half a century, and became the father of a numerous, esteemed, and influential family. In the year 1815, he was elected a member of the State Legislature; he was also District Attorney of the county; in all the region round, he was familiarly and favorably known as "*The* 'Squire," by emphasis; and many of the good people of the county, associated with him, in his official capacity, the legalization, if not the solemnization, of their marriages. "As there was *love* in that part of the land," says his daughter,† "long before there was *Gospel*, he officiated, as the 'Squire, at *many* marriages. I have heard him say, twenty-five years ago, that he had married more couples than any minister in the region in which he lived."

For the last twelve years of his life, he was much engaged in land agencies, and was thought to be "better ac-

* Wilkinson's *Annals of Binghamton*, pp. 181, 184, 185. It is erroneously stated in these *Annals*, that Mr. Mason Whiting was descended, on his mother's side, from Capt. JOHN MASON, the friend of *Sir Ferdinand Gorges;* and, on his father's side, from "a clergyman, who came from Boston in England, in about 1676." His earliest progenitor, in this country, on his mother's side, was Capt. JOHN MASON, celebrated in the *Pequot wars*. And his earliest paternal ancestor, in this country, was the Hon. WILLIAM WHITING, of Hartford, many years before the time mentioned in the *Annals*. See the first chapter of this Memoir, and the Appendix.

† Mrs Doubleday.

quainted with land titles, than any other man in the county of Broome, and had had the control of more of its lands, than any other resident of the county." "Of all those who obtained their lands through him, there cannot, perhaps, be found one, who does not feel that he has lost, in 'Squire Whiting,' a kind and disinterested friend."*

He anticipated, for many years, with lively interest, the *opening of the Erie Rail Road*, from the village in the mountains, where he had lived for almost half a century, to the city of New York; and he felt much pleasure at the thought, that his children and his relatives and friends in that city would thus be brought near to him. He lived to witness the event so long anticipated. "The road was opened," says his son, "and his children did come; but it was to stand around his dying bed, and pay their last tribute to his lifeless remains." "He died of inflammation of the coats of the stomach; suffering little pain, and taking almost his usual quantity of food, but gradually wasting away, until (when on the 11th day of January, 1849,† he, without a struggle, ceased to breathe) he was a mere skeleton. Late in life, he became, when about sixty years old, a member of the Presbyterian Church; and he chose that Church, probably because his wife and several of his children had previously connected themselves with it." "For fifteen years, the fire on the family altar had never been suffered to go out. But as father became more and more emaciated, he could only pray with his children when he was sitting in his chair. And after he was unable to sit up, he still gathered us around him, and, while we knelt at

* MS. *Letter of William E. Whiting, Esq*, of New York, a *son* of Mr. Mason Whiting.

† At the age of 75 years. He was born, at Great Barrington, May 6th, 1774.

his bedside, he would commend himself and us to God in Christ. Mother, although in her sixty-ninth year, was able to do nearly all the nursing and watching in father's last sickness; and in their mutual affection and respect, our parents were patterns to the present generation of married people. Mother says, that during the sickness and at the funeral of our dear father, nothing else touched her feelings as much, and paid so just a tribute to his kindness for all, as *the tears of little children and of the poor*, who came in numbers to see him, and to speak of him."

In public life, he maintained with dignity and acceptance the prominent and responsible position which he occupied in the community. He was a founder of Binghamton, and, in a certain sense, its patriarch. But in the domestic circle, the name of *patriarch* belonged to him, as eminently descriptive of his character and attributes. It is his daughter's pleasing tribute, at the recollection of his kindness, and his tenderness, and his gentleness: "'That constant flow of love that knew no full,' endeared him to his children, and made us one of the happiest families that our wide land can count in its extended bounds."*

If they who have gone hence into the world of spirits are cognizant of the passing incidents of this life, and can discern, from their more favorable point of observation, and with a clearer eye, the links of moral causes and effects, what holy transport must it afford the spirits of the blest, to be assured of having served the cause of the Redeemer, by contributing to effect results, such as were realized by Mason Whiting, cared for and aided, at the commencement of his career, by generous friends. Hap-

* For an account of the family, see the Appendix H.

py they, who are to hear the Master's commendation, "Ye have done it unto me."

Mrs. Boardman's youngest sister, FANNY, a short time before the period of their father's death, awakened a lively interest in the mind of her good brother Samuel. He wrote to his sister Mary Anna, "I have it exceedingly at heart, to have my little sister Fanny go to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania; and nothing that I could possibly have done to effect it should have been wanting. But I now much fear that it is never to take place. What is her destiny is known to Him who is a Father, not only of the fatherless, but of *all* his children." An easy arrangement, effected by her sister Mary Anna, enabled Fanny to repair to Bethlehem; and all her fondest hopes were there indulged.* The report of her happiness, by her brother Samuel, enabled her sister Mary Anna to say,† "Fanny is too happy in her situation, to feel the least inclination to leave it. The school is very full, containing more than a hundred Misses, most of them from remote parts of the country. Why is not every Christian community as much united as that happy band? Are they free from the frailties of human nature? Are they endowed with superior understanding? They appear to be not actuated by any selfish principle. The happiness of the whole, commands the attention of each one."‡

* The Moravians, who settled Bethlehem, in 1741, under Count Zinzendorf, founded their school for young ladies, in 1788; and the rural beauty of the spot, the great simplicity of manners among the brethren and sisters of the society, their effective use of sacred music, and their characteristic amiability and pious zeal, are truly admirable.

† In a letter to her friend, Miss Hetty Boardman; now Mrs. Marvin, of Wilton, Conn., in the eighty-eighth year of her age.

‡ For an account of the family of Fanny, now Mrs. Frederick Abbot, see Appendix II.

Her sister ELIZABETH, familiarly known as "Aunt Betsey," became to Mrs. Boardman an inseparable companion. She removed to New Milford in the year 1802, and was, for forty-six years, her sister Mary Anna's constant associate, and sympathizing friend, in joy and sorrow. She is now (1849) seventy-seven years of age, the ivy of the homestead. Possessed of an acute and strong mind, with a retentive memory, that was stored, in her youth, with much useful and entertaining knowledge, to which her shrewd observation of men and things, and her great love of reading, have led her to make continual additions, she has been, for many years, an intelligent and edifying friend, in the domestic circle and in society. No one of her associates can readily forget her terse, memorable sayings, and her marked characteristics, especially her penetrating discernment, astonishing memory, accurate historical knowledge, traditions of the revolutionary war, sparkling wit, caustic satire, prompt repartees, and exhaustless fund of entertaining anecdote. Her whole character is differently moulded from that of her gentle sister Mary Anna. Her favorite plants, (for aunt Betsey has always officiated as the family priestess of Flora,) the rose and the verbena, illustrate the self-protecting characteristic of the one, and the unresisting meekness of the other; for, attractive as the rose is, it demands due caution in regard to certain little accessaries with which it has been provided by nature; and the verbena, on the other hand,

> "like the plants that throw
> Their fragrance from the wounded part,".

on receiving a rude touch, meekly reveals its admirable properties called forth by the incident.

As old age has come on, with its subduing, mitigating

influences, and the gathering shadows of the eternal world have been presaging an event that cannot now be distant, there have been thrown around this lingering relic of the family prevailing solemn associations with the spiritual world. And these associations are calculated to open to her view a bright vista. She knows in whom she has believed; her faith is firm; her hope is cheering; and her works shall follow her. She was for many years the inseparable and devoted friend and companion of her sister, who was OUR MOTHER. She has been the early, faithful friend, and the intelligent associate and guardian of all the children of the family, even from the cradle. There devolved upon her, in consequence of her sister's disability from deafness, many duties to the children and to guests, which she was eminently fitted to fulfil, and which she did fulfil with all diligence, and with great faithfulness. It may be truly said, that she has lived for her sister and her sister's children; for the homestead has been the horizon that has formed the circle of her chief cares and daily occupations. The children of the family she has esteemed *her* children. Their joys have been *her* joys, and their sorrows *her* sorrows. She has enjoyed with them the hearty laugh, and wept with them the bitter tear. At their births, in their sicknesses, and at their deaths, her lively sympathies have been enlisted. She has been with them at the font, at the altar, and at the grave. She has partaken, with them and their beloved parents, of the "fruit of the vine" at the table of the Lord, on earth; and she fondly cherishes the hope, that she is hereafter to "drink it new" with them, when they shall reassemble, at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Mrs. Boardman was so long and intimately associated with her, and so constantly indulged with her in the same

trains of thought and currents of emotion, that the two sisters habitually became, in many respects, identical. On all the leading topics to which their attention was directed, they read and spoke together, and received into their minds, at the same time, and in the same phraseology, the facts which they reposited, and the sentiments which they entertained. These facts and sentiments thus became domesticated in the family of home thoughts and feelings; and, whenever called upon, they most readily appeared in their familiar costume. When separately consulted on a given subject, the two sisters often would, much to the surprise and amusement of their friends, express the same opinions, urge the same considerations, and tell the same anecdotes. And when Mrs. Boardman had become so deaf as to participate but little in general conversation, she would not unfrequently, in the presence of her sister, on being informed of the subject that engaged the thoughts of those around her, repeat, *in the very same words*, what her sister had just said.

She was unfortunately deprived, by her deafness, of many of the pleasures arising from ordinary social intercourse; and could only catch, by the help of an ear-trumpet, the mere *words* of conversation, unaccompanied with "the sweet music" of their natural intonation. Yet her sociality led her to be communicative, and to enjoy the conversation of her friends, on all occasions of their assembling at her house by invitation; and she was always much pleased by the casual "happening in" of "old acquaintance," which forms, in domestic life, so many of its most agreeable groupings, and opens, especially in the vale of years, so many refreshing fountains of pure joy.

It was in the autumn of the year 1842, that a number

of these "old acquaintance" met together at the house of their friend Mary Anna Boardman. They all were relics of the bygone century, the birth-day of the youngest of them being in the year 1772. The oldest of the party had entered on her 95th year; and the aggregate of their ages was 706 years.* These venerable seniors, sitting at the same dinner-table, in "comfortable health," and in good spirits, revived, with many a pleasing reminiscence, incidents of the olden time,—the days when *they* were young. Their silver locks and furrowed cheeks, with other and not less expressive indications, testified to the fact of their longevity. They spoke of life's winter, and of the next period of human existence, typified by the vernal season, when all things shall become new. The memorable meeting took place on the 10th day of October; and as the sere leaves were falling from the branches of the trees around the house where these "ancients" were assembled, they dwelt upon the thought that they were aged pilgrims near their journey's end, and they mingled, with their alternate joyous and pensive allusions to the checkered *past*, solemn anticipations and cheering prospects of the *future*, that is unchangeable and eternal.

Mrs. Boardman, however, did not delight so much in the indulgence of her social, as of her domestic sympathies. Her children were her chief treasure upon earth.

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* The ages of the party, as stated by the Hon. D. S. Boardman, one of their number, were as follows:

Mrs. Esther Stone,	94 yrs. 5 mos.	Mrs. Mary Anna Boardman,	75 less 9 days.
Mrs. Tamar Masters,	83 " 2 "		
Mrs. Esther Marvin,	80 " 9 "	Mrs. ~~Abijah~~ Taylor,	74 and over.
Mr. Homer Boardman,	78 that day.	Mr. D. S. Boardman,	74 less 2 mos.
Mrs. Polly Stone,	77 and over.	Miss Betsey Whiting,	71.

In a letter addressed to her daughter Cornelia, she said,* "Oh, you know not how intensely, how entirely, my whole heart depends, for earthly peace and comfort, on my beloved children." To her son Henry she wrote,† "My children are all that bind me to earth; and their being fatherless renders them dearer to my heart, if possible, than they were before."

Yet her love for them was not that fondling, selfish, and impulsive passion, without motive, aim, or end, that so generally characterizes the attachment of parents to their offspring. Regarding them as immortal gifts sent down to her from heaven, she put on them a corresponding estimate, and with a devout purpose and great assiduity endeavored to convey to them, by precept and example, a consciousness of their *divine origin and exalted destiny*. She thus practically and habitually recognized the truth of what one of our classic writers‡ has so well expressed: "There is not a more improving exercise to the human mind, than to be frequently reviewing its own great privileges and endowments; nor a more effectual means to awaken in us an ambition raised above low objects and little pursuits, than to value ourselves as *heirs of eternity*."

It was her well known phrase in reference to her children, which she very frequently addressed to her husband in the halcyon season of their domestic bliss, "Do *you* make them as *great* as you can, and *I* will, by God's help, make them as *good* as I can." With this view, she imparted, to whatever might either fix their thoughts or en-

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* December 16th, 1825.

† April 22d, 1824.

‡ Addison, in his *Spectator*, No. 210.

gage their feelings, some sentiment calculated to lift up their hearts unto the Lord. In her conversation and her numerous letters, sponsoral solicitude was thus blended with maternal love. When the children spoke enthusiastically of their happy home on earth, she would direct their feelings toward a happier home in heaven. When they felt acutely their little and mere momentary trials, she would gently beguile them to think of greater things than these, and to account the life that now is, a discipline and preparation for an eternal existence.

Writing to one of her daughters, then at school in Litchfield, she said: "I rejoice, my dear C., that you are convinced of your being a sinner; for who will apply to a physician in earnest, unless they feel themselves to be sick? I can only tell you, go to CHRIST; humble yourself before him; confess your sins; and earnestly pray for pardon, and for grace to preserve you from falling. Oh, may the God of mercy hear and grant your petitions! You may be sure, that *I* shall never cease to pray for your happiness, while I have life and reason spared me." "The *present* time is always the *best* time to devote our hearts to God." "That you may be *one of His lambs*, which He will *carry in His bosom*, is my daily and most earnest prayer."

To one of her sons, while at Washington City as a Member of Congress, and exposed to the peculiar temptations of the giddy throng there, she said: "I can only commend you to the favor of Him who is able to preserve you in every extremity; and I can pray, as I fervently *do*, that He will avert from you all evil."

Interspersed among her letters to her children, are the following, and numerous similar assurances and ejaculations: "I offer fervent prayers for your temporal and eter-

nal happiness." "My heart is full of love and anxiety for you." "May the Lord bless, preserve, and guide you in the way of truth and peace!" "May holy angels watch over you!" "That you may seek and receive the best of God's gifts, is the fervent prayer of your affectionate mother."

When occasion called for it, (as was the case on her married daughter's indulging in what was deemed *immoderate* grief at the recent death of *two of her children*,)* the aged mother in Christ could, with all frankness and fidelity, remonstrate and rebuke. "I know," said she, "that Caroline's afflictions are great and severe; and my heart is distressed for her. But she ought not to refuse to be comforted, when she has *every thing* to console her, that one under such bereavements *can* have. Where is her resignation? Where, her acquiescence in the will of God? I much fear, that she will be found fighting against Him, and virtually saying, 'I will not have this man to reign over me.' Where is her gratitude, that *three* of her *idols* are spared? I tremble with fear lest she provoke the Lord to take them ALL from her." In soothing strains she then repeats the comfortable words which our Saviour Christ saith unto mourners in Zion, and she exhorts her daughter to "be patient and trust in God."† While the mere natural sympathies had gathered round the lifeless bodies of the departed children, and, like the minstrels and the people in the chamber where the daughter of Jairus lay, indulged in tumultuous lamentations, the meek disciple of Jesus, in the spirit of our Divine Master when he quieted the turbulence of the death-scene at Capernaum,

* The bereavement is particularly mentioned at pp. 193—216.

† See pp. 218, 219.

put forth those noisy sympathies, and supplied their place with mild, soothing consolations, that told of a mere slumber and a rising again.

And when called to mourn, a few years after, on the occasion of her tenderly beloved son Henry's *sudden death by a casualty*,* she admirably exemplified what she had inculcated. A letter from the daughter Cornelia at New Milford to her sister Caroline at New York, thus conveyed† the sad tidings, and described the mother's Christian resignation. "God in his wisdom has seen fit to *visit us with trouble and to bring distress upon us.* He has removed our dear brother Henry to his rest in Heaven. A letter from Frederick, received yesterday, and dated December 17th, (1846,) says that his father breathed his last that morning at half past eleven o'clock. He was perfectly conscious, and quietly breathed his last with a smile on his face. Oh, what a blow this is for us all, and particularly for dear, dear mother! She was much agitated at first, but soon, with her Christian resignation, was calm again and composed. Yet the quivering lip and tearful eye showed the anguish of a mother's heart. The first words she said were, 'While so many are afflicted, we have no reason to expect to be exempted.' And then she said, 'He is gone but a little while before me.'"

It was ever one of her most fondly cherished thoughts, that she and hers might be a reunited family in heaven. Her love for her children was thus an immortal love; and they were associated not merely with her *prayers*, but with her *hope of glory*. They were her jewels which she wore, as those gems on which were engraven the names of the sons of Israel were worn in the breastplate of the

* See pp. 253, 254. † December 23d, 1846.

High Priest. Whenever she appeared before the Lord in prayer, it was with precious mementos of her children, near her heart. And as she loved them above all else on earth, she earnestly desired, as she testified in the most affecting circumstances, to have them all with her when she was to stand in the immediate divine presence, having passed beyond the veil into the Most Holy Place.

Her children's children also were partakers of her fond affection In a letter to her son Henry,* she said, "Assure your dear boys, that they are thought of and beloved by their old grandmother. May God forever bless you, dear children!" In the eldest of the number† her interest was intense. While he was pursuing his academic studies at the Cheshire Academy and at Trinity College in Connecticut, she wrote to him :‡ "How delightful it is, to see blooming youth dedicate themselves to the service of the *God that gave them being*, and the *Saviour that shed his blood to redeem them!* You know not, dear Fred., how many fervent prayers are offered at the throne of grace, that *you* may be one of the number." When he was on the eve of his returning to Ohio, three years after, she addressed the following note to him :

"My dear Frederick,—As we are about to part, perhaps to meet no more on this side of the grave, (for my advanced age§ forbids me to look far forward,) I wish to present you with some little memorial, that you may not forget your old grandmother when you can see her no more. I can think of nothing more appropriate than a breastpin. Will you accept the enclosed, and purchase a

* September 8th, 1831.

† Frederick Alexander: see pp. 217—249.

‡ January 23d, 1838.

§ She was, at that time, about four years more than *three score and ten*.

pin when you have an opportunity? And when you cast your eye upon it, think not only of *me*, but of HIM *who will be always near and ready to hear when called upon in faith and love.* And beseech him to watch over you, and, by his Holy Spirit, to direct your steps into the path of truth and peace. Be assured that, while I live, you will have the prayers (for your happiness in this world, and in that whither we are all bound,) of yours most affectionately, M. A. B."

The memento was procured, and was esteemed as a precious testimonial of affection. "She gave it me," says Mr. Boardman,* "when I left Connecticut seven years since. The pin I retain, and shall always retain." "In reading over her letters to father, I find in every one of them some kind and affectionate expression of love to me, which reminds me of my last winter's visit at New Milford, and of her kindness and affection during my stay. I know not how often I have thought of it. How thankful have I been, that I was permitted to spend the winter with her! And how many good wishes did she express for me and mine!† I felt so conscious that we should never meet again, that I could scarcely endure the thought of leaving her. She was a 'blessed' woman, and a most affectionate and dear grandmother. *Few* are there in this world, like *her!* None that *I* ever knew! I can never forget her. We speak of her every day; and it pleases me much, that *Mary* has such an exalted opinion of her.

* In a letter dated *Boardman, Ohio, August 26th*, 1848.

† He married, at New Milford, (March 20th, 1848,) in the spring after the winter alluded to, Mary Ann, daughter of Dr. Jehiel Williams of that place. She was always one of the most affectionate friends of the family, and was dearly beloved by Mrs. Boardman.

Yet how could it be otherwise, when Mary knew her so well?"

The children of her daughter Caroline also, residing, from their infancy, in or near the city of New York, eighty miles from New Milford, and spending all their summers with their grandmother at her happy home, afforded numerous occasions for her to exhibit her characteristic traits, and especially her endearing accommodation of her thoughts and language to the case of little children, and her meek condescension, in their behalf, after the beautiful example of our Saviour Christ.

The interesting letters, also, which she addressed to one of her grand-daughters,* then nine years of age, show how happily she could instil into the infant mind the precepts of religion, and raise the thoughts and feelings of the young to heavenly contemplations. "I was much gratified," said she, "to receive an affectionate letter from you. You must have been very attentive to the Doctor and to the Greek,† to remember so much of what they said. That is the way, my dear, to treasure up knowledge. When you are reading or hearing any thing worth remembering, *give it your whole attention.* I should be delighted to see you all, and to congratulate you on having a dear little brother given you. I am sure you will love him very much, and, as soon as he is capable of learning, will endeavor to teach him to be a good boy. If God spare your lives, what a happy family you may be; attentive and obedient to your parents, affectionate to one another, and kind to all around you. And if (as I believe

* Cornelia E. Schroeder.

† Alluding to certain lectures delivered at St. Ann's Hall, by Dr. Horace Green, on the Eye and the Ear; and by Mr. Castanis on his native country.

you do) you pray to God to bless you for the sake of His Son Jesus Christ, He will number you among His own dear children. *What more could we ask for you?"*

On another occasion, she wrote to the same grandchild: "I thank you very much for your letter. It is interesting to me, to read what you recollect of the lectures you hear. Could *I hear* lectures, and had *I* as good a memory as *you* have, I should take pleasure in writing to you every thing I had heard, instructive or pleasing. But as I cannot do this, I will tell you something of a sweet little cousin of yours that died last month at Binghamton. She was the only daughter of Mrs. Henry Mather.* She was nearly eight years old, and had one brother, two years younger than she was. A few nights before her death, her aunt Caroline was watching with her, and thought the dear child was sleeping, but heard her say, 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?' After pausing a moment, she said again, 'Mary Doubleday,' (her own name,) 'lovest thou me? Yes, my dear Saviour, thou knowest that I love thee dearly.' Do you not feel that you would have loved her, had you known her? We trust that she is in the bosom of that dear Saviour who said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me,' and that she is far, far happier than she could be here with the kindest parents and most affectionate friends."

In one of her letters, she observed, "How much am I indebted to the person that first invented the use of this little instrument, the pen!" And her correspondents, old and young, may well repeat these words, in reference to the communications received from her, which were always

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* Mrs. Mather was Frances Whiting, daughter of Mason Whiting, Esq., Mrs. Boardman's brother.

indicative of her prevailing spirituality of mind. While recounting to her friends, in conversation or by letter, passing incidents of life, she would impart to them some association of divine things and of eternity, and would make the objects of vegetable nature, by which she was surrounded, serve as vehicles of solemn thought. "The plants," she once remarked to her daughter-in-law,* "were taken excellent care of, in our absence. The hydrangea flourishes finely. And the passion-vine has had more than half a hundred blossoms on it. They are indeed beautiful; but, *like all else on earth that is beautiful*, they are short-lived. They *open at noon*, and *close at night*."

It was impossible to be in her society, and not feel the influence of her refined thoughts and devout affections. Her children and her grandchildren all experienced this. Even the *youngest*† of the grandchildren, when, on the third anniversary of his birth-day, he received her special benediction, had already learned the import of her devout ejaculation in his behalf, and knew that there are "heavenly habitations, where the souls of those who sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual rest and felicity." His mother, a few weeks after, was speaking in his presence of a family that had just been bereaved by the death of two children, and she wrote, at the time,‡ the following account of his remarks. "Uncle William Whiting asked me, if they had not *other* children. I replied, No, that man has *lost* his *wife*, his *own child*, and a *step-child*, all in five months! The dear boy looked at me, and said, 'You *forgot*, mama,—up in *heaven*.' I was surprised by the re-

* Mrs. Henry M. Boardman, Sept. 2d, 1827.

† Henry Hermann Schroeder, then at New Milford, June 8th, 1848.

‡ In a letter to her husband, Aug. 23d, 1848.

proof, and said, Yes, my dear boy, they *are* in *heaven*. I left the room soon after, and when I returned, he was saying to himself, in a singing tone, 'an-gels, an-gels.' I said to him, Where, Henry? He replied, '*Up* in *heaven*.'" How important is the truth which such incidents illustrate, that the soul, especially in childhood, chameleon-like, receives its complexion from the operation of the influences by which it is surrounded! And how graciously has God, having by the institutions of His Church provided for His children "the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost," required of all godfathers and godmothers those vows and promises which, when faithfully kept, encircle the household of faith with pure thoughts and devout fervors, and cause them to reflect the light and wear the livery of heaven.

It was on her sick bed, that the aged mother in Israel, when her last hour approached, with her bland countenance, withered hand, sweet voice, and saintly prayer, bestowed on her youngest grandchild her patriarchal benediction. And the scene was in admirable keeping with her distinguishing gentleness and meekness; for her virtues and graces were not dazzling, like the splendors of noontide, but, especially as she drew near the close of life, were more and more sweetly soothing, like the mild rays of evening in a picture of sunset, with the repose of an autumnal landscape, uttering, in its fading lights and deepening shadows, admonitory premonitions of an approaching crisis when "the night cometh."

VII. HER LAST ILLNESS, AND HER DEATH AND BURIAL.

"Dust to its narrow home beneath,
Soul to its rest on high;
But they who saw her smile in death,
No more need fear to die."

"Blessed are the meek." "Blessed are the pure in heart."

For about five years, at the closing period of her life, Mrs. Boardman was afflicted with occasional paroxysms of pain, in the region of the stomach and in the head. She had but little appetite; and she complained of great debility. Three months before her decease, she became ill, and a spasmodic action, that accompanied her paroxysms, would sometimes be followed by an alarming rigidity of the muscles, that seemed to menace death. Not unfrequently, her food and medicine were rejected. Her strength became exceedingly reduced. Great effort was required, on her part, when she would undertake to walk from her bedroom and take a half hour's ride in the open air. A burning pain in the stomach, at times accompanied with a tremor, with torpidity, and with some other symptoms, indicated the existence of a disease of rare occurrence,—a morbid affection of that gland under the stomach, technically called the *pancreas*. This organ, (as eventually appeared from a *post mortem* examination,) was in a scirrhous state, beyond the reach of any remedies that

could be exhibited by the healing art. The best medical advisers were consulted. Dr. Williams of New Milford, and Dr. Ives of New Haven, both of whom visited the patient, agreed in their opinion of the nature of the disease; and Drs. Valentine Mott and J. Kearney Rodgers of New York, coincided in the views of the attending physicians.

Affection, however, had gathered at the patient's bedside, several weeks before her dissolution, loved ones that were very near and dear to her, who could soothingly administer comfort, though medicines for the *body* might wholly fail of their effect.

Her younger daughter, Cornelia, always at her side, had for years watched over her with never-tiring assiduity, regaling her heart with *savory* things *such as her mother loved*, and caring for her with a tenderness that sought to temper to her susceptible and feeble frame the too cool wind. When this daughter saw her precious mother, at the advanced age of more than four score years, tortured by the pangs of a relentless malady, that could be prevailed on by no remedial agents to mitigate the severity of its inflictions on her, filial love, stimulated by ineffectual efforts to increased exertion, resorted to the use of innumerable ingeniously devised palliatives, which, even when they proved altogether unavailing to the patient, yielded to the ministering daughter the sweet solace of having done all that could be done.

The elder daughter, Caroline, with her four children, reached the homestead on the 19th day of May. All nature was arrayed in cheerful drapery, decked with spring flowers. "The country is really lovely," said one of the daughter's children,* "the lilacs are blooming, and *all* the

* Cornelia E. Schroeder, in a letter to her father, May 20th, 1848.

spring flowers; and the doves are flying about." But these lively types of joy were, in a few weeks, to lose their charm for an afflicted family, mourning over the lifeless aged mother of their house. The thought of so soon parting with her, seemed not, however, to have been entertained; and it was with a sigh which appeared to be forbidden by the prevailing smiles of hope, that in a few days one of the grand-daughters* ventured to convey the thought, "*I fear that she cannot live long.*"

The bearer of the letter which expressed this apprehension, had himself been deeply impressed by the thought that his grandmother would soon die. He sought her last blessing, therefore, before he left her, on the eve of his returning to New York.

When afterward describing the emotions which he then felt, he said, in a communication addressed to his father: "It was indeed an enviable privilege, and a source of the purest satisfaction to me, that I was afforded such a gratifying and desirable, although painful, opportunity of taking a last and sad farewell of my beloved grandmother. It was while she was pluming her wing for her upward flight, when just on the verge of heaven. It was in the near prospect of that awful crisis which exhibits the greatest triumph of the Gospel of Christ, in strange combination with the proudest trophy of the arch-enemy.

"I stood, for the first time in my life, at a bed of death! On that bed lay one whom I loved with almost filial affection. My heart was tender, for it was not familiar with such scenes. I felt what only they can feel, who are themselves called to such a trial. The circumstances of the distressing scene, however, were peculiarly calculated

* Eliza M. Schroeder, in a letter to her father, sent by the hand of her brother John Frederick, May 29th, 1848.

to solace my grief. The interview was occasioned by my intended departure for New York; and the *last farewell* and the *dying blessing* were emphatically *mine*. I was the chief one interested in the interview. My grandmother's undivided attention was given to me alone. The other members of the family were beguiled by a continual hope of her recovery, or at least of her prolonged existence on earth; and were deprived, by her sudden death, of the satisfaction of an undisturbed parting.

"Well may I be envied, as I am, by the afflicted sharers of my grief, being the only one of all that were thus enshrouded by the shadows of the grave, who was permitted, when we entered into the cloud, and before the storm had gathered all its blackness, to be favored as I was. I caught a ray from beyond the gloom, which premonished me of the dawn of a brighter future. It also afforded me a precious opportunity, in the momentary calm so awfully portentous of the coming storm, carefully to survey my position so as to prepare for the shock, and, by the unearthly light of such a moment, to daguerreotype upon the tablet of my heart the features of my beloved grandmother's countenance and character, before the night of our affliction should conceal her from my sight,—a saint of God, to be beheld by mortal eyes no more on earth forever.

"Although feeble, she was free from pain, and able to converse with comfort to herself, and in a manner that afforded me great gratification. She gave me her *last adieu;* invoked every *temporal and spiritual blessing* upon me; and expressed a joyful hope of *spending with me a glorious immortality*. She evinced, at the same time, an humble sense of *her own unworthiness*. This she expressed with strong emotion, when I had ventured to assert, that, if I knew it were *my* destiny to have *as bright*

a prospect on the brink of Jordan as that which *she* enjoyed, my hope of meeting her in Paradise would have an assurance that would not be less certain than a ***full realization*** of a reunion there. She then gave me her ***last kiss***, and *pressed my hand for the last time* on earth.

"I was unwilling to disclose to her my apprehensions of the near approach of death; yet I longed to ask her petitions for me at the throne of grace, when *she* would be in the *immediate presence* of our Divine Redeemer and continual Intercessor, while *I* would still be encompassed by the snares and temptations of this world of sin. I desired, that, by her earnest pleadings and fervent prayers, she might draw down grace to support me in my pilgrimage, and that, whenever tempted to forget my duty, I might be restrained by holy influences imparted in answer to her 'effectual fervent prayer,' and inspired with devout emotions.

"In moments of solemn thought, when I seek seclusion from the busy scenes of life, may the remembrance of her sanctify my meditations; take me, in my dreams, to visit her in the abode of saints in light; and lead me to follow her wherein she followed Christ, if I would, like her, die the death of the righteous.

"I cannot regret my not asking the boon I desired. I have her *dying blessing;* and I cannot doubt that I have her *fond remembrance* and her *constant prayers.*"

This consolatory, cheering, animating persuasion is among the purest and most refreshing fountains of enjoyment which the Church opens to her children. "I believe, O most holy Jesus," says good Bishop Ken,* "that thy saints here below have communion with the saints above;

* *Practice of Divine Love.*

they praying for us in heaven, we here on earth celebrating their memorials, rejoicing at their bliss, giving Thee thanks for their labors of love, and imitating their examples . for which all love and glory be to Thee." And the devout Archbishop Secker adds,* "Doubtless they exercise that communion toward us, by loving and praying for their brethren, whom they have left behind them. And we are to exercise it toward them, not by addressing petitions to them, which we are neither authorized to offer, nor have any ground to think they can hear: but by rejoicing in their happiness, thanking God for the grace which he hath bestowed on them, and the examples which they have left us, holding their memories in honor, imitating their virtues, and beseeching the Disposer of all things, that, having followed them in holiness here, we may meet them in happiness hereafter; and become, in the fullest sense, 'fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God:' having, 'with all those that are departed in the true faith of his holy name, our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in his eternal and everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord.'"

The aged Christian, whose dying farewell led her grandson to long, that her prayers for him might not cease, but be offered still when she entered into Christ's "immediate presence," herself derived much refreshment from this doctrine. And had he but proposed the subject to her, he would no doubt have found, to his great joy, that she did not think her interest in him was to end with life, nor her prayers for him to cease just then when they would be most effectual.

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* *Lectures on the Catechism;* Lect. XIV, at the close.

A few days after this interview occurred, came the tidings,* "She *is* much more reduced and feeble, and thinks herself that she shall *not live.*" "Oh, when I stand by that bed, and behold there MY MOTHER, whom I have always regarded as the most *perfect* being I ever beheld; when I hear her, with the meekness and humility of a little child, acknowledge, with a trembling voice and eyes filled with tears, that she has not lived such a life as she *ought to have* lived, that she has done what she ought not to have done, and left undone what she ought to have done; when, overcome with emotions of agony, I think of her spotless life, and then think of myself, the passage irresistibly forces itself upon me, 'If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?' That I should *love such a mother*, is not strange. I do not remember, that, in one instance during my whole life, my mother ever spoke one unkind word to me. She has always been the same affectionate, kind, attentive, and devoted mother. Oh, how can I part with her! Pray for me, that I may be resigned to the will of God."

The mother's sufferings, according to the accounts almost daily communicated, were but little alleviated by the remedies to which resort was had. One of the granddaughters† wrote, June 13th, "She has not been able to ride out, for more than a fortnight. She is in pain most of the time while awake, and is able to talk very little." Yet, in all her trials, not a murmur of impatience once escaped the lips of this uncomplaining disciple of the thorn-crowned Lamb of God. She had been with him at his table; she had been with him in the garden; she had been with him at the cross; and she had learned from him

* From Mrs. Schroeder, June 8th, 1848. † C. E. S.

to say, in all time of her tribulation, and even in the hour of death, "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done."

For a few hours when the severity of her sufferings was remitted, on the 16th day of June, she collected around her the surviving children of her family, and opened her heart to them on the subject of her faith and hope. One of her daughters* thus refers to the occasion: "We had a most interesting and delightful conversation with her. She conversed, for more than an hour, with William, Cornelia, and myself. She repeated expressions of her own unworthiness, and assurances of love for her children. She added, 'I submit myself to the will of God.' Then, as if looking forward to the desolating stroke, she said, 'I know not what you will all do; but my greatest anxiety is, that we may all meet in a state of happiness.' She said, 'I put my trust, only in the merits of my Saviour Jesus Christ.' Her voice faltered from emotion, now and then, but, at other times, she exhibited her characteristic calm and placid manner; and her sweet voice seemed to sink deep into my soul, as if soon to be hushed forever on earth. Oh, my beloved, my precious mother! If she *could* be spared to us, *a little longer*,—but, the will of the Lord be done."

She was able, on the 19th day of June, to receive a pastoral visit from the Rev. Mr. Huntington, from whose hand she had for many years received the bread of life and the cup of salvation. "He offered prayers with her and the family. It was a comfort to her; and she joined *audibly* in the Lord's prayer." But her relapse dictated, the next morning, the melancholy record: "She looks like

* Mrs. Schroeder, June 19th, 1848.

death, and, to all human appearance, cannot survive many days." On the 24th day of the month, this mournful premonition became a solemn reality. One of the granddaughters wrote,* "My dearest grandmother, we think, has been dying all night. She breathes now, and that is all. Dr. Williams was here, all night. We feel much distressed." In a postscript, she added: "20 minutes past 9 o'clock. *Our dear grandmother sleeps in Jesus.* Uncle William requests, that father will insert an obituary notice,† such as he thinks proper, in the Churchman, and also in the Courier and Express. This house is a scene of agony, my dear brother. Mother says, that its guardian angel and presiding heaven-born spirit has now ascended to its native skies. Pray for us, dear brother."

When examined after death, at the request of the family, by the attending physician, Dr. Williams, the body showed that the prime seat of the disease was what he had suspected. The pancreas was found to be considerably enlarged, and was indurated, and identified with the coats of the stomach, which contained a large quantity of dark, fluid, acrid matter. From such an organic affection there must necessarily have resulted great distress and intense agony.

To practise unmurmuring submission and patient endurance, in these circumstances, as this meek sufferer was enabled to do by the help of grace sent down to her from heaven to strengthen her, and, above all, to do this with her placid resignation, implied the operation of such influences as spring from no other source than Christian faith. The

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* Eliza M. Schroeder, in a letter to her brother John Frederick at New York, June 24th, "20 minutes before 9 A. M."

† See the Appendix L.

Church and the world conspire in bearing testimony to the truth, that Nature's anguish cannot be thus soothed but by the doctrines and precepts of Revelation, which points us to the Man of Sorrows, and enables us, with his divine coöperation, to "follow the example of his patience."

Soon after the third day of April, when her illness commenced, she not only looked upon it as the precursor of a solemn surrendering of her soul in life's last struggle, but she distinctly said, in mild tones of resignation, "I submit myself to the will of God." "I do not ask to *live*, but only to be permitted to *sink gently away*."

Most strikingly was this prayer answered. Her faculties of mind were retained, in full vigor, in her last moments. In addition to what has already been mentioned,* respecting her sincere sorrow for sin, her unfeigned repentance, her deep humility, and her trust in the merits and death of the Redeemer, she said, "*I believe that I am in perfect charity with all the world.*"

On the morning† when it was thought, from intimations not to be misapprehended, that she was soon to die, her family assembled to witness the event, and to commend her soul to God, praying that it might be *precious in his sight*, be *washed in the blood of that immaculate Lamb that was slain to take away the sins of the world*, and be *presented pure and without spot before Him.*‡ The solemn duty of performing this commendatory act, (in the absence of a clergyman, and from the inability of the son and daughters, overpowered as they were by their intense

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* See pp. 328, 329. † June 24th, 1848.

‡ *Commendatory Prayer for a sick person at the point of departure*, in the Order for the Visitation of the Sick, in the Book of Common Prayer.

emotion,) devolved upon one of the grand-daughters,* who received the Prayer-Book from her mother's hand, and, while all the assembled relatives and friends were kneeling around the death-bed, read the thrilling form of sound words, which the Church has so admirably provided, and during the utterance of which, for so long a course of years, the spirits of the blessed dead have left the body, and been borne away to be with Christ.

Thus was this "mother in Israel" "gathered unto our fathers, having the testimony of a good conscience; in the communion of the catholic Church; in the confidence of a certain faith; in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope; in favor with our God, and in perfect charity with the world."† Her spirit was released. Her bodily sufferings were ended. Her existence now is "one long joy," among the ransomed.

An aged relative,‡ announcing the fact of her death, in a letter to his sister Mrs. Marvin, of Wilton, Connecticut, used these words: "Our long, justly, and much beloved sister, Mary Anna Boardman, is no more to us on earth! She died a few minutes after nine o'clock this morning. Never was a parent more dear to a family than she was; and never was one more tenderly and assiduously watched over, during the whole of her protracted illness. I have often thought, and often said, that I had never before witnessed so perfect an exhibition of the power of religion in any one, as in her at the time of George's§ death. And, viewing her whole life, I think I can say, that never was the language in the burial service more justly applied,— 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!'"

* Cornelia E. Schroeder.
† Visitation of the Sick.
‡ The Hon. D. S. Boardman.
§ See p. 178.

One of her children,* a witness of all the incidents connected with the sad event, thus described it at the time: "Protracted and excruciating suffering, during a period of twelve weeks, had imparted an expression of agony to her countenance, such as it had never worn before. But at length, as if in fulfilment of her earnest desire which she expressed, that she might 'sink gently away,' she grew weaker and weaker, until at length, without a struggle, she fell sweetly asleep in Jesus! Released forever from pain and the infirmities incident to this mortal state, her happy soul seemed to have caught a glimpse of that unalloyed and eternal bliss which awaited it, and to have communicated its rapture to the countenance which had so long been its faithful index. Arrayed in the habiliments of the tomb, that dear face no longer wore the aspect of pain. Oh no, blessed be God! The change was sweetly and most strikingly expressive of that which had passed over her soul. Irradiated with heavenly light, it spoke to her bereaved and afflicted children words of a holy. calm, unutterable joy. She, being dead, seemed yet to speak, and say, with an unearthly eloquence, 'Weep not for me: to-day I am with Christ in Paradise.'

"Words cannot portray the effect of the *heavenly smile* which lighted up those features, at the entrance of the dark valley; and never can it be forgotten by those who beheld it.

"'For still her features wore the light
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er looked more truly bright,
Than in her smile of death.'

"Oh, with what power did that serene and happy smile

* Mrs Schroeder.

stamp the glorious exclamation of those who depart hence in the Lord, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'

"This devoted, pious mother, this aged saint, now rests from her labors, and her works do follow her. Truly, *the memory of the just is blessed.* Farewell, dear, sainted Mother! Lovely in life and beautiful in death, may the mantle of thy virtues rest on those who would imitate thy spotless example, thy meekness, gentleness, and charity; thy firm and unwavering faith in the blessed Saviour; and thy devotion to thy God! 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints!'"

There had already, in past years, been laid within the homestead three lifeless forms, saddening mementos of that chilling touch at which the soul refuses to continue in the body. The first of these was Mrs. Boardman's aged and enfeebled parent, "our good old mother, Mrs. Whiting," as Mr. Boardman affectionately called her.* Gently yielding to the decay of nature, she died "from great age and debility, but without disease." It was the Lord's gathering of a sheaf fully ripe. She was in possession of "her reason" to the last moment, and went out of life with "a whisper." Significant memento, in her case, of a serene repose, a closing of the eyes when Nature called her to sleep.†

The form of a sweet sister, also,‡ had been beheld by these children, inanimate. But it was at her life's vernal season; the time when He who takes pleasure in such

* In a letter to Major William Whiting, of Great Barrington, November 5th, 1821, announcing her near approach to death.

† She died, Nov. 13th, 1821, aged 83 years. See pp. 45, 46, 63, 64, 154.

‡ Mary Anna, aged 17 years. She died, April 7th, 1822. See pp. 154—159.

flowers of earth as are types of heavenly innocence and purity, very frequently selects and transplants them to his Paradise.

> "Early, bright, chaste as morning dew,
> She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."

A brother, too, at a more recent period, had been exhibited to their view, a sad spectacle of mortality. But his noble, generous spirit, that had won the admiration and the love of all who knew him, suddenly as he was summoned to depart, left, in a measure, a compensation for his absence, in his two brothers that remained.

In relation to all their other dead in Christ, there were mitigating circumstances, the consideration of which served to suppress many a rising sigh, and to dry many a tear that started at the remembrance of "the loved and lost." But with the body that now arrested and controlled the sensibilities of all who gathered at the house of mourning, there were connected associations that appertain to none but a beloved and departed MOTHER. In the "thousand dear mysterious ties" by which she links her children's hearts to hers, there is a bond which Nature consecrates by many sacred and intense feelings, that are accorded to no other union of souls.

The emotions of one of the daughters were thus glowingly uttered, soon after the bereavement: "Desolate and dreary, my dear husband, is this once sweet and happy home! Oh, never, never can it look to me again as it has done. I do not murmur; but, oh, my heart is wrung, and my eyes weep tears of bitter anguish. Yet even now, (except when the awful truth forces itself upon me for an instant,) I cannot realize that my darling mother is indeed gone, never to return. Oh, I cannot bear the thought. In

the agony which I suffer, I would believe it to be *a dream*, from which I have so often awaked in years past. Again and again have I offered prayers for her who is now as far beyond the *reach*, as she is beyond the *need* of them; and the thought that succeeds is one of indescribable agony. Oh, *when* can I be calm, and resigned to the thought, that my precious mother is indeed *numbered with the dead!* Over this wide and bleak world do I look in vain; throughout its vast extent I find NO MOTHER."

The same daughter said, on a subsequent occasion: "Never before have I experienced such a *desolate* feeling. Much as I loved her, and fully as I thought I appreciated her, I had no conception *what* my feelings *would* be, when in reality she should be taken from me. The *pang* of separation could never be *anticipated.* The dread *reality* now pierces my soul with anguish that I cannot express. I endeavor not to murmur; but it is hard to be resigned.

"As we looked at our beloved and highly venerated mother, with her mental faculties unimpaired, her fine mind richly stored, and her tender and affectionate heart overflowing with love to her children, and unmeasured Christian kindness to all her fellow-creatures, we could not but indulge the *confident hope and expectation*, that her valuable, *precious* life would be long spared to us; and, although she had passed the allotted age of man upon earth, we still cherished the belief, that she would be permitted to remain a *living example*, to her children and her children's children, of *the power of faith, and the strength of Christ made perfect in human weakness.*

"Alas! our fond hopes are blasted, and we are again reminded, in a most solemn and painful manner, that 'God's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts.'

"How true is it, that we never appreciate our blessings, until we are deprived of them. Could I *now* be privileged with the society of my precious mother, even for *one short hour*, what comfort, and what counsel, advice, encouragement, solace, and sweet consolation should I derive from it! But this I can never enjoy again on earth. During the remainder of my earthly pilgrimage, I must ever mourn over this, my *irreparable* loss! In joy and in sorrow, my heart has always turned to *her;* and *never* did I *fail* to meet with a sympathizing and affectionate response. This ever copious fountain of my earthly comfort is now dried up; and this parental guide and solace is taken from me. And oh, sad and dreary thought, this meek, but 'effectual fervent' earthly intercessor no longer pleads for me at the throne of grace!

"But while dwelling upon my loss, I am by no means insensible to THE GOODNESS OF GOD, in *giving* to us, and *sparing* to us, *during a long life*, SUCH a Mother. May we be enabled to obey her precepts, to follow her example, to imitate her virtues, and to be made like her, wherein she resembled Christ; and, at last, may we be reunited to her, in the glorious kingdom of Christ above!"

With affectionate feelings, not less intense, the younger daughter, who was her mother's inseparable companion, and watchful guardian, thus records the tribute of her love, in the simplicity of heartfelt grief: "I could not bring myself to think that she would *die*. This increases the desolation that is spread around me; and I feel my loss, more and more. It seems to me, since she has gone, that the chain which bound me to earth is broken, and that I am floating over it without any thing to attach me to it. Oh, that precious Mother! She used to sit by me, when all else had gone to bed, and used to talk with me

so sweetly, and stand by me, and watch all I did, and listen to all I could tell her. But now she is gone; and I have no mother's heart to share with me my cares, my joys, and my sorrows. From the first moment of waking, to the last thought at night, something brings her to my mind; when I used to dress her and comb her hair; when she was at prayer, at table, at her books, in her chair, and at her accustomed duties and employments through the day. Then, when I tarried awhile in the parlor after all else had retired, she would never leave me, nor go up stairs until *I* did. Then, undressing her, arranging her bed, and kissing her the last thing; and then going to sleep,—waking up in the night to watch her breathing, and praying that God would spare her precious life! Now it is *so* lonely, morning, noon, and night! No one can fill the void. I feel that I must through life, down to the grave, go mourning.

"How much do we all owe to her! What a priceless blessing has she been, to each and all of her children! We can never be as thankful as we ought, that we have been favored with such a mother."

"Our once happy home is so no more. Its bright star has set. Its light is withdrawn. Our guardian angel has been removed. May we not hope, that she is still permitted to watch over us whom she loved and prayed for all our lives?"

For three days after her decease, the body was retained in the house of mourning; and she, being dead, yet spoke with touching eloquence to those who looked upon her lifeless form. During this solemn tarrying of the corpse, a black cloud of funeral sorrow hung over the once happy house. And its inmates found, that, even when their dead was buried out of their sight, their grief was not coffined

and consigned to the grave with her. Unburied, it still frequents the apartments that were her familiar places of resort. It assumes her form and countenance, sits in her chair, adopts her words, points to the stand where she would place her eartrumpet and her glasses, and to the book-mark that tells where she was reading the day before her last illness. "Her dear sweet face," says her younger daughter and chief mourner, "still appears to my fond memory; and I often look at each chair, and fancy how she sat there, and how she spoke and acted. Every thing and every spot constantly recalls her. Yet I would not have it otherwise. I love to be reminded of her, though it brings pain with it."

In these tender allusions to the dear departed, however, and in this grievous mourning at her absence, the divine purpose in the affliction was not forgotten nor unheeded. God's hand was recognized; His sovereignty acknowledged; His wisdom and love, His mercy and faithfulness, discovered and proclaimed. "It is God that afflicts us, and we ought not to murmur." "I submit, although I cannot say that I do so with proper Christian resignation. I pray God to give me strength." "This, no doubt, is all done in *love;* but, for the present, it seemeth to be grievous." "We shall at length find it to be good for us to be thus dealt with." And all those whom bereavement tempts to indulge repining thoughts and disconsolate emotions, will sooner or later discover, not only that it is good for the children of God to be afflicted, but that *sorrow* is the *prime element* in the process of our being brought to have the same mind in us which was in Him who was acquainted with grief. That soul which Jesus takes most pleasure in frequenting, ofttimes resorting to it as to an inviting garden, where His devout affections may suitably be indulged,

must bear in mind, that it is the very spot, so often favored with His divine presence, which He selects as the most appropriate, not only for the highest exhibition of His love, but for the fullest manifestation of His disciple's faith, constancy, and endurance,—an humble resignation in drinking of the cup that He drank of, and being baptized with the baptism that He was baptized with.

When we stand by the bodies of our holy dead, He does not leave us comfortless. He tells us, they are "blessed," they "rest from their labors," and "their works do follow them." A sympathizing friend* of the mourning family, and friend of Jesus also, suggested, in a letter of condolence, these consolatory thoughts: "With the Bible in our hand, and looking at the promises of our Saviour, and at your dear departed mother's character through a long and uniform life, we cannot but rejoice that the change to her is unspeakable gain." "I can truly say, that in her *I* have lost a dear and valued friend. None could know without loving her; for nothing could exceed the frankness, the tenderness, the gentle loveliness of her heart, filled and animated as it always was with divine love. All could read on her countenance, HOLINESS TO THE LORD." "I have thought much of you and your sufferings. God will send His consolations into the depths of your soul. The wound is terrible; but his hand is powerful to heal. Lay all your grief and anguish before the Man of Sorrows. He alone can minister the healing balm."

On the morning of Tuesday, June 27th, preparations were made to convey the body to the House of God, for

* Mr Abel A. Hine. His letter here cited was written, August 23d, 1848; and, little more than seven months after, he was himself added to the congregation of the dead in Christ. He died on Good Friday, April 6th, 1849.

the performance of that part of the burial service appointed to be used before proceeding to the grave. Nature was in soothing harmony with the proposed solemn rite. The morning was serene. The air was balmy. It was the close of the first summer month, when the gayety of merry May had been repressed, and softened into a tranquillity adapted to pensiveness. The quiet village, also, seemed, by its prevailing stillness, to offer a tribute of respect to the departed, as a solemn sound invited all who heard it, to think of death and the world of spirits.

> "It was the village church-bell's deep slow toll,
> That spoke the transit of a deathless soul."

At eight o'clock, the body, followed by the mourners and a procession of sympathizing friends, was carried from the homestead to the church. The only surviving son and the younger daughter, the elder daughter and the son-in-law, the brother* and the sister,† and four of the grandchildren,‡ with other relatives, entered the church, immediately after the corpse, as it was borne toward the chancel, while the Rector of the Church, the Rev. Mr. Munson, read the introductory sentences of the Burial Service.

In front of the chancel was placed the coffin in which we had conveyed to the House of God, and now surrendered unto the Church, as the Mother of the faithful, the body of one of her blessed dead, to be retained in her keeping, until the last great day, and then presented by her unto the Divine Head of the Church, a glorious body.

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* William Whiting, mentioned at p 297.

† Elizabeth Whiting, pp. 306—308.

‡ Elijah G. Boardman; and John Frederick, Cornelia E., and Eliza M. Schroeder.

In early infancy, it was received by Christ into his arms at the font in holy baptism, and signed with the sign of the cross in the blessed triune name. In childhood, it was conducted to the sanctuary, to learn with the lambs of the flock those spiritual things which every one who is "a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven," ought to "know and believe to his soul's health." In maturity and in old age, it was to be seen in the Lord's holy temple, kneeling, standing, sitting, as the Church prescribes, in prayer and praise, in the hearing of God's word read or preached, and in receiving the "holy mysteries" in "the Communion of His body and His blood." Now lifeless, it was still the Lord's; a casket that had contained His pearl of great price; a habitation of God; a temple of the Holy Ghost.

After the reading of the Anthem and the Lesson by the Rev. Mr. Munson, an appropriate Address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Haight* of New York, from the words, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." *Psalm* cxvi, 15. At the close of the Address, the 1st, 4th, and 5th verses of the 124th Hymn were sung. The procession which had followed the body from the house of mourning to the House of God, then followed it to "the house appointed for all living." There, the Rev. Dr. Haight read all that part of the Order for the Burial of the Dead, which the Church appoints to be used at the grave. The honored remains, laid in a mahogany coffin, were placed, with the coffin, in a box of pine, and thus deposited, in a marble sarcophagus, in OUR MOTHER'S GRAVE,

* An affectionate friend of the family, for many years. The Address has kindly been furnished, in compliance with the request of the family, and is inserted in the Memoir, at the close of this chapter.

between the graves of her husband and her youngest son, in the hope of a glorious resurrection.

At the close of the service, a choir sang, at the grave, in sweet and soothing strains, the following stanzas from one of the hymns composed by the sainted Heber.

"Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb:
The Saviour has pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

"Thou art gone to the grave! but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died."

Thus we committed, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," all that was mortal of our lamented mother; the Church, by the lips of her ministering priest, and in the words of her solemn funeral service, strewing over that grave the sweetest consolations, and hopes redolent of heaven and of everlasting glory through Him who is "the resurrection and the life."

"There sweet be her rest, till He bid her arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies."

The spot is appropriately designated. A white marble monument, consisting of a square pedestal surmounted by an obelisk, serves as a tribute to both the parents of the family, being placed at the head of the two graves where their bodies are deposited.

The four sides of the pedestal bear inscriptions. One records the death of both of the lamented; another, a tribute of filial affection to a Father; a third, consolatory texts of Holy Scripture; and a fourth, the Christian hope and love of children at a Mother's grave.

On the *west* side of the pedestal are the words:

In
memory of the
HON. ELIJAH BOARDMAN,
a Senator of the
United States; who died,
August 18, A. D. 1823,
aged 63 years;
and of his wife,
MARY ANNA,
who was born, October 19, 1767,
and died, June 24, 1848,
aged 80 years.

On the *south* side is this inscription:

At thy Grave,
DEAR FATHER,
while we unite with others
in admiring thy
sound wisdom,
dignity of character, and
ardent patriotism,
we dwell, with devoted affection,
on the endearing
domestic and social virtues,
that adorned thy life,
and the triumphant
Christian hope
that enabled thee to say,
in thy last moments,
"I DIE IN PEACE."

On the *east* side of the pedestal is inscribed:

"Mark the perfect man,
and behold the upright;
for the end of that man is
PEACE."

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is
the death of his saints."

"Blesssed are the dead
who die in the Lord."

The inscription on the *north* side is:

From this Grave,
at the last day,
when the trumpet shall sound,
shall be raised, in glory,
one of the Lord's blessed dead,
OUR MOTHER.

Pure in heart, meek and holy!
We dearly loved thee, MOTHER;
and we cherish thy
parting words:
"My greatest anxiety is,
that we may meet in a
state of happiness."

There are three graves north of Mrs. Boardman's, immediately adjoining to one another. They are those of her son George, her daughter Mary Anna, and her mother. Each of these has a headstone and a footstone; and the three headstones bear inscriptions. Around the plat where

these three graves and those of Mr. and Mrs. Boardman are situated, and including an unoccupied space on the south large enough for the last earthly homes of two more mortal bodies, is erected a Gothic iron railing.

Several monuments and tombstones on the east of this plat, and others in different parts of the graveyard, contain records that are interesting to all the branches of the Boardman and Whiting families, by pointing out where lie the ashes of their family progenitors, and of those who have, for a full century past, formed the retinue of Death, and been conducted by him to the house appointed for all living. Lying as their mortal bodies do in domestic groups, they suggest, by an easy association, the thought of their immortal souls forming family clusters in the world of spirits, reviving, in their unearthly intercourse, the recollection of scenes here below, and cherishing the Gospel hope of that glorious event promised in God's word, when "we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of His holy name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, *both in body and soul*, in His eternal and everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord."*

As we stand over our dead, at the new grave in our family burial-place, this thought comes to our minds with great intensity; and we hear a voice from heaven, saying unto us, "If ye believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."† We know that we have not *lost* our Mother. We do not, therefore, sorrow "even as others who have no hope." By faith we hear her saying to us, "Mourners, weep not. My only son remaining upon earth, my dear daughters, my brothers and my sisters, and all ye who so lately inter-

* The Order for the Burial of the Dead. † 1 Thess. iv, 14.

changed with me the pledges of endearment, I am not dead, but sleeping in Jesus. I shall arise again from this place of my repose. Awaking on the morning of the promised day of the world's rest, I shall smile on you again. Weep not. Every flower that springs up on my grassy bed, tells you, 'That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die. It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory.'

"Think not, that, because I am *away* from you, I have *forgotten* you. Can a mother forget her child? Oh, no! My kindred and my friends, I bear you all upon my heart before the mercy-seat. The very youngest of my grandchildren, thou whom I loved to call 'my darling little boy,' I love thee still. Give diligence, my friends, lingering as you now do in a world abounding in iniquity,—give diligence to make your calling and election sure. Remember my words to you at parting, *My greatest anxiety is, that we may meet in a state of happiness.*"

Whenever Affection and Sorrow lead her children to her grave, well may they, with tender sadness, think and speak of her, ejaculating, Oh, Mother, we loved, but not enough, the gentle hand that reared us. At the sacred altar of thy knee, we learned to pray, in infancy; from thy lips we learned, in childhood, what we ought to know and believe to our soul's health; and, in our maturity of life, we were continually receiving, from the holy thoughts and feelings associated with thee, motives to the contemplation and practice of divine wisdom; the love of God in Christ. The graces of the Gospel that hover about thy precious memory, tell us that thou hast not gone *away*, but gone *before;* and that thou art now waiting to receive us, a reunited family in heaven.

All her kindred and her friends, who visit the spot con-

secrated by the sacred thoughts that attach to the mouldering ruins of the temple of her body, and to the heavenly exaltation of her released and ransomed spirit, have good reason to remember, and to recount, that, during her long life of Gospel faith and holiness, she was, to her parents, the most dutiful of children; to the Church, an exemplary member; to the community, a bright ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; to the social circle, a beloved companion; to the poor, a liberal benefactress; to the disconsolate, a Christian comforter; to the widow and the fatherless, a friend in need; to her kindred, an affectionate relative; to her husband, the best of wives; and to her children, the loveliest of mothers.

Filial Affection, while tracing on her monument a brief tribute to her memory, delights to think of her better record on high, and of those far better monuments,—her works of faith and love that have followed her.

But she needs no storied urn to preserve and perpetuate the recollection of her virtues. She is enshrined in the temple of our memory; and, when we resort thither for solemn thought and spiritual meditation, at the cenotaph which there revives the remembrance of her surpassing loveliness and holiness, we shall ever, with a pleasing sadness, think of what we lost in her, but, with a devout joy, anticipate its eventual recovery.

In those moments when the soul is most free from the influence exerted by the material world, and most ready to receive such a spiritual visitant, we will think of her and speak of her, that, by her good example, she may continue to be with us, not indeed audibly and articulately, but as much as ever in the mind and heart: invisible, yet always present, especially at the home fireside, around the domestic board, at the family altar, in the temple of

the Holy One, and at the chancel there. Thus holding converse with us, just as really as though her visible appearance was discoverable by our eyes, her communion will be as intimate as ever. She will be with us, by the abiding influences of her example and her precepts, when we pray and when we read our Bibles; and in the midst of our earthly joy, her form will flit before our view, suggesting thoughts calculated to sanctify our happiness. In sorrow too, for she was acquainted with grief, she will come to us with her meek endurance and unmurmuring resignation, to teach us patience, and submission to God's will. In our dreams she will refresh us with the renewal of past scenes of earthly enjoyment, or with the thought of future scenes of heavenly bliss. At our closing hour, her smile in death will cheer us with an assurance of the blessedness of the dead who die in the Lord. And when the happy time shall come for the gathering together of those who are now separate, the revival of all the sympathies which we have indulged with her, sublimated and sanctified, will make us, we trust, through Christ our Lord, a reunited family in heaven.

There, as one of the Fathers* has expressed it, "a great number of dear ones are awaiting us, a dense and thronging crowd of parents, of brethren, of children, are longing for us,

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* St. Augustine, in a *Discourse on the Creed.* The context of the quoted passage glows with fervid and devout eloquence: "Haec sunt vestigia quae nobis sancti quique revertentes in patriam reliquerunt, ut illorum semitis inhaerentes sequeremur ad gaudia. Cur non properamus et currimus, ut patriam nostram videre possimus? Magnus illic carorum numerus exspectat, parentum, fratrum, filiorum frequens nos et copiosa turba desiderat, jam de sua incolumitate secura, adhuc de nostra salute sollicita. Ad eorum complexum et conspectum venire, quanta illis et nobis in commune laetitia est! Illic Apostolorum gloriosus chorus. Illic Prophetarum exsultantium numerus insignis. Ibi Mar-

they being already assured of their own security, and still solicitous for our salvation." Our communion with them, as explained by the Church's best expositor of her creed,* consists of "hope, esteem, and imitation on our side," and of "desires and supplications on their side." And speaking of those who while on earth deserved "the best of our affections," he adds, "Certainly when they are dissolved and with Christ, when they have been blessed with a sight of God, and rewarded with a crown of glory, they may challenge respect from us, who are here to wait upon the will of God, expecting when some such happy change may come." In the spirit of this devout thought, a venerable man of God, and affectionate friend of the departed at whose grave we have been standing, has said, on recently sending to one of her daughters his miniature likeness, "It will serve to remind you, that there was a reciprocal friendship between him and your dear father and mother, and that he is in daily expectation of *meeting them in Paradise.*" "My physical strength," says he, "is failing;

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tyrum populus innumerabilis ob certaminum victoriam coronatur. Illic clarissima Virginum turba laetatur, illic etiam Confessorum fortitudo laudatur." Augustini OPERA, T. VI, edit. Bened., Appendix, *Sermo de Symbolo*, col. 762. G. These are the footsteps which all the saints, on going homeward to their country, have left for us, that, keeping in their paths, we may follow them to their joys. Why do we not haste and run, that we may behold our country? There, a great number of dear ones are awaiting us, a dense and thronging crowd of parents, of brethren, of children, are longing for us, they being already assured of their own security, and still solicitous for our salvation. To go, and be in their embrace and their society, how great the enjoyment for them and us together! There, is the glorious company of the Apostles. There, is the goodly fellowship of the exulting Prophets. There, the innumerable army of Martyrs is crowned for victory in their conflicts. There, the most illustrious troop of Virgins is rejoicing; there, too, is celebrated the fortitude of the Confessors.

* Bishop Pearson: *Article IX of the Creed*, near the close.

and my mental faculties daily tell me, Time is short. Amen! Come, Lord Jesus." "I stand on the bank of Jordan, waiting for my guardian angel to divide the waters, that I may pass over to Canaan's happy shore."*

The hope of thus meeting we are taught by the Church to cherish in our hearts, while we sing the hymn† in which she points us to that "bright inheritance," "beyond these mortal shores,"

> "Where saints in light our coming wait,
> To share their holy, happy state."

On this subject, one of the most eminent of our Bishops‡ has well said: "Let no man think, that because those blessed souls are out of sight, far distant in another world, and we are here toiling in a vale of tears, we have therefore lost all mutual regard for each other. No, there is still, and ever will be, a secret but unfailing correspondence between heaven and earth. The present happiness of those heavenly citizens cannot have abated aught of their knowledge and charity, but must needs have raised them to a higher pitch of both; they, therefore, who are now glorious comprehensors, cannot but in a generality retain the notice of the sad condition of us poor travellers here below, panting towards our rest together with them; and, in common, wish for the happy consummation of this our weary pilgrimage, in the fruition of their glory. That they have any prospective whereby they can see down into our particular wants, is that which we find no ground to believe. It is enough that they have a univer-

* Letter of the Rev. Dr. Burhans to C. E. B., dated, *Epiphany*, 1849. He was then in the 86th year of his age, and is still (March, 1849) living.

† Hymn 15th.

‡ Bishop Hall's *Christ Mystical*, end of ch. VII.

sal apprehension of the estate of Christ's wayfaring Church upon the face of the earth, (Rev. vi, 10,) and, as fellow-members of the mystical body, long for a perfect glorification of the whole."

They and we are, indeed, living in very different regions, that are widely separated. They are resting in their Canaan; we are wandering in our wilderness; but we are united to each other by the ties of that Communion of Saints, which the Church calls upon us to recognize as an article of our belief, and from which, in her prayers and in her praises, she derives some of the most animating of our motives to the love of God and to His faithful service. The same Sun of Righteousness that sheds his glory around the saints with Christ, lightens also our darkness. We are conducted by the same Jesus who brought them into their possession; and although they are already beyond Jordan, and we continue for a while longer on this side, there subsists a common interest in the hopes of the Gospel, and in the final fruition of God's promises. They, as well as we, are yet *expectants*. Their joy is not yet full. They, without us, will not have their *perfect* consummation and bliss, both in *body and soul*, until the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised, preparatory to Christ's triumphal entrance with all his saints into the Heavenly Jerusalem.

Our Mother's spirit had not yet gone to join the multitude before the throne and before the Lamb, when one of her sons thus addressed his sister, on the subject of their dead: "Blessed be their memory! And if the angels of departed worth are permitted to see us who are lingering behind, may they be permitted to shed also upon us a divine influence! May their Christian examples be our guide! May they nourish in our hearts true religion!

As our dying friends are said to be 'pioneers to death,' may they smooth our path to the grave, and soften our dying pillow! And by the blessing of Him who can do all things, may we meet our gone and much loved friends where it is far, far better to be than here!" Since his hand penned these words, the mother and the son have both been gathered to the spirits of our blessed dead who rest in peace.*

Tranquilly do the souls who depart hence in the Lord Jesus enjoy their divine repose, between the hour when their corruptible bodies were laid in the grave, which Jesus by His burial consecrated, and the resurrection morning, when these bodies shall be "changed and made like unto His own glorious body." It is a peaceful interval. It is a holy sabbatical rest from their labors; and that sabbath of the disembodied now with Jesus is a High Sabbath. The morning that shall succeed it,—(oh, how cheering is the thought!) the never-ending Lord's-day,—will light up new heavens and a new earth; for the universe will sympathize with Christ and His Church, as He calleth His own by name, and leadeth them out, saying, "Behold, I and the children which God hath given me." And many a parent, also, among His ransomed, shall catch the cadence of His words, and repeat them with unearthly rapture, at the blissful, final gathering of family groups in glory.

Oh, Mother, our dear Mother, may we then meet to part with thee no more. May we all, thy children and thy children's children, have grace imparted to us now,

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* The letter was written by Mr. Henry Mason Boardman to his sister Caroline, (Mrs. Schroeder,) October 8th, 1843. He died, December 17th, 1846; and the mother, June 24th, 1848.

to imitate thy bright example, so beautifully reflecting that of the Meek and Holy One, our Divine Redeemer. And when caught up to meet the Lord in the air, may we, while we welcome Him and his convoy of saints and holy angels, recognize among them, in all thy loveliness, and with thy bland countenance and well-remembered smile, our precious Mother.

ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL

OF

MRS. MARY ANNA BOARDMAN,

BY

BENJAMIN I. HAIGHT, D. D.,

PROFESSOR OF PASTORAL THEOLOGY AND PULPIT ELOQUENCE IN THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF THE PROT. EPISC. CHURCH.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

PSALM CXVI, 15.

THIS is one of the many words of comfort with which Holy Scripture abounds, and which the child of God treasures up in his innermost soul in the hour of sore bereavement. The death of the saints of the Lord,—his chosen ones, is not brought about by chance, comes not by accident; but, with all the accompanying circumstances, is the result of the wise and holy purpose of Him who reigns on high.

How could it be otherwise? Did he not make them,—breathe into their nostrils the breath of life? Are they not the creatures of his hand,—the sheep of his pasture,—the vine of his planting? Has he not preserved them, all their journey long,—watching over them in the feebleness of infancy, guiding them in the waywardness of youth, directing them amid the duties and cares of

maturer years, and even to their old age, to "hoar hairs," carrying them? Has he not redeemed them by the precious blood of the Lamb without blemish and without spot,—bought them for his own by the sacrifice of his Incarnate Son, not sparing him, but freely giving him up for their salvation! And has he not sanctified them by his grace, regenerated them by water and the Holy Ghost, sent the spirit of his Son into their hearts, whereby they cry, Abba, Father? And can he then, at the hour of nature's dissolution, when 'the silver cord is loosed' and 'the golden bowl is broken,'—can he then be indifferent to what is passing? Far otherwise! The very hairs of our head are all numbered.* Our times are in his hand.† He counts and treasures up the tears of his people. He appoints the time of their departure hence, and regulates all the attendant circumstances. True, many of them are painful and distressing. Days and weeks, perhaps months and years, of languor and weakness, nay, even of acute suffering, may be appointed to them. 'Wearisome nights' may be their continual portion wherein they are 'full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day.' Still, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." All this is God's visitation. All this is permitted by a wise and loving Father. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." "What son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?"‡ Do we not, at times, assign onerous duties to our loved ones, and even inflict severe pain upon them, and this the greater our affection, in order to the security of their welfare and the increase of their happiness? The saints are God's children,—his sons and daughters; and shall he not,

* Matt. x, 30. † Ps. xxxi, 15. ‡ Heb. xii, 6, 7.

then, lift over them the rod of his rebuke? Even the Captain of our salvation was made 'perfect through suffering.' 'He went not up to joy but first he suffered pain: he entered not into his glory before he was crucified.' It is thus that our Heavenly Father takes away the dross, refining his children in the furnace of affliction,—purging them as gold and silver; that he may bear them all bright and glistering, to beautify and adorn his temple above.

And when their days of suffering draw rapidly to a close,—when the shadows lengthen fast, and the night is just about to fall; when this world fast recedes and eternity opens upon the view,—does our God then leave his people? "The Lord is my Shepherd; therefore can I lack nothing. He shall feed me in a green pasture, and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."* "But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."† As the departing saint descends into the dark valley, his God,—his Creator, Redeemer, Sanctifier,—is with him. His rod,—his omnipotent rod,—and his staff that cannot break, sustain and comfort him. He enters the swelling waters of Jordan. His Saviour God is by his side. He struggles manfully with the roaring billows. They overwhelm him not; and he reaches in safety the shores of the heavenly Ca-

*Ps. xxiii, 1, 2, 4. †Is. xliii, 1, 2.

naan. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

And when the eternal world is entered, when the soul has quit this mortal tenement, she is borne by ministering spirits to the realms of the blessed. As she wings aloft her flight, she is guided by her celestial attendants to the abode of peace. "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."* Lazarus "died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom."† "I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, from henceforth,"—immediately,— "blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors."‡ At once are they transported to that land where the voice of conflict is never heard, and where unbroken tranquillity ever reigns, there to dwell with myriads of ransomed, happy spirits, till the resurrection morn. "To die is gain." "To depart and be with Christ, is far better."§ They are in the presence of their Saviour. Their warfare is accomplished. Their toil is ended. Their work is done. Strife, and conflict, and sorrow, and sickness, and distress, have passed away forever. Never again shall they be racked with pain, or harassed with temptation, or burdened with doubt, or saddened by fears. The agony is over. "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."‖ "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

And when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and all, small and great, stand before God, the people of the Lord shall come forth to the

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* Lu. xxiii, 43. † Lu. xvi, 22. ‡ Rev. xiv, 13.
§ Phil. i, 21, 23. ‖ Rev. xxi, 4.

resurrection of life. "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."* "He shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other."† He shall place them on his right hand,—the post of honor and favor. And when 'the books are opened, and they are judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works,'‡ they are acquitted. They hear from the lips of the Judge of all the earth, as he turns to them with an approving smile, the welcome words, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."§ And when they in all humility disclaim all right to such a distinction, on the ground of any thing done by them to the Saviour,—"Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?"‖—and confess themselves to be but unprofitable servants, exclaiming, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake,"¶—his gracious reply comes back yet further to cheer and comfort their souls, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."** Before his Father and the holy angels he confesses them, owns them as his, places upon their brows the unfading

* 1 Thess. iv, 16—18. † Mat. xxiv, 31. ‡ Rev. xx, 12.
§ Mat. xxv, 34. ‖ Mat. xxv, 37. ¶ Ps. cxv, 1.
** Mat. xxv, 40.

diadem of glory, writes upon them his new name,—and then in their glorified bodies, every taint of earth purged away, made like to his own glorious body,—does he bear them away to the New Jerusalem. They enter within the gates of pearl, they tread its street of gold, they learn that new song which none but the redeemed can learn; they strike the golden harps, and together chaunt the chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."* And this Holy City is their home, their eternal home, and this work of grateful praise their unceasing employment. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out."† This is the rest, the eternal Sabbath, that remaineth for the people of God. And as the ages of eternity roll on, will the bliss of saints in the presence of their God and Saviour increase; evermore growing in knowledge, and holiness, and love. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

This is the truth, my beloved brethren, which sustains and comforts the Christian. This is the hope, the glorious hope of the believer in Jesus. Our Saviour Christ "hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."‡ Hence the Christian can go rejoicing to his rest. Hence, when our hearts are riven with anguish, and bursting with grief, as the mortal life of a loved one fades away, we can yet smile, thank God, and press on with vigor in the pathway of duty. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." We

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* Rev. v, 12, 13. † Ib. iii, 12. ‡ 2 Tim. i, 10.

know it. God himself has so declared it. And myriads of his people, in all ages of his Church, have proved it true in their own happy experience. It was so with our beloved friend who now sleeps in Jesus. I cannot trust myself now to speak of her. And were I able to portray the lovely lineaments of her Christian character, and to dwell upon the proofs and marks of her fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ,—give vent to the deep feelings of my heart,—I should feel rebuked in the attempt by the presence of her mortal remains; so meek, so gentle, so unobtrusive, was she in life. But who doubts, that she was one of God's saints! Who that knew her, loved her not! Who that knew her, did not honor her! Who doubts that her death was precious in the sight of the Lord whom she served, and in whom she trusted,—that she is now in Paradise, sweetly resting from her labors, thence to ascend at the last day, to that city above, whose builder and maker is God! Would that we all, who to-day are gathered around her bier, might follow her, as she followed Christ, in humble, penitential, confiding, loving faith, and careful obedience to all his commands! Would that we all might so live, that when we are borne to the narrow house appointed for all living, there may be, as now, no lurking doubt or suspicion of our unfitness for the great change, but the hope,—clear and bright,—to comfort those who mourn our departure, that death to us has been gain! God grant it, for the sake of his only Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ.

THE TEMPLE OF HER BODY IS NOW MOULDERING IN THE DUST; BUT FAITH SAYS, IT SHALL BE BUILT UP AGAIN. AND THE GLORY OF THIS LATTER HOUSE SHALL BE GREATER THAN OF THE FORMER, SAITH THE LORD OF HOSTS.

APPENDIX.

THE FAMILIES OF

A. Major General JOHN MASON,
B. DANIEL MASON of Lebanon,
C. JEREMIAH MASON of Franklin,
D. The Hon. WILLIAM WHITING of Hartford,
E. Rev. JOHN WHITING of Hartford,
F. Rev. SAMUEL WHITING of Windham,
G. Colonel WILLIAM WHITING of Bozrah,
H. Dr. WILLIAM WHITING of Great Barrington,
I. Mrs. MARY ANNA BOARDMAN of New Milford.

DOCUMENTS.

J. Letters from the Hon. ROBERT TREAT PAINE to Dr. WILLIAM WHITING.
K. Account of the BOARDMAN FAMILY.
L. Obituary of Mrs. MARY ANNA BOARDMAN.

Maximus unde pater, si rite audita recordor.

VIRG. ÆN., III, 107.

A.

THE FAMILY OF

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN MASON.

[A. D. 1600—1672.]

THIS celebrated man is briefly and happily described, in a recent History of Colonization in New England, as "large and powerful in frame, and, as a soldier, alike discreet and determined."* At the famous swamp fight with the Pequots, "one of the most resolute of them walked boldly up to Mason, with an uplifted tomahawk, and, when about to give the fatal stroke, received a blow from the cutlass of the latter, which severed the head of the savage from his body."†

He was born in 1600; and died before June 4th, ~~1762~~, for "his last will and the inventory of his estate were exhibited in court" at that time.‡ 1672

He married twice. His first wife died at Windsor; and he there married his second wife.§

He left seven children:

1. PRISCILLA, the eldest child, born in October, 1641,‖ became (October, 1661) the second wife of the Rev. James Fitch. He was born in Essex county, England, December 24th, 1622, and migrated to America in 1638; studied under the Rev. Mr. Hooker and the Rev. Mr. Stone; and was ordained

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* Talvj, in his *Geschichte der Colonisation von Neu-England.* His words are: "Gross und mächtig von Gestalt, und als Soldat gleich klug und entschlossen." p. 276. Leipzig, 1847.

† Trumbull's *Hist. of the Indian Wars*, Ch. I, p. 59.

‡ Ellis' *Life of Mason*, in Sparks' Amer. Biog., Vol. XIII.

§ Ellis' *Life of Mason*, Note on p. 435.

‖ The Norwich Records, *First Book of Births and Deaths*, p. 22, quoted by Ellis.

over the Church at Saybrook.* He removed to Norwich in 1660, and was the first minister there. He and his wife Priscilla had eight children:

(1) Daniel,
(2) John,
(3) Jeremiah,
(4) Jabez,
(5) Anna,
(6) Nathaniel,
(7) ~~Josiah,~~ Joseph,
(8) Eleazar.†

By his first wife, Abigail, daughter of the Rev. Henry Whitefield, he had two sons, James and Samuel, and four daughters.‡ A grandson of the Rev. James Fitch and his wife Priscilla, was James Fitch of Lebanon, who had a daughter Elizabeth. This Elizabeth married Jeremiah Mason, grandson of Daniel Mason, the brother of this Mrs. Priscilla Fitch. The son of this Jeremiah and Elizabeth was the great jurist, the Hon. Jeremiah Mason, LL. D., of Boston.

2. SAMUEL, the eldest son, born in July, 1644,§ settled in Stonington, and became a Lieutenant,‖ a Captain,¶ a Major,** and a Magistrate or Assistant†† in the General Court, in the year 1683. He died at Stonington; and left a widow Elizabeth, and four daughters: Ann, Sarah, Elizabeth, and Harriet. The date of his death was before March 7th, 1706, as his estate (£929. 4s. 10d.) was then distributed.‡‡

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* Allen's *American Biogr. Dict.*, Art. Fitch.

† Hinman's *Catalogue of Puritan Settlers*, Art. Fitch.

‡ Allen's *Amer. Biog.*

§ The *Norwich Records*, quoted by Ellis.

‖ He was so entitled, when the Court appointed him and the Rev. James Fitch, guardians of the children of his brother John, when the inventory of this brother's estate was exhibited in Court, June 5th, 1677. This is mentioned by Ellis.

¶ *Trumbull's MSS.*, Vol. XXII; an agreement signed by *Captain* Samuel Mason, Nov. 9th, 1699, quoted by Ellis.

** *Probate Records* at New London, quoted by Ellis.

†† Farmer's *Genealogical Register*, Art. Mason.

‡‡ *Probate Records* at New London, quoted by Ellis.

3. JOHN, born, August, 1646,* was the second son. He inherited his father's character, as well as name, and was called the *Valiant Captain.* In king Philip's war, he received a severe wound in the swamp fight, December 19th, 1675, as appears from the list of slain and wounded.† He died in September of the next year, 1676, in consequence, it is said, of this wound, "leaving a widow Abigail, and two children, *John* and Ann."‡ This John, son of John and Abigail, resided at Stonington and New London, and became a Captain.§ He married one of the daughters of his uncle Samuel, and had a son Samuel, who long resided in the city of London, and was the prosecutor of the colony of Connecticut, in the protracted and celebrated Mohegan Law Case.

4. RACHEL, born in October, 1648.‖

5. ANN, born in June, 1650.‖

6. DANIEL, the youngest son, born in April, 1652,‖ settled at Lebanon, and removed to Norwich, where he was appointed (March, 1679,) school-master for nine months.¶ He died at Stonington, (1736,) at the age of 85 years.¶ His wife was Margaret, daughter of Mrs. Denison of Roxbury, Massachusetts. In the Church Records of Roxbury is this entry: "8 d.

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* The *Norwich Records*, quoted by Ellis.

† *Trumbull's MSS.*, Vol. XXII, No. 79, referred to in Ellis' Life of Mason.

‡ Ellis' *Life of Mason.*

§ He is so entitled in a *deed*, conveying 900 acres of land at Norwich to the Rev. Peter Thatcher of Milton, dated June 13th, 1707. This deed is in the *Records of Towns and Lands*, at Hartford, Vol. II, p. 162, quoted by Ellis. The Rev. Thomas Prince, also, in his *Introduction to Mason's Brief History of the Pequot War*, says, that he received the MS. of the History from Mason's "eldest grandson, Captain John Mason, now (1735) of New London." *Mass. Hist Coll.*, Vol. VIII, p. 120.

‖ *Norwich Records*, as quoted. ¶ Ellis.

12 m. 1673. Margaret Mason, daughter of sister Denison, owned the covenant." Dr. Harris, Librarian of Harvard College, who has kindly communicated* the record, copied by himself, remarks on it: "The date is to be interpreted February 8th, 1673–4, or 1674 New Style. We gather by this record, that Margaret, the wife of Daniel Mason, (third son of John,) was the daughter of Mrs. Denison of Roxbury. The latter was probably the wife of Captain George Denison, who accompanied John Mason to Connecticut. It is known that, during the Indian wars, Daniel Mason sent his wife to Roxbury, to abide with her relations there; and that *there* was born his son Daniel, and baptized, as by the same Church Records, mo. 2, day 9, 1676." The Indian wars referred to, which occurred in 1676, and "kept the whole neighborhood in terror," were the occasion of Daniel Mason's removing his wife "to her friends in Roxbury," where, very soon after, her son Daniel was born, and baptized by the Apostle of the Indians, the Rev. John Eliot, then the pastor of the First Church in Roxbury.†

This infant Daniel, son of Daniel and Margaret Mason of Norwich, born at Roxbury, and baptized by the Indian Missionary Eliot, became the grandfather of Mrs. Mary Anna Boardman's mother Anna Mason. An account of his family is given in Appendix B.

7. ELIZABETH, born in August, 1654.‡

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* In a letter dated October 28th, 1848.

† Ellis, who states these facts, and gives the date of the baptism, quotes a MS. *Letter of the Rev. James Fitch, of Norwich, on Indian Affairs,* and also, the *Roxbury First Church Records,* Baptisms.

‡ *Norwich Records,* as quoted.

B.

THE FAMILY OF

DANIEL MASON,

OF LEBANON.

[A. D. 1676—1705.]

He was born at Roxbury, 1676, and baptized there by the Missionary Eliot. He married, April 9th, 1704,* Dorothy Hobart, daughter of the Rev. Jeremiah Hobart of Haddam. This Rev. Jeremiah Hobart was the son of the Rev. Peter Hobart of Hingham, Massachusetts,† and married Dorothy Whiting, daughter of the Rev. Samuel Whiting of Lynn, Massachusetts,‡ who, before his removing to America, was a minister of the Gospel at Lynn in Norfolk county, and at Skirbick near Boston in Lincolnshire, England.§

The second wife of this Rev. Samuel Whiting of Lynn, was Elizabeth St. John, of Bedfordshire, to whom he was married in 1630.‖ She came with her husband, from Lincolnshire to New England,¶ and died on the third day of March, 1677, aged 72 years.‖ She was the daughter of Oliver St. John, who was Chief Justice of England in the time of Oliver Cromwell, and whose second wife** was a cousin of Cromwell. Oliver St. John was the son of Oliver St. John of Caishoe in Bedfordshire, Esq., descended from the family of Bolingbroke.††

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* *Second Book of Records of West Haddam*, as quoted by Ellis.

† Lincoln's *Hist. of Hingham*, pp. 113, 175. An account of the branches of the Rev. Peter Hobart's family, may be found in the first chapter of the "Memorial of Bishop Hobart," by the author of this Memoir.

‡ Thompson's *Hist. of Long Island*, Vol. II, pp. 22—24.

§ *Memoirs of the Rev. David Brainerd*, by the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, Ch. I; Mather's *Magnalia*, Vol. I, B. III, Ch. XXVIII, *Life of Mr. Samuel Whiting;* and Winthrop's *Journal*, Vol. I, p. 204.

‖ Lewis' *Hist. of Lynn*, an. 1679, p. 131.

¶ Hutchinson's *Hist. of Massachusetts*, Vol. I, p. 19.

** She was the daughter of Henry Cromwell, of Upwood. See *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, by Carlyle, Vol. I, Lct. II, pp. 25, 97.

†† Wood's *Fasti Oxonienses*, Part I, col. 453.

"The usual phrase for an *excellent woman*, among the Jews," says Cotton Mather,* "was 'one who deserves to marry a priest;' even such an *excellent woman* was now married to Mr. Whiting." "She was a woman of uncommon piety, seriousness, and discretion; and not only assisted her husband in writing his sermons, but by care and prudence relieved him from all attention to temporal concerns. By her he had six children; four sons and two daughters. One daughter married the Rev. Jeremiah Hobart of Topfield."†

Daniel Mason, the husband of Dorothy Hobart, died in the year 1705, leaving one son, Jeremiah, his only child, then six months old. The *widow* of Daniel Mason, *Dorothy* Mason, then married (October 1st, 1707) Hezekiah Brainerd, Esq., afterward one of the Council of his Majesty George I, for the Colony of Connecticut, and "son of Daniel Brainerd, Esq., who was a Justice of the Peace and a Deacon of the Church of Christ in Haddam."‡

Mrs. Dorothy Brainerd was the mother of the celebrated missionary, David Brainerd. Having lived about five years (1727 to 1732) a widow after her second husband's death, she died, when her son Jeremiah was about twenty-seven years of age. She became, after her marriage with Hezekiah Brainerd, the mother of "five sons and four daughters."‡ The Missionary, *David* Brainerd, was her *third* son of these five.

For the family of *Jeremiah* Mason, see Appendix C.

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* Mather's *Magnalia*, Vol. I, B. III, Ch XXVIII.

† Lewis' *Hist. of Lynn*, p. 131.

‡ Jonathan Edwards' *Memoirs of the Rev. David Brainerd*, Ch. I.

C.

THE FAMILY OF

JEREMIAH MASON,

OF FRANKLIN.

[A. D. 1705—.]

Jeremiah Mason was born, March 4th, 1705. He married, May 24th, 1727, Mary Clark, "a daughter of *Thomas* Clark, whose father *William* Clark was one of the first settlers of Haddam."* After his marriage, he removed to Franklin, a part of the town of Norwich; and had four sons and four daughters.

His two sons DANIEL, both died young.

His son JEREMIAH, (born, Feb. 1st, 1730,) moved to Lebanon, New York. He married Elizabeth Fitch, daughter of James Fitch of Lebanon, who was the grandson of the first minister of Norwich, and of the eldest child (Priscilla) of Major General John Mason.† This Jeremiah and his wife Elizabeth were the parents of the late Hon. Jeremiah Mason of Boston.

DAVID resided at the homestead in Lebanon.

DOLLY, the eldest daughter, married Joseph Marsh, Lieutenant-Governor of Vermont.

MARY, became Mrs. Huntington.

ANNA, the third daughter, (born March 4th, 1738,) married Dr. William Whiting, and became the mother of Mrs. Mary Anna Boardman.

ELIZABETH married the Hon. Theodore Sedgwick, LL. D of Stockbridge, and died, three years after, without children. Mr. Sedgwick then married a Dwight; and Catharine, the popular authoress, is a child of theirs.

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* Ellis, who quotes a MS. *Letter of the Rev. Dr. Field, of Haddam.*

† Ellis' *Life of Mason*, Appendix.

D.

THE FAMILY OF

THE HON. WILLIAM WHITING,

OF HARTFORD.

The Hon. William Whiting of Hartford, was born in England, where his parents resided, probably in Essex county. He married in England; and his sons William and John were born there, before he migrated to America. "He had a sister Wiggins, who had children."*

In 1649, he made his will; and he died before the year 1664, as property received from him, by his will, was sold that year by his son William.*

His children were:

1. WILLIAM. He was a merchant in London, and sold the lands he received from his father "to Siborn Nichols, of Witham, England."* This Siborn Nichols, "of Witham, in the county of Essex, England, Gentleman, received (1664) a deed, executed in London, of a large quantity of land located in Hartford, Connecticut, on both sides of Connecticut River, from William Whiting, a merchant, then in London, and son of William Whiting, then deceased, of Hartford, which had fallen to him at his father's decease, for which Mr. Nichols paid him £320 sterling."† These lands "went into the possession of Cyprian" Nichols "of Hartford."†

2. JOHN. He was a Congregational minister at Hartford, and is already particularly spoken of in this Memoir. See pp. 40, 41.

3. SAMUEL.

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* Hinman's Catalogue, Art. *William Whiting, Hartford.*

† Hinman, Art. *Siborn Nichols.*

4. SARAH.

5. MARY.

6. JOSEPH. He "appears to have been born after the will of his father was made," (1649,) who "provided for him by a codicil."* He was for thirty-nine years, 1679—1718, Treasurer of the colony; for twenty-one years, 1725—1746, a member of the General Assembly; and for twelve years, 1732—1744, one of the Judges of the colony. When James II of England succeeded to the British throne, in 1685, his lawless and cruel conduct toward the colonies led a Special Assembly of Connecticut to appoint (1686) Mr. Whiting their agent, to repair to England, and endeavor to preserve the colony's chartered rights. This he did, much to the satisfaction of his constituents;† and, in the reign of William and Mary, he coöperated with Mr. Increase Mather, in effecting a renewal of the charter, to the colony's great joy.†

E.

THE FAMILY OF

THE REV. JOHN WHITING,

OF HARTFORD.

He was born in England, "a short time before his father's emigration to New England,"‡ and died in the year 1689.§ He is particularly mentioned in the first chapter of this Memoir, pp. 40, 41.

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* Hinman, Art. *William Whiting, Hartford.*

† Trumbull's *Hist. of Conn.*, Vol. I, B. I, Ch. XV, an. 1686, 1687; and Ch. XVI, an. 1691.

‡ Farmer's *Memoirs of Ministers*, in the Amer. Quart. Register, Vol. IX, p. 229, Art. *John Whiting.*

§ Hinman says 1689; but Mather says, (Magn. ii, 23,) 1699.

It is thought that he was twice married.* "At Cambridge," Massachusetts, he married Sibyl, "daughter of Deacon Edward Collins, and sister of the Rev. John Collins."†

He had three children, "*before* he left Massachusetts:" Sibyl Bryan, John, (who did not survive his father,) and William; and six *after* that time: Martha Bryan, Sarah Bull, Abigail Russell, Samuel, Joseph, and John, who was "one year old"‡ at the time of his father's death. At the same time, the ages of the other children were:

Sibyl Bryan,	34,	Abigail Russell,	24,
William,	30,	Samuel,	19,
Martha Bryan,	28,	Joseph,	8.

1. WILLIAM, the eldest surviving son, "was baptized at Cambridge, February 19th, 1660; and married Phebe Grigson, daughter of Thomas Grigson who was lost at sea in 1646.§ He was known as *Major* Whiting;‖ and was, "for many years, a military officer of Connecticut; commanded the troops sent by that colony against Port Royal in 1710; and was an officer in the expedition against Canada," the next year. In 1700, he petitioned the General Court of Massachusetts for "a tract of land granted to his father before the year 1679, the original plan of which," says Farmer, "is in my possession." It contained 400 acres, and was situated on Salmon brook, which empties into Merrimac river.¶

2. SAMUEL was the first minister of the Congregational Church at Windham, Connecticut. A particular account of him

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* Hinman's Catalogue, Art. *John Whiting.*

† Farmer's *Memoirs of Ministers*, in the Amer. Quart. Register.

‡ Hinman's Catalogue.

§ The Rev. Dr. Dodd's *East Haven Register*, quoted by Farmer.

‖ Farmer's *Genealog. Reg.*, Art. *John Whiting.*

¶ Farmer's *Memoirs, &c.*, Art. *John Whiting.*

is given in the first chapter of this Memoir, pp. 41, 42. For an account of his descendants, see Appendix F.

3. JOSEPH.

4. JOHN. He was the fourth Treasurer of the colony, from 1718 to 1750. He succeeded, in this office, his father's brother Joseph.

F.

THE FAMILY OF

THE REV. SAMUEL WHITING,

OF WINDHAM.

[A. D. 1670—1725.]

He was the second son of the Rev. John Whiting of Hartford and Sibyl Collins of Cambridge; was born at Hartford in 1670, and died at Enfield, Connecticut, in 1725. For a sketch of his life, see the first chapter of this Memoir, pp. 41, 42.

His wife was Elizabeth Adams, who was born at Dedham, February 21st, 1681. Her father, the Rev. William Adams, minister at Dedham, was a graduate (1671) of Harvard College, and died, August 17th, 1685. Her mother was ALICE BRADFORD, daughter of Deputy-Governor *William Bradford* and his wife *Alice Richards*. This Alice Richards was the daughter of Mr. Thomas Richards; and Deputy-Governor William Bradford was the son of Governor WILLIAM BRADFORD of the Mayflower and his wife ALICE SOUTHWORTH.

Governor William Bradford married twice. His first wife died in 1620; and he married Alice Southworth, April 14th, 1623, and had two sons, William and Joseph. His son William was the Deputy-Governor.

Alice Bradford, daughter of the Deputy-Governor, married the Rev. William Adams; and, after his death, she married

(1686) Major James Fitch, eldest son of the Rev. James Fitch. She had two children by her first marriage: Elizabeth, who married the Rev. Samuel Whiting; and Eliphalet, minister at New London.

The Rev. Samuel Whiting and his wife Elizabeth Adams had eight sons and five daughters.

One of their daughters married his successor in the church at Windham, the Rev. Thomas Clapp, afterward President of Yale College. Another daughter became Mrs. Backus; and a third, Mrs. Fitch.

SAMUEL, one of the sons, settled at Stratford; NATHAN, at New Haven; JOHN, at Scotland, a part of Windham; and WILLIAM, at Bozrah, a part of Norwich. This WILLIAM became *Colonel* Whiting, the father of Dr. William Whiting, and the grandfather of Mrs. Mary Anna Boardman. See Appendix G.

The wife of the Rev. Samuel Whiting survived him, and married the Rev. Mr. Niles. On the death of the Rev. Mr. Niles, she removed to New Haven, and died there, December 21st, 1766. It was her patriotic boast, that she had, "at one time, *sixteen* sons and grandsons *commissioned officers* in the French war."

G.

THE FAMILY OF

COLONEL WILLIAM WHITING,

OF BOZRAH.

He was a Colonel in the provincial army, and distinguished himself at the siege of Louisbourg, and at the battle of Lake George under Sir William Johnson. See pp. 42, 43, 44, of this Memoir.

His parents were the Rev. Samuel Whiting of Windham and Elizabeth Adams. His wife was Anna Raymond. He passed

his last days on his farm at Bozrah, and left two sons and a daughter. The names of these two sons were CALEB and WILLIAM.

1. CALEB was a farmer, and lived and died at Bozrah. He had three sons and four daughters: Ebenezer, William, Raymond, Nancy, (Mrs. Campbell,) Lucy, (Mrs. Hilbourn,) and Martha, (Mrs. Newton.) Mrs. Hilbourn accidentally put out her eye with a spindle.

2. WILLIAM became an eminent physician, and a devoted patriot in the Revolutionary War. He was the father of Mrs. Mary Anna Boardman. See Appendix II.

H.

THE FAMILY OF
DOCTOR WILLIAM WHITING,
OF GREAT BARRINGTON.
[A. D. 1730—1792.]

He was a learned and distinguished physician; was born, April 8th, 1730, and died, December 8th, 1792.

His wife was Anna Mason, a daughter of Jeremiah Mason and Mary Clark, of Franklin, a part of Norwich.

He had seven children; four sons and three daughters:

1. SAMUEL, born at Hartford, August 14th, 1762. He married (1803) Sarah Betts, daughter of Stephen Betts, Esq., of Reading, Connecticut; and had two sons and a daughter.

His *elder* son, WILLIAM, now resides at New Haven. He married (1833) Aurelia Sherman, of Newtown, Connecticut, and has four children: ***Stephen Betts***, ***Sarah Maria***, ***William Samuel***, and ***Edward Sherman.***

The *younger* son of Samuel Whiting, STEPHEN, was born at Reading, in May, 1806; studied medicine at New York and New Haven; graduated, at the Medical College in New Haven, in the year 1830; and died, at Essex, Connecticut, October 14th, 1833. He was on his way to attend the Annual Convention of the Diocese of Connecticut, which was to be held that year at Norwich; and he was a passenger in the steamboat New England, when, on the preceding night, its boiler burst at Essex, and occasioned his death in the manner already (p. 299) mentioned. His body now lies interred at Essex, many miles away from the family home and family burial-place at Reading. It was at that family home that his parents lived together in domestic happiness, for about thirty years, "lovely and pleasant in their lives." "And in their death they were not divided." The father died, in January, 1832; and the mother, in the May following. At the family burial-place, they now sleep side by side. The son, when he died the year after, and found a grave far away from theirs and among strangers, was parted from them as respects the body only; for there can be no doubt that his spirit is with their spirits in the same heavenly habitations, and that, at the resurrection, when they are all to resume their bodies now apart, they will never more know separation.

The only daughter, MARIA, married (1840) the Rev. Thomas Dutton of Mendon, Adams county, Illinois; and has three children: *Anna Dorcas*, *Aaron Samuel*, and *Thomas*.

Mr. Samuel Whiting died on Sunday, Jan. 29th, 1832. For a sketch of his life and character, see pp. 223—232 of this volume.

2. WILLIAM, born at Hartford, November 7th, 1764, married Ann Ransom of Great Barrington. His wife died in the year 1840, and he removed to New Milford, where he now resides. He has had no children. For some further remarks respecting him, see p. 298 of this volume.

3. MARY ANNA, born at Great Barrington, October 19th, 1767, married the Hon. Elijah Boardman of New Milford. A particular account of her family is given in Appendix I. She died, June 24th, 1848.

4. ABRAHAM, born at Great Barrington, September 1st, 1769, studied medicine with his father, and became a physician at Great Barrington, where he now resides at the advanced age of 80 years. He married (1793) *Currence Wheeler*, and has had six children: HARRIET, EMMA, THEODORE WILLIAM, TRUMAN, HULDAH, and GIDEON M.

THEODORE married (March 15th, 1820) Amelia Ann Robbins, and has had two children: *Harriet Amelia* and *Frederick T.* The daughter, Harriet Amelia, married W. S. Brown of Rochester, New York, and has had two daughters: Eugenia Antoinette and Cora Amelia.

TRUMAN removed to Illinois, where he married and died.

HULDAH married Edward Hills, and lives in Ohio.

GIDEON married (November 27th, 1833) Louisa Rood, and resides at Great Barrington. He has had five children: *Cornelia E. Boardman*, *Martha Cordelia*, *Mary Louisa*, *George Boardman*, and *Ruth Emma*. Mary Louisa died, September 12th, 1842.

5. ELIZABETH, born, January 15th, 1772, removed to New Milford in the year 1802, and, after having been her sister Mary Anna's inseparable companion for forty-six years, has survived her, and now resides at New Milford. For a further account of her, see pp. 308—310.

6. MASON, born, May 8th, 1774, and educated as a lawyer, married (April 26th, 1800) Mary Edwards, and removed to Binghamton, New York. For a sketch of his life, see pp. 301—306. He died, January 11th, 1849. He had eight children.

(1) MARY ELIZABETH married John T. Doubleday, and has

two sons: John Mason and William Edwards. She resides in Brooklyn, New York.

(2) WILLIAM EDWARDS married Ann Lyell Post, and has no children. He resides in the city of New York.

(3) CAROLINE married Richard Mather, and has five children: *Elizabeth Wait*, *Rhoda Ann Lester*, *Nancy Louisa*, *Caroline*, and *Mason Whiting*. Two other children, *Mary Whiting* and *Frances*, have died.

(4) RHODA ANN married Ralph Lester, and has one daughter: *Caroline Mather*. She resides at Rochester, N. Y.

(5) FRANCES married Henry Mather, and has two children: *Richard Henry* and *Elizabeth Radcliffe*. An elder daughter, *Mary Doubleday*, a child of very great loveliness, died in the year 1840, at the age of 8 years; and an incident connected with her last illness is mentioned at p. 319.

(6) MASON married Eliza Vandewater, and has two daughters and two sons: *Eliza Vandewater*, *Amelia*, *William Mason*, and *Henry Vandewater*. An infant son, *Jonathan Edwards*, died in 1848, aged 1 year.

(7) CATHARINE SPENCER married U. M. Stowers, and has three children: *Mary Whiting*, *Catharine*, and *Morris*.

(8) AMELIA OGDEN married William S. Tyler, and has three sons: *Mason Whiting*, *William*, and *Henry Mather*. She resides at Amherst, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Richard Mather, Mrs. Henry Mather, Mr. Mason Whiting, and Mrs. Stowers, reside at Binghamton.

7. FANNY, the youngest daughter of Dr. William Whiting of Great Barrington, was born, December 1st, 1778. She married Frederick Abbot, and lives at Medina, Ohio. She has five children: *Cornelia* and *Caroline*, who married brothers, and live in Medina; *Frances*, who married Mr. Seaton; *Mary Ann*, who has twice married, and whose second husband is the Rev. Mr. Loring; and *Mason*, who studied law, married, and lives at Hudson, Ohio.

I.

THE FAMILY OF

MRS. MARY ANNA BOARDMAN,

OF NEW MILFORD.

[A. D. 1767—1848.]

She was the daughter of Dr. William Whiting of Great Barrington, and Anna Mason of Franklin. She was born, October 19th, 1767; and died, June 24th, 1848.

She married (September 25th, 1792) the Hon. Elijah Boardman of New Milford, and had six children:

1. WILLIAM WHITING, born, October 10th, 1794, a graduate of Yale College, studied law at Litchfield and Cambridge, and has been Judge of Probate at New Haven, and also a Member of the House of Representatives of Connecticut, a Member of the Senate of the State, Speaker of the House of Representatives of the State, and a Member of the House of Representatives in Congress. He resides at New Haven.

2. HENRY MASON, born, January 4th, 1797, married Sarah Hall Benham, daughter of the Rev. Benjamin Benham then of New Milford, and left four sons. For a sketch of his life and character, see pp. 235—257.

His children are:

(1) *Frederick Alexander*, born, September 1st, 1820, married (March 20th, 1848) Mary Ann Williams, daughter of Dr. Jehiel Williams of New Milford.

(2) *Elijah George*, born, July 30th, 1829, now (May, 1849) a member of Yale College.

(3) *William Jarvis*, born, April 15th, 1832, now (May, 1849) a member of Milnor Hall, Kenyon College.

(4) *Henry Whiting*, born, February 7th, 1837, now (1849)

pursuing his academic studies with the Rev. George S. Davis, at Medina, Ohio.

3. GEORGE SHERMAN, born, October 17th, 1799, graduated at Union College, and gave unusual promise of usefulness. He died, after a short illness, at the age of 25 years, January 18th, 1825. See p. 178.

4. CAROLINE MARIA married (May 22d, 1825) the Rev. John Frederick Schroeder, then an Assistant Minister of Trinity Church in the City of New York; afterward, (1839—1846,) Rector of St. Ann's Hall, Flushing, Long Island; and, in 1847 and at present, Rector of the Church of the Crucifixion, and of St. Ann's Hall, in the city of New York. She has had eight children:

(1) *Caroline Maria*, born, June 11th, 1826; died, June 25th, 1826.

(2) *John Frederick*, now (May, 1849) a member of the Senior Class of Columbia College in the city of New York.

(3) *George Boardman*, born, May 20th, 1829; died, May 22d, 1829.

(4) *Mary Anna Boardman*, born, October 2d, 1830; died, March 26th, 1841, of scarlet fever. See pp. 193—216.

(5) *Cornelia Elizabeth.*

(6) *Eliza Margaretta.*

(7) *William Henry*, born, December 8th, 1840; died, April 5th, 1841, of scarlet fever.

(8) *Henry Hermann.*

5. MARY ANNA, born, November 19th, 1805; died, April 7th, 1822. See pp. 154—159.

6. CORNELIA ELIZABETH, the youngest daughter, now (1849) resides at the homestead in New Milford.

J.

LETTERS

FROM THE HON. ROBERT TREAT PAINE

TO

DR. WILLIAM WHITING.

[A. D. 1775, 1776.]

NO. 1.

"PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 6th, 1775.

"SIR,—I received your letter of October 6th, in which you give me an account of your progress in making saltpetre. I hope, before this time, you have had a good account of working up the meeting-house earth at Great Barrington. It is to little purpose that we make experiments, if we do not carry it to large practice. We want great quantities of saltpetre, and not barely to know that we are able to make it. That we have known a long time; and I think we are wholly inexcusable, if we do not turn out very large quantities of saltpetre by the spring of the year.

"We have specimens of exceeding fine petre brought us here from many parts; and nothing is clearer than that numbers of people, in different places, are able to make it. The great matter is to propagate the making it in large quantities.

"I was in great expectation, that the Resolves in Congress on this subject would have produced good effects in the Tobacco Colonies; but on inquiry I find, that the Convention of Virginia did not take any steps to carry it into execution, having many matters before them. Maryland voted a sum of money, but appointed no operators. The Congress, very justly alarmed at the astonishing inattention of the Colonies to this most essential matter, have appointed another Committee to devise ways and means to promote this manufacture.

"I have the honor to be one of this Committee; and great

pains have we taken about it. We have not determined how, but we have under consideration to send certain Germans who are here, and who have given specimens of their skill, into the Tobacco Colonies, to carry on the manufacture there. The great works of this city have made no saltpetre valuable. The House of Assembly of this colony have the matter under consideration.

"I hope something great will be done in New England. And this, Sir, brings me to what I have principally in view in writing, viz.: the laying a foundation for a great quantity of saltpetre next spring. There are two matters to be attended to, forthwith. The first is, to search out and work up all the impregnated materials that are now on hand, or to be found; and, at the same time, to provide, mix, and duly dispose suitable materials for impregnating, in as large quantities as possible.

"I hope this matter is not neglected. Immediate care must be taken. Sheds must be prepared over dug land, and the materials must not be put very thick, if made in beds under sheds; for, if they are thick or deep, the air will not impregnate it through. It is generally thought best, that the stuff should be made into walls, or *fences* as they call them. Some such are made in this city; and they talk much of making many here.

"An easy method of making these fences is this. Let the stuff be properly mixed, and cut straw be mixed with it, to make it stick together. Then let your walls be made, about 15 or 18 inches at bottom, about 5 feet high, and tapering to the top to about 4 or 5 inches thick. In order to make it stand while forming, let pieces of joist, or poles, be cut of a suitable length, and set in this manner, Λ, with the ends on the ground, and little stakes stuck against the ends into the ground. A number of such pairs of joists must be set at convenient distances, ranging as you intend the wall shall go. Rough boards are to be put on the inside of these joist frames, so that when the dirt is put between them, it may be kept up; and so, as you raise your dirt, you put more boards, till you get to the top, ramming the dirt, as you go

along, sufficient to keep it from falling, and yet not so hard as to prevent the air from entering. These walls should be covered with boards or straw, so as to prevent the rains from washing the sides. The Germans I have consulted on this matter, are of opinion, that, if proper materials are now put up in a judicious manner, they will be so impregnated in six months, as to yield largely. Therefore, at all events, materials must be forthwith provided, in as large a manner as possible.

"Sir, it is my opinion, that unless we exert ourselves in this matter, and have some tolerable success, it is very uncertain whether every thing else we can do will avail us much. And if we are successful in this matter, in my opinion every thing else favorable will come of course.

"I hope you correspond with your brethren of the Saltpetre Committee, and also with other well disposed active saltpetre-makers in any place that you know of, spurring them on to lay up proper materials in a proper manner. Pray show this to Major Hawley, Mr. Gerry, and other persons who are desirous to promote this matter.

"Give my regards to all friends. The express is waiting; and I must subscribe,

"Your friend and humble servant,

"R. T. PAINE."

"To Doctor William Whiting,
of Great Barrington, now at Watertown."

NO. 2.

"PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 3d, 1776.

"DEAR SIR,—I should have gratified myself in corresponding with you on the subject of saltpetre-making; but that I have always been uncertain whether my letters would reach you. But as you have now got the works in a good way, I may expect this will find you at General Court. I am exceeding

happy to find your great success, and have labored abundantly to promote the same in all the Colonies. I trust my labors have not been in vain.

"I have lately caused your method to be reprinted, and have sent it to all the Colonies where I supposed it was not known already. I procured a great number of copies to send to private persons. As I made an Introduction, I send you one for your inspection. I have been all winter sending to particular persons other methods which I was possessed of; and I delayed a republication of yours, in order to have one matter explained. I wrote to somebody our way, to enquire of you, but have had no answer. It is this, viz.: all earth that contains saltpetre, more or less contains marine salts. All methods of making saltpetre, beside yours, take notice of the method of separating it. If the fermentation occasioned by mixing the lyes produces this effect, I wish it had been mentioned. In your first letter to me, you mention the using alum to promote the refining, but you do not mention it in your proposed process. In short, Sir, I republished it upon the credit of its great success, presuming the marine salt would separate, though you do not say how.

"I wish to know of you, what is the true proof that there is no marine salt adhering to the petre. If it deflagrates without cracking, is that a sure sign? Suppose your ashes lye is made with a portion of stone or other lime, will it answer? It is said that some have substituted lime-water with the nitrous lye to good effect. This may be advantageous where lime is more plenty than ashes. For the good of the common cause, I wish to have a particular answer to these queries.

"I think, my friend, it must be *matter of great pleasure to us*, (who had so hard work to set this manufacture a-going in the beginning of it, in our Colony,) *to observe our prodigious success.* I reflect upon my labors with *great satisfaction*, and *the world knows your merit.*

"I hope these will find you in health and happiness. I doubt not you'll use your endeavor to have the saltpetre manu-

facture so established, as that we may never more be disposed to import gunpowder.

"Pray write me what success there is, in working nitre beds or walls. Some judgment should be formed of the time they take to impregnate.

"I hope to hear soon from you. Meanwhile,

"I am your friend and servant,

"R. T. PAINE."

"Dr. Whiting."

NOTE.

Dr. Whiting represented the towns of Egremont and Alford, in the Massachusetts Provincial Congress of Deputies, held at Cambridge, in February, 1775.* He was "empowered and directed to collect all the Province arms which are in the county of Berkshire."† In May, 1775, when the Provincial Congress met at Watertown, he represented the four towns of Sheffield, Great Barrington, Egremont, and Alford;‡ and was charged with furnishing medicines for the army.§ The House of Representatives of Massachusetts, August 23d, 1775, resolved, "That Dr. Whiting, Deacon Baker of Boston, and Captain John Peck, be a Committee, whose business it shall be, faithfully and diligently to apply themselves to the manufacture of saltpetre, &c.; and that Dr. Whiting procure the reprinting the several methods, recommended by the Hon. Continental Congress, for making saltpetre, &c."‖ On the 6th of October, 1775, the Doctor, as chairman of this Committee, reported, in writing, that he had attended to the matter with the happiest result. The report is entered in full on the minutes.¶ He was afterward requested to publish further discoveries.**

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* Force's *American Archives*, Fourth Series, Vol. I, col. 1328.
† Ib., Vol. II, c. 792. ‡ Ib., c. 1378. § Ib., c. 1404.
‖ Ib., Vol. III, c. 359. ¶ Ib., Vol. III, c. 1457.
** Ib., Vol. III, c. 1491, 1493.

K.

SOME REMINISCENCES AND NOTICES

OF THE

BOARDMAN FAMILY OF NEW MILFORD,

BY ONE OF ITS MEMBERS.

[Among the Family MSS., is one with the above title, written by the Hon. David Sherman Boardman. It has furnished the materials for the following account.]

"The ancestors of this family emigrated from England, some time in the seventeenth century, and settled at Ipswich, in the county of Essex, Massachusetts. The writer of this remembers being informed by his father, that there were two brothers who came over from England together, named DANIEL and JAMES." The New Milford branch of the family descended from DANIEL. "He resided and died at Ipswich, leaving four sons: Daniel, John, James, and Levi. John and James died unmarried, and, as it is said, in the army. Daniel and Levi removed from Ipswich to Connecticut; the former to Wethersfield, and the latter to Glastenbury. Daniel married into the family of Wright in Wethersfield, and became the father of a numerous family there, most of whom lived to adult years, and left families."

"The founder of the New Milford family, was the Rev. Daniel Boardman, the second son of the Daniel who settled at Wethersfield. He was born at that place, on the 12th day of July, 1687, Old Style. Educated at Yale College, and graduated in September, 1709, he was licensed to preach, and came to New Milford early in the year 1712, where he settled." "He was the first minister of the town; and died in the ministry, August 25th, 1744, aged 57 years."

The Proprietory and Church Records furnish the following extracts:

"March 17th, 1712. Mr. Daniel Boardman called to preach the Gospel at New Milford."

At a Proprietors' Meeting, October 6th, 1713:

"Voted, That they will, and now do grant one of the 24 shilling lots to Mr. Daniel Boardman, a preacher of the Gospel at said place, to his heirs and assigns forever, upon condition that he shall become their settled minister of the place, and continue so for the space of twenty years, or during his natural life and ability so to be."

"Voted, That a dwelling-house, 40 feet in length, and 21 in breadth, and two stories high, and 14 feet between joints, be forthwith built upon the land at New Milford proposed to be granted to Mr. Boardman."

He continued to discharge the duties of his office, for more than thirty-two years, and "died of a consumption when a little over 57 years of age."

He was twice married. His first wife was "Hannah Wheeler, of Stratford, it is believed." She was the mother of his daughter Hannah, and died, June 20th, 1719. He then married (Nov. 1st, 1720) Mrs. Jerusha Seelye, widow of Ebenezer Seelye, of Stratfield, or Pequannock parish. "She was the second daughter of Deacon Sherman of that place, who had nine daughters, all of whom were respectably married, and most of whom left families of children."

"By her first husband, Mrs. Seelye had one son, who bore his father's name. He was brought up by Mr. Boardman; and he settled, lived, and died, in Kent."

"By his second wife, who was born in June, 1693, and long survived him, Mr. Boardman had *five* children:

1. "PENELOPE, who married Dr. Riverius Carrington, a physician, who lived in New Milford, and died there in September, 1788, leaving three children, *Daniel*, *Anna*, and *Salmon*. The first of these died in childhood; the second married Thomas Hayes, and became the mother of a numerous family, and died in New Milford; and *Salmon* also lived and died there. Mrs. Carrington long lived a widow; and, from her kind and benevolent disposition, acquired the almost universal epithet, 'Aunt

Carrington.' She died, at a very advanced age, October 13th, 1799."

2. "TAMAR, the second daughter by the second marriage, became the wife of the Rev. Nathaniel Taylor, the successor of her father in the ministry, in February, 1749. She became the mother of four sons and two daughters, and died, June 27th, 1795. Her first child, *John Boardman*, died in infancy." Her second son, who was her third child, *Nathaniel*, and also her youngest son, *William*, became prominent men, Nathaniel Taylor, Esq., and Col. William Taylor, and lived and died at New Milford, where they both left families. Tamar's daughter *Urania* married Daniel Everitt, Esq.; and her daughter *Tamar* married Nicholas S. Masters, Esq., both members of the bar of Litchfield county, and both residents of New Milford. General *Augustine* Taylor was Tamar's third son. "He resided in Sharon, and was an officer in the Revolutionary Army. Both he and Colonel *William* Taylor were graduates of Yale College."

3. MERCY, the third daughter and third child, married Gilead Sperry, and had a son and five daughters. *Esther*, the first daughter, married Joseph Wheaton, and, after his death, Julius Stone, "by both of whom she had several children, and lived to attain her hundredth year." "*Penelope*, the second daughter, married Daniel Stone, lived to great age, and left a family. *Mercy*, the third daughter, married Sylvester Wheaton, and left a family of children, the eldest of whom, the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel S. Wheaton, was for a time President of Washington (now Trinity) College, Hartford, Connecticut. The fourth daughter married a Mr. Fitch; and *Mabel*, the youngest child, married a Mr. Boalt, both of Norwalk. The son, *Jared*, who married and had one son, lived and died on the farm occupied by his father, in the north part of New Milford called Merryall." Mrs. Sperry was remarkable "for the affectionate kindness as well as the good humored sprightliness of her temper and manners. As she lived beloved by all, so she died by all lamented."

4. JERUSHA, the youngest daughter and child, married (October 20th, 1775) the Rev. Daniel Farrand, Pastor of the Church in the South Parish in Canaan, where he died at an advanced age, May 28th, 1803, and his wife, August 16th, 1806. She had nine children: *Nancy*, *Pamela*, *Daniel*, *Philo*, *Esther*, *Lucia*, *David Sherman*, *Urania*, and *Nathaniel*. Philo died in boyhood, and Nathaniel in youth. *Daniel* graduated (1781) at Yale College, and became a distinguished lawyer in Vermont, and a Judge of the Supreme Court there. He married a daughter of Col. Porter of Haverhill, New Hampshire, and had nine daughters. Jerusha's second daughter, *Pamela*, married Stephen Jacob, Esq., of Windsor, Vermont, who became Judge of the Supreme Court of that State, and "the father of three daughters of rare accomplishments and intellect." Jerusha's fourth daughter, Lucia, married Dr. Kinsman, "but died within a year after, leaving no offspring, but a name for moral worth and mental endowments dear to all who knew her."

HANNAH, (the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Boardman, by his first wife, Hannah Wheeler,) married Josiah Dayton of New Milford, and died there in 1758, leaving two children: *Eli*, who lived and died at New Milford, leaving a family; and *Catharine*, who married Isaac ~~Burnet~~ of Stockbridge, and had a family.

"In the Family Bible left by the Rev. Mr. Boardman, are the following entries, in his own hand-writing:

"Daniel Boardman and Hannah Wheeler were married, February 26th, 1716.

"My daughter Hannah was born, Jan. 12th day, about sunsetting, Anno Christi 1717, (this was on the Lord's day,) and was baptized, the Sabbath following, at New Milford.

"My well-beloved, tender companion and yoke-fellow departed this life, June 20th, New Milford, Anno Christi 1719, on a Sabbath morning, at the break of the day.

"I married with Jerusha Seelye of Stratfield, Nov. 1st day, 1720.

"My daughter Penelope was born, Dec. 26th, 1721, upon Tuesday, at the sunrising, at New Milford: baptized, the Lord's day following.

"My daughter Tamar was born, March 26th, 1723, on a Monday, at or about midnight: baptized, the next Sabbath following, at New Milford.

"My daughter Mercy was born, Feb. 9th day, at or about 8 o'clock at night, in the year 1725: baptized, the next Sabbath following, at New Milford.

"My son Sherman was born, Aug. 2d day, at the break of the day, Anno 1728, upon Friday: baptized, 11th of August.

"My daughter Jerusha was born, May 4th, about 10 of the clock at night, 1731: baptized, the Sabbath following, the 9th day.

"Ebenezer Seelye was born, Nov. 5th, 1717, at Stratfield."

This record was kept in Old Style.

"Mrs. Boardman, or *Madam* Boardman as she was respectfully styled, was, on the death of her husband, left with a family of three unmarried daughters, and a son about 16 years of age. But, being a woman of uncommon firmness and mental energy, she, by the aid of her youthful son, so managed, as to maintain herself and family, in a manner respectable for those days, from the productions of the farm left by her husband, now her only support. This farm was principally, if not wholly, composed of the right of land granted to him as the first settled minister of the town. She continued to occupy the house built for him as before mentioned, (situated on the brow of the hill at the north end of the town street, with the homestead about it,) for 14 or 15 years, and until her son, who had been previously married, had built a house upon the principal farm, about two and a half miles from the centre of the village, to which, her daughters having all been previously married, she removed with him, and there resided in his family during the remainder of her life. She died, Aug. 30th, 1777, in the 85th year of her age.

"Her appearance in extreme old age is mingled with the early recollections of the writer of this, who, born in the family in which she lived, was eight years old at the time of her death. Many anecdotes were related of her, illustrative of her peculiar composure and firmness of mind, upon the sudden occurrence of any supposed imminent danger. When she first became a resident in New Milford, there were many more Indians than white

men in the town ; and, although they were in general peaceably inclined, their savage nature and habits were not to be forgotten nor wholly disregarded. The town was also so far considered as a frontier one, as to render it expedient to take precautionary measures against the marauding and stealthy attacks of distant and hostile tribes. To this end, a house near the centre of the settlement was selected and fortified, called the *Fort*, to which, in case of alarm, all resorted for protection. It was usual, also, for the men of the town to go armed to public worship on the Sabbath. Upon one occasion, an alarm being given, that Indians, supposed to be hostile, were discovered near by, a neighbor ran to the Parson's house, and told the old lady, whose husband was absent, that she must instantly take her children and run to the Fort. As she did not hurry, the neighbor became more earnest, upon which she replied, that she would go *as soon as she could put things in order a little.* The neighbor, after the alarm was over, related the story, which he embellished by adding that she said she would go *as soon as she had got to her seam-needle.*"

SHERMAN BOARDMAN.

[A. D. 1728—1814]

He was the only son of the Rev. Daniel Boardman, and was born at New Milford, Aug. 2d, 1728, Old Style, or Aug. 13th, New Style. He was led by his father, " who designed him for a farmer," to practise " habits of early industry ;" " and these habits, being confirmed by the counsels and example of his mother, through a long and active life never forsook him. He continued, during his minority, and for several years after, to reside in the family with his mother, and until the daughters were all married and had removed. He then married (Dec. 4th, 1755) Sarah Bostwick, the eldest daughter and second child of Nathaniel Bostwick, Esq., of New Milford, a son of John Bostwick, the second settler of that town. At the time of her marriage,

Mrs. Boardman was twenty-five years of age. She was born, Aug. 28th, O. S., or Sept. 8th, N. S., 1730. About two years after his marriage, Mr. Boardman removed from the former residence of the family to a house built by him on a farm which he received from his father. The father had made some improvements upon a small part of it; but these were much extended by the son, before he removed to it, and yet more extended afterwards. Upon this farm, which early acquired the name of Maryland, he spent the remainder of his life. He strictly confined himself, as respected his private concerns, to his business and occupation as a farmer; never indulging in any speculation in buying and selling property, except for the purpose of better accommodating himself in the pursuit of his farming business, and in disposing of the surplus productions of his farm. In this course, aided by the industry, excellent housewifery, strict economy, and sound judgment of his partner for life, he succeeded, by the blessing of God, in rearing a family of children, that, during their progress to maturity, fully equalled the expectations of their parents, and gratified their old age by a measure of prosperity and respectability exceeding those expectations."

"Their children were: 1. DANIEL, born, March 4th, 1757; 2. DAVID, Oct. 3d, 1758; 3. ELIJAH, March 7th, 1760; 4. ESTHER, Jan. 29th, 1762; 5. HOMER, Oct. 10th, 1764; 6. ORINDA, July 22d, 1767; 7. DAVID SHERMAN, Dec. 8th, 1768. *David*, the second son, died, Nov. 11th, 1766, when but a little more than 8 years old. *Orinda* died, Sept. 13th, 1777, when a few weeks more than 10 years of age." "Being less than 17 months older than the writer of this sketch, she was the only playmate of his childhood; and, during the long period of more than 70 years since her decease, he has never been able to *think* and much less to *speak* of her, without deep emotion. She was, in disposition and conduct, the most faultless child he ever knew; nor can he call to mind a single wrong act of her life."

The chief advantages of a literary kind that Mr. Boardman enjoyed in early youth, were those afforded by the common Dis-

trict School, and "by a very few books, such as the times and the place afforded." Yet his thirst for knowledge led him to acquire, from all the sources within his reach, much useful information. He was particularly celebrated for his attainments in *geography* and in the *history of our country and of his native State.* "When he was sixty-eight years old, he was heard, by the writer of this sketch, to say, that, from the time of the first town meeting after he had arrived at the age of 21 years, there had never been a time in which he did not hold some office either civil or military, either by town or state appointment,—a period of over forty-seven years. As he never in his life was known to solicit an office, this is a conclusive proof of the estimation in which he was held by those of his fellow-citizens most intimately acquainted with him. It also appears on record, that he was elected a Representative of the town of New Milford in the General Assembly of the State, *twenty-one* times." He was, for a time, Captain of a company of militia; but he resigned this office, before the commencement of the Revolutionary War. As an ardent and influential Whig, however, "he was much employed in superintending the vigilant police maintained in the town in which he resided, where there were many loyalists, or *Tories* as they were called." He was many times a member of the General Assembly of the State, during the period of the war, and before and after it.

"It appears from the Records of the Church of which he was a member, that he was chosen to officiate as a Deacon, in April, 1779; which office he held to the close of his life.

"His habitual activity when in health, continued to the time of his very old age. And until he was over 84 years of age, he always superintended the business of his farm, and participated in labor upon it. He was able, at that time, to mount from the ground a tall horse with apparent ease." In the autumn of the year 1812, "his horse fell with him, and threw him with such violence as to break one or more of his ribs. Long confinement from the effects of this accident, put an end to that activity

which seemed essential to him. His strength gradually gave way, under the weight of years; and, on the 19th day of July, 1814, when he had nearly completed his 86th year, he gently sunk to rest."

"Mr. Boardman was of a very charitable and benevolent disposition; and his frank, social, and cheerful temperament, secured the affectionate regard of all the good. And the strictly honest and unvaryingly moral tenor of his life, won the respect, as it rarely fails to do, of all who knew him, whether the good or the bad. Although his official duties during the continuance of the revolutionary struggle, doubtless created him many political opponents, it is not known that he ever had any collisions that settled into personal enmity. It is believed, that, when he departed, he left no enemy behind."

"One trait of his character, was the invariable preference which he always gave to *public*, when it came in conflict with his *private* interest."

In social intercourse, his fund of anecdote and his good nature, rendered him an agreeable companion for the old and for the young.

"In domestic life, he was uniformly kind." "It was a maxim with him, that an important ingredient in good government of any kind, is, not to govern too much. Acting upon this maxim, and depending more upon example than precept, (although this was by no means omitted,) he succeeded, with the aid of his wife, who was disposed to be more energetic than he was, in well governing his children and servants, all of whom loved and revered him."

"His wife survived him more than four years. She died, October 17th, 1818, being a few weeks over 88 years of age. Her mental faculties, far above mediocrity, were perhaps as little impaired by age, as in the case of almost any one. Her constitution, like her mind, was sound by nature; and the general tenor of her health was good, (though not uninterruptedly so,) until near the close of life, when she was so much affected

by rheumatism that she walked with difficulty." "She was a woman of uncommon firmness of character; and she had an active courage rarely found in one of her sex. This quality, so essential to a woman living as remote from neighbors as she did, and on a road of much public travel, especially in the time of the Revolutionary War, was often put in requisition. The writer, then a very small child, recollects with astonishment her exhibition of that quality in a number of instances. Yet she never boasted of her firmness, nor evinced a desire to emulate the masculine virtue of active courage. She was a woman of very tender feelings; much more so, than many who would faint at the appearance of danger which she would face without trepidation."

"Having received a better education than usual in those times, and having been employed, before her marriage, as a teacher of common schools, she was competent not only to teach her children the first rudiments of knowledge, but essentially to contribute to their intellectual discipline. She was, emphatically, a good wife, a good mother, and a good woman. With great propriety, and universal approbation, did her Pastor, in her funeral discourse, exclaim, Verily, a Mother in Israel has departed."

DANIEL BOARDMAN.

[A. D. 1757—1833.]

"He was the eldest son of Sherman Boardman, Esq.; and was born at New Milford, March 4th, 1757." He aided his father in the labors of the farm, until the year 1776, when, at his earnest request, he was put under the instruction of the Rev. Daniel Farrand of Canaan, and, with great diligence, prepared to enter Yale College, in the autumn of the year 1777." He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, in September, 1781; and his Master's degree, in 1784. Soon after his having graduated, "he took a tour, with his friends and class-mates Burrall and Farrand of Canaan, to Vermont, then the only new country

which attracted the attention of young men of education, and others who contemplated emigrating from Connecticut." On his return, he entered into partnership with his brother Elijah, who was prosperously engaged in mercantile affairs. From the spring of the year 1782, until the spring of the year 1793, this partnership continued. Mr. Boardman then, for two years, kept a separate store at New Milford; but he subsequently entered into partnership with Mr. Henry Hunt of the city of New York, who was engaged in the wholesale dry goods business; and he was thus led to remove to the city, where he resided during the rest of his life.

"An independent military company having been established at New Milford, while he resided there, he was chosen the first *Captain* of it. He was subsequently appointed *Major* of the regiment to which this company belonged. He twice represented the town of New Milford in the General Assembly; in May, 1790, and in October, 1792."

After his removal to New York, "he was extensively concerned in new lands, particularly in the south-western States; and he was, for a considerable length of time, employed at Washington, before a Board of United States Commissioners appointed to adjust the conflicting claims of purchasers of lands sold by the State of Georgia." "His real estate in the city of New York also was very considerable."

"Mr. Boardman married (Nov. 4th, 1797) Miss Hetty More, of New York, and had six children: 1. *Julia*, born, July, 1801; 2. *Edward Daniel*, who died in infancy; 3. *Frederick William Henry*, born in August, 1804; 4. and 5. *Sarah Adeline* and *Harriet Augusta*, twins, born in December, 1806; 6. *John Francis*, born in July, 1812. The two sons graduated at Yale College; the one in 1823, and the other in 1829. The elder was educated for the bar, but soon abandoned the practice of law. He married Philippina Bolin of New York, and has three children. He resides at New Hamburgh, N. Y. *John Francis*, educated for the medical profession, went to Italy, and died at

Rome, Nov. 20th, 1847. He was unmarried. *Adeline* married John G. Coster of New York, and is still living, the mother of a family of children. *Harriet* married Edwin Clark, a merchant of New York, and died of consumption, leaving one son. *Julia* resides with her mother, and is still living."

"Major Boardman died, Nov. 3d, 1833, in the 77th year of his age. He was a large man, of strong frame, said to resemble his grandfather, the Rev. Daniel Boardman. His personal appearance was dignified, and his manners rather distant and formal. His address, though civil and polite, did not encourage familiarity. His deportment indicated self-respect, and the expectation of a corresponding feeling in others. These impressions were, however, made by first appearances and his manner in mixed company, rather than from prolonged individual intercourse, in which he was often pleasant and facetious. But the first impressions were not always, and perhaps not often, even thus effaced. He had a nice sense of honor, and led a strictly moral life, toward the close of which he became a communicant of the First Presbyterian Church, (Wall street,) and was, for a number of years preceding his death, an Elder of that Church."

ELIJAH BOARDMAN.

[A. D. 1760—1823.]

He was the third son of Sherman and Sarah Boardman, and was born at New Milford, March 7th, 1760. "His excellent mother used most feelingly to relate to her younger children, that, while busily employed in her household concerns, she thought she heard a noise like that occasioned by something falling into the water; and stepping to the door to look for her little boy, she saw the water in a large trough in motion, and found her child lying at the bottom of the trough." Had the "almost inaudible sound" not reached the mother's ear, "his children and his children's children, who now venerate and love

his name, would not be in existence, nor would his country have enjoyed his valuable services."

His early education was conducted chiefly by his mother, at home, until "the winter of 1779–80, when a very excellent instructor was employed." "From his too rapid growth," and consequent debility, he became unable, before this period, "to endure constant labor on the farm; and he occasionally attended school in the village, walking to and from it a distance of two and a half miles each day." At the age of about 15 years, he studied Latin with the Minister of the parish, the Rev. Nathaniel Taylor, who had a private class. "The Revolutionary War broke out, that year." As his father "thought it his duty to devote one of his sons to his country's service in the field," and this son was "desirous of the service," the father consented to his "enlisting as a common soldier, in March, 1776, the month in which he came to the age of 16 years. This enlistment was for one year, commencing with the 1st of January preceding, and was for the longest period for which any troops were at that time enlisted."

"The Regiment in which he served was commanded by Colonel Charles Webb, and was one of the sixteen Regiments first raised by authority of the Continental Congress, the officers being commissioned by Congress. The officers of the Company to which he belonged, were Captain Isaac Bostwick, Lieutenant Kimball, Lieutenant Elisha Bostwick, and Ensign Amos Bostwick, all except the first lieutenant being from the town of New Milford. The first destination of the Regiment was for Boston, but before getting out of the limits of Connecticut, they were ordered to New London, where they embarked for New York, in and about which place the Regiment remained, until the city was evacuated by the American army, in the month of October.

"Shortly before this event, Mr. Boardman was seized with a dangerous illness, from which he had but partially recovered, when the retreat of the army from the city seemed to render

his situation hopeless. In this extremity, observing a wagon to stop near the house in which he was, he improved the opportunity afforded by the driver's being for a moment absent, and, exerting to the utmost his wasted strength, he threw himself into the wagon. When the driver was about to eject him, an officer passing by ordered him to desist, and to permit the sick man to ride as far as the wagon was going. This was to the neighborhood of Kingsbridge. There Mr. Boardman was left, lying on the ground, and incapable of further exertion. In that situation he was discovered by a neighbor of his father's, who had gone to New York to convey home from that city a sick relative. The neighbor took him to a place of safety, and gave immediate notice to his father, who hastened to his relief." "His state of health rendering it quite manifest, that he could render no further service during the remainder of the period for which he had enlisted, a discharge was obtained, and he was brought home in a deplorable state. He slowly recovered; but his constitution, as he always thought, then received a shock, the effects of which were abiding."

"In the autumn of the next year, 1777, a portion of the British troops at New York under the command of Sir Henry Clinton, for the purpose of making a diversion in favor of the army of General Burgoyne, who was then endeavoring to penetrate from Canada to Albany, and with the design of forming a junction there with that army, pushed up the North River, took Fort Montgomery by assault, and proceeded as far as Esopus, or *Kingston* as it is now called, which they destroyed. The militia of Connecticut were called upon to aid that part of the regular army stationed near the North River; and Mr. Boardman then performed a short tour of duty, as one of these militia, until, on the arrival of the news of General Burgoyne's surrender, the British troops returned to New York, and the militia were in consequence discharged."

"In the winter of 1779–80, Mr. Boardman, having resided at home after his discharge from the army in the fall of 1776, and

having busied himself with light work upon the farm, and with the cultivation of his mind by reading, engaged diligently in study under the direction of Mr. John Hickling, who was then employed by Mr. Boardman's father as a family tutor, and was a very competent teacher in all those branches of education best fitted to prepare a young man for mercantile business. Not long after, he went as a clerk into the store of Elijah and Archibald Austin, then prominent merchants of New Haven. In the fall of the year 1781, he commenced business as a retail merchant at New Milford." From the year 1782 to 1793, his brother Daniel was his partner in business; and from 1812 to 1819, he was associated with Elijah Bennett. "In 1819, the establishment was sold out to Stanley Lockwood, and Mr. Boardman never afterward carried on any mercantile business."

"In September, 1795, Mr. Boardman became a member of the Connecticut Land Company, and, as such, one of the purchasers of the Connecticut Western Reserve so called, now forming the northern part of the State of Ohio. That part of this purchase lying east of the Cuyahoga River, the Company caused to be surveyed and divided into townships and tracts; and a partition among the purchasers was made by lot, in May, 1799. By this partition, Mr. Boardman and his immediate associates became entitled to two entire townships and the *equalizing lots* of land (as they were called) annexed thereto. His interest extended to somewhat more than half of each township: No. 1 of the second range, named, after him, *Boardman;* No. 2 of the sixth range, called *Palmyra*, with their respective equalizing annexations. Some years after, the Land Company, having completed the survey of that part of their purchase lying west of the Cuyahoga, made, in the same manner as before, a partition among the purchasers. By this, Mr. Boardman and his associates became the proprietors of the town of Medina. In 1799, soon after the first partition, he went to Ohio, and spent much time there, in causing the two towns first named to be surveyed into lots, preparatory to a partition of them between him-

self and his immediate associate owners. This partition was made in May, 1800. After this, he *repeatedly* went to Ohio, and spent a very considerable portion of the season of active business in attending to his concerns there. The *number* of the times and the *dates of the years* are not recollected, except 1802, 1806, 1814, 1818, and 1823. In the year 1823 he died there, on the 18th day of August; and his body was brought to New Milford for interment."

"Though a man of much activity, and great assiduity in business, he was, either from inroads made upon his constitution in early life, as before mentioned, or from other causes, the subject of several severe and dangerous fits of sickness, before that which proved fatal. When about 20 years old, while on a tour to Rhode Island, at the time that the French army lay there, he was, for a short time, very seriously ill of cholera morbus. When about 28, he had a violent attack of bilious colic, from which he did not recover for a long time; and he was perhaps never thoroughly freed from its effects. He was, afterwards, in May, 1808, dangerously ill while on a journey to the eastern part of Vermont, and the western part of New Hampshire. And previously, in the autumn of the year 1798 or 1799, he was long ill of bilious fever, which, at one period of its progress, put on a very threatening aspect."

"Mr. Boardman's assiduous attention to his private concerns, long prevented his taking an active part in the political discussions which became rife throughout the country, soon after the establishment of the new Constitution of the United States. Yet, from the habitual activity of his mind, he was by no means an inattentive observer of passing events. About the year 1800, however, he became quite prominent as a politician in Connecticut. But having embraced the principles of the party which was then, and for a considerable period of time after, in the minority in the State, he received no higher appointment than that of a member of the Lower House of the State Legislature, to which he was six times elected: May, 1803; Octo-

ber, 1803; May, 1804; October, 1804; May, 1805; and May, 1816. When the political party to which he was attached gained a partial ascendency, he was elected, in May, 1817, and in May, 1818, an Assistant, or member of the *Upper House* as it was then styled. In May, 1819, when the New Constitution of the State of Connecticut went into operation, he was elected to the Senate, and was continued a member of it, until elected to the Senate of the United States, in May, 1821. He occupied his seat in the Senate, during the two sessions of the seventeenth Congress; and, having been elected for six years, he was a member of the Senate at the time of his death, in 1823." *

"From nature, education, and habit, he was emphatically a *practical* man in all respects. His business talents were uncommon; and his constancy in their exercise was rarely if ever surpassed. His natural temperament inclined him to hilarity; but his strictly moral and industrious habits so far repressed this natural propensity, as to give him rather the appearance of gravity than of its opposite, in the latter period of his life. Yet his natural and acquired ease and urbanity, rendered him a pleasing companion both to the grave and the gay. His tender emotions were easily excited, and not easily concealed; nor were they ever suppressed, but from a sense of duty and propriety. He was benignant and exemplary in his domestic relations; and just in his dealings, with all."

"He was baptized in infancy; and was confirmed, in the year 1816, by Bishop Hobart of New York, while temporarily officiating in the diocese of Connecticut. He was, for many years, a consistent and much esteemed member of the Episcopal Church, and so continued to the time of his death."

"In September, 1792, he married Mary Anna Whiting, the eldest daughter of the Hon. William Whiting of Great Barrington, Massachusetts, who long survived him, and still (June 10th, 1848) survives; and, although her long, consistent, and faultless life seems to be approaching its close, she will be held in grate-

ful remembrance until all who knew her shall have ceased from among the living."*

ESTHER BOARDMAN,

WHO BECAME

MRS. JONATHAN BURRALL,

AND AFTERWARD

MRS. MATTHEW MARVIN.

[1762—1849, still living.]

"Esther, the fourth child of Sherman and Sarah Boardman, named after her maternal grandmother, was born, Jan. 29th, 1762. She married (Feb. 5th, 1792) Jonathan Burrall, Esq., of Canaan, with whom she lived in the greatest connubial harmony and affection for thirteen years, until his death, February 26th, 1805.

"Mr. Burrall was the third son of Colonel Charles Burrall of Canaan, and graduated at Yale College in 1781. He resided at Canaan, and was first a merchant there, and then a manufacturer of iron. He frequently represented the town of Canaan in the General Assembly, and was for many years a Magistrate of the town. He was a man of very pleasant manners, modest and unassuming, but very firm and intrepid in danger. This latter trait was fully evinced, on the approach of the British troops to New Haven, while he was a member of college. He and a few others volunteered to annoy them and impede their march to the town. In this attempt, he encountered very peculiar dangers; but, after displaying much intrepidity, he escaped unhurt. His moral and religious character was without reproach. He died of consumption, at about 46 years of age. By a former marriage he had two sons. One of these, Thomas D. Burrall, Esq., who graduated at Yale College, and now resides at Geneva, New York, is not only a highly respectable, but a very ingenious and useful man.

* These words of the Hon. D. S. Boardman were written but two weeks before her death. She died, June 24th, 1848.

"In the year 1810, (May 15th,) Mrs. Burrall married Matthew Marvin, Esq., of Wilton, a gentleman of liberal education and ample property, endowed by nature with a sound judgment, a mild temper, and a benevolent disposition, and possessed of moral and religious principles. He was truly a good husband and a good man. Previous to the time of his marrying Mrs. Burrall, he relinquished the business of a merchant, which he had pursued with great success. While in active life, and for a long period, he was the most influential man in the civil and ecclesiastical concerns of the community in which he lived. He frequently represented the town of Wilton in the General Assembly; and he was for a long time a Magistrate, and, for a short time, (as long as he would consent to hold the office,) one of the Judges of the County Court for Fairfield County. He was also long a Deacon of the Congregational Church in Wilton. Not having a robust constitution, and being unambitious, he avoided rather than sought public employments, and in the latter part of his life wholly declined them. He died in June, 1842, aged 78 years, with the well earned character of a wise and good man."

"By a former marriage, he was the father of three sons and two daughters, all quite young at the time of his second marriage, and of course much under the guidance of their stepmother. There can be no more satisfactory evidence of a sound discretion and a good heart, than results from the unquestionable fact, that Mrs. Marvin discharged the difficult duties of a stepmother, in two families of children, to their entire satisfaction, and so as to win their love, and secure for herself, in advanced and widowed old age, that kind, filial attention and affectionate regard so creditable both to them and her. In the family of Charles Marvin, Esq., the worthy successor, in all respects, of his excellent father, Mrs. Marvin now* lives, in her 87th year,

* The Hon. D. S. Boardman dates this part of his MS. Sept. 1st, 1848. Mrs. Marvin is still living, April 12th, 1849, in her 88th year.

happy in the esteem and love of all, and still more so in the benevolence and rational piety of her own heart.

" Mrs. Redfield and Mrs. St. John, (the former now a widow,) both daughters of Mr. Marvin, are very respectable and excellent women."

HOMER BOARDMAN.

[A. D. 1764—1849, still living.]

Homer, the fourth son and fifth child of Sherman and Sarah Boardman, was born, Oct. 10th, 1764 ; and was a farmer from his childhood. In boyhood, he was remarkable for " his uncommon size and strength." " Though by no means inferior in mental capacity to any of the sons, he was, from his relative situation in the family, almost necessarily allotted to the place of a farmer, especially after his two elder brothers had obtained a different destination. In this lot, although not destitute of aspirations at times for a different one, he acquiesced. His father built a house for him near his own dwelling, and he married (Nov. 14th, 1787) Amaryllis Warner, daughter of Capt. Elizur Warner of New Milford, a woman of cheerly and buoyant spirits and a contented disposition. She lived to old age, and died, Sept. 26th, 1839, aged 75 years."

The children of Mr. Boardman are :

" 1. Charles Adolphus, born, Nov. 19th, 1788, now the Rev. Charles A. Boardman of Youngstown, Ohio, who married Sophia Hine of New Milford, March 7th, 1811, and has a son and three daughters.

" 2. Esther Orinda, born, Jan. 9th, 1792, married (March 15th, 1812) Dr. Federal Vanderburgh, and became the mother of four children. *Mary*, the eldest child, married John B. James of Albany, and died at New York, some two or three years since, leaving a son and a daughter. *Charlotte*, the second child, married Robert McKim of Baltimore, and is the

mother of a son and three daughters. *Charles*, the third child, died in infancy; and *Laura B.*, at 4 years of age.

"3. HARRIET MARIA, born, Jan. 1st, 1795, married Dr. William Henry Taylor of New Milford, Nov. 6th, 1817, and had one son, *William Henry*, born, Aug. 16th, 1818, who died at 8 years of age. Dr. Taylor died, Oct. 15th, 1818. Mrs. Taylor married, five years after, (Oct. 19th, 1823,) Reuben Swift of Waterloo, New York, and became the mother of six children. Two of the children (twins) died in early infancy; and the next child, *Helen Maria*, died, greatly lamented, at 18 years of age, Jan. 3d, 1847. Mr. Swift died at New Milford, where he was then residing, Jan. 20th, 1843.

"4. SARAH, born, Jan. 5th, 1798, died a few days after.

"5. OLIVER WARNER, born, Sept. 14th, 1799, died, Oct. 30th, 1815.

"6. DANIEL HOMER, born, May 21st, 1803, was educated as a physician, and died at New Orleans, Oct. 15th, 1834, aged 31 years.

"7. LAURA AMARYLLIS, born, March 27th, 1806, married (October 29th, 1828) the Rev. Aaron ~~Daniel~~ Lane of Waterloo, New York, and is the mother of one son and two daughters."

Mr. Boardman's cultivation of mind has been "considerably advanced above the ordinary acquirements of men in general of his occupation in life; and, being highly esteemed for moral worth and natural abilities, he has often been selected for public employments. He was elected to the General Assembly of the State, as a representative from New Milford, three times: Oct., 1805; May, 1818; and Oct., 1818; a Member of the Senate of the State, 1829 and 1830; an Elector of President and Vice President of the United States, in 1824. He had also the appointment of Assessor for the county of Litchfield, under the law of the United States laying a direct tax during the war with Great Britain. The duties connected with these appointments, and many others, he discharged with credit and approbation. He

was for many years, and until he declined a re-appointment, Justice of the Peace."

"Though of a robust constitution, and industrious and temperate habits, he has, for more than thirty years, been subject to attacks of gout, and has, for a great portion of that period, been the victim of that painful and unyielding malady. And now, at nearly the age of 84 years, and rendered entirely helpless by the effect of his relentless disorder, he still,* when not racked by extreme pain, retains the serene cheerfulness of his natural temperament, to the wonder of all who know him."

DAVID SHERMAN BOARDMAN.

[A. D. 1768—1849, still survives.]

David Sherman, the youngest child of Sherman and Sarah Boardman, was born, Dec. 8th, 1768. "When a little over six years old, he commenced going daily to a woman's school in the village." "This, however, was of short duration, for, being seized, while at school, with a dangerous illness occasioned by the dysentery, he was carried home, and never returned to this school again. In the year 1777, he went, in company with a sister ten years old, to a school taught by a *male* teacher in the village; and he then walked two and a half miles to and from school every day." But he was soon again interrupted in his studies, by the same malady. "Almost at the same time, his ever constant companion and guide was attacked with it." It assumed in her case a chronic form; and, after a protracted and painful sickness, she died. "In the benefits of the school kept in his father's house during the winter of 1779–80, he had his share." In the winter of 1782–3, he had "about four months' schooling in the village;" "during the winter of 1785–6, he

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* This was written by the Hon. D. S. Boardman, Sept. 7th, 1848. His venerable brother Homer yet survives, May 12th, 1849.

boarded in the village, and was under the instruction, in English, of Col. William Taylor, then a recent graduate of Yale College. The following winter, for about three months, he studied Latin, with great assiduity, under the Rev. Daniel Farrand of Canaan." His eyes, naturally weak, were so affected by his application to study, that he was discouraged from entering on a collegiate course.

"He labored upon the farm through the active season; and employed his winters in such improvement of his time as his taste and judgment dictated, until he attained to full age." "Not having the vanity to think that he could much excel in any profession, and knowing that he must depend for a living either upon bodily or mental labor, he was gradually settling down into an unwilling acquiescence in the supposed necessity of his situation, when his brother Elijah Boardman, perceiving or guessing his feelings, (for he kept them much to himself,) proposed to him to prepare himself for the legal profession, offering to lend him the necessary pecuniary aid, and trust to his ability in after life to repay the sum required." The father's approbation of this measure was readily obtained; and "the eldest brother (Daniel) insisted on sharing equally" in furnishing the pecuniary aid promised by his brother Elijah, then his partner in business. "The first week in January, 1791, the subject of this sketch went to board in the family of the Rev. Stanley Griswold, the minister of the parish and a very good scholar, and continued under his tuition, studying chiefly Latin, until the following May." "He very soon entered upon Virgil, all of which, Æneid, Georgics, and Bucolics, and all the Orations of Cicero then studied at college, together with the Poems of Horace, were read while he remained with Mr. Griswold." In May, 1791, his brother Elijah went with him to New Haven, and "entered him as a law student with Elizur Goodrich, Esq., a very good scholar, and once a tutor in Yale College." At the instance of Mr. Goodrich, after studying with him four months, he now resolved on entering college the next May. With this

view, he resumed his classical course "under the instruction of Mr. Griswold," "studying principally Greek, to which he had never before paid the least attention."

"Toward the end of the May vacation, he was examined by the President and tutors, and admitted as a member of the Junior Class. After the expiration of a single term, he had the gratification, on returning to New Haven, (after a tour through Vermont during the long fall vacation,) of being informed that he had been elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, an honor much prized by all who cherished an ambition for college distinctions." "He now formed also many highly valued acquaintances; and he has always reflected upon that portion of his life with much satisfaction." "From the time of his commencing his classical course with Mr. Griswold in Jan., 1791, to his examination for a degree in July, 1793, it was exactly two years, six months, and ten days; as short a period of time, perhaps, as any one ever devoted to the acquisition of the honors of Yale College. He graduated in Sept., 1793; and in April, 1796, President Dwight offered to nominate him for a tutorship, and in a personal interview pressed him to consent to accept the appointment. This, after some consideration, he declined, having been already admitted to the bar."

In the spring of his Senior year at college, he resumed his law studies with Mr. Goodrich; on leaving New Haven, after Commencement, he received from Mr. Goodrich a certificate of seven months' clerkship; and, before returning home, he went to Litchfield, and entered the law school of Mr. Reeve, "then, and for a long time after, the most celebrated in Connecticut, and perhaps in the United States." At the March term of the County Court of Litchfield, in 1795, he was admitted to the bar. "The time then and still required for admission to an examination as a candidate for the bar, was two years for those of a collegiate education, and three for those not having a degree."

From that period, he has resided at New Milford, and practised

law in Litchfield and Fairfield counties. "By this means, he became much and very agreeably acquainted with the members of the bar, many of whom were of great personal worth, as well as professional eminence." "The practice of the law, thus commenced, he continued to pursue for thirty-six years, until 1831, when he accepted the place offered to him by the Legislature of the State, as 'Chief Judge of the County Court for Litchfield County,' an office which he had, two years before, been strongly urged to accept, by leading political opponents in the Legislature, who then had the control of the appointment." He held this office for five years; after which, he retired from public life, "amusing himself with general reading, and especially historical researches, which have been his favorite pursuit."

"In May, 1795, on the death of Daniel Everitt, Esq., the former incumbent, he was appointed 'Judge of Probate for the District of New Milford,' then comprising also Kent and Sherman." This office he held, by annual appointments, until 1821, a period of sixteen years. In May, 1803, he was appointed a Justice of the Peace for Litchfield County, and held that office, by annual appointments, thirty-two years, until May, 1835. He was also, for a long time, Notary Public. He was elected a Representative to the General Assembly eight times; October, 1812; May and October, 1813; October, 1814; and May, 1815. After the adoption of the present Constitution of the State, he was elected to the Assembly, in 1827, 1828, and 1829.

"In February, 1808, he was elected a member of the Connecticut Society of Arts and Sciences; and has been one of the Vice Presidents of the Connecticut Historical Society, from its first establishment.

"He married, May 18th, 1806, Charlotte Taylor, the daughter of Nathaniel Taylor, Esq., and has had seven children:

"1. JOHN TAYLOR, born, April 17th, 1807.

"2. CATHARINE ANN, born, Dec. 12th, 1808; died, Oct. 29th, 1811.

"3. GEORGE WILLIAM, Feb. 26th, 1811; died, Sept. 23d, 1815.

"4. CHARLES SHERMAN, Dec. 4th, 1812; died, Oct. 26th, 1815.

"5. AUGUSTUS, April 19th, 1814; died, Oct. 31st, 1815.

"6. FREDERICK.

"7. MARY CORNELIA.

"In the short space of six weeks, three scions of fair promise and cherished hopes, (George William, Charles Sherman, and Augustus,) were cut off by that fell destroyer of infancy and childhood, the dysentery. This blight is recorded with deep emotion, mingled, it is hoped, with humble submission." "Mrs. Charlotte Boardman, born, March 20th, 1782, died of a paralysis, July 22d, 1816, aged 64 years."

"JOHN T. Boardman married (June 20th, 1831) Sarah Annette Tombling, of Fairfield, Herkimer county, who was born, Sept. 30th, 1815. Their only child is Frederick Augustus, born, March 31st, 1832.

"FREDERICK Boardman married (Sept. 17th, 1845) Harriet Canfield, daughter of Col. Samuel Canfield, deceased. She was born, April 29th, 1821.

"On the 1st Sabbath in March, 1838, D. S. Boardman and Charlotte his wife were admitted members of the Congregational Church in New Milford, then under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Noah Porter, Jr.

"And now, in the 80th year of his age, he leaves this little memorial of some of the leading events of his life, together with the sketches of his father and his grandfather, and their respective families."

"September 25th, 1848."

NOTE BY D. S. BOARDMAN.

"The DANIEL Boardman who came from Ipswich in Massachusetts to Wethersfield in Connecticut, (being the first of the

family born in America,) married a lady of the name of *Wright*. Their children were:

"1. Richard, born in Wethersfield, in 1684, and settled there.

"2. Daniel, born, July 12th, 1687, settled at New Milford.

"3. Mabel, born, May, 1689, married John Griswold of New Milford.

"4. John, born, Nov. 18th, 1691, died young.

"5. Hannah, born, Dec. 18th, 1693, married John Abby of Enfield.

"6. Martha, born, Dec. 16th, 1695, married Churchel of Wethersfield.

"7. Israel, born, Oct. 6th, 1697, died at Stratford, in April, 1724.

"8. Timothy, born, July 6th, 1699, died the 17th of the same month.

"9. Timothy, born, July 20th, 1700, settled at Wethersfield.

"10. Joshua, born, Nov. 18th, 1702, settled at Springfield, Massachusetts.

"11. Benjamin, born, March 16th, 1704, settled at Sharon, Connecticut.

"12. Charles, born, June 12th, 1707, died, March 1st, 1724.

"Nathaniel Bostwick, the maternal grandfather of the writer, married Esther Hitchcock, (daughter of Samuel Hitchcock, who came to New Milford from Springfield, Massachusetts,) by whom he had eleven children:

"1. Arthur, married Eunice Warrener, and died in Vermont.

"2. Sarah, born, Sept. 8th, N. S., 1730, married Sherman Boardman, Esq.

"3. Lois, died betrothed, but unmarried.

"4. Reuben, married Mabel Ruggles.

"5. Zadok, married Mary Huntington.

"6. Abigail, died betrothed, but unmarried, Aug., 1758.

"7. Elijah, married a lady of the name of Warner.

"8. Gideon, married a Burghardt, and was the Episcopal Minister of Great Barrington; and died, 1793.

" 9. Eunice, married E. D. Noble.

" 10. Tamar, married Daniel Bostwick, and lived to over 90.

" 11. Ichabod, married Lucy Warner, and died in 1776.

" By a second marriage, N. Bostwick had one daughter, Johannah, who married Elnathan Noble."

" NATHANIEL TAYLOR, Esq. was born, April 7th, 1753; and married Anna Northrop, Aug. 31st, 1774. She was born, April 14th, 1751, and died, April 19th, 1810, aged 59 years and 5 days. Nathaniel Taylor, Esq. died, Feb. 12th, 1818, in the 65th year of his age. Their children were:

" 1. *Laura*, born, Oct. 11th, 1775; died, Sept. 11th, 1776.

" 2. *John*, born, Sept. 20th, 1777; died, Jan. 18th, 1837.

" 3. *Charlotte*, born, March 20th, 1782; married, May 18th, 1806, to David Sherman Boardman; and died, July 22d, 1846, aged 64 years, 4 months, and 2 days.

" 4. *Nathaniel W.*, D. D., born, June 23d, 1786."

L.

OBITUARY.

[This notice of Mrs. Boardman's death was inserted in the Churchman, at New York, July 8th, 1848.]

MRS. MARY ANNA BOARDMAN.

" *Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.*"

PSALM cxvi, 15.

This venerable and devoted member of the Church, died at her residence in New Milford, Conn., on Saturday, June 24th, in a good old age, having almost attained her 81st year.

During her long pilgrimage, which was a happy exhibition of the power of religion in hallowing the soul, she was indeed a mother in Israel. In the minds of the extensive circle of her

mourning kindred and friends, her eminent Gospel graces and exemplary works of faith, and labors of love, have encircled her precious memory with a sacred halo. The summary of her "walk and conversation," as very many rejoice to testify, was "holiness unto the Lord." Clear and distinct views of divine truth, *as taught in God's word, and interpreted by the Church*, enabled her to live, at all times, in a holy atmosphere; and imparted a lively interest to those subjects, which, beyond all others, are calculated to elevate and spiritualize the soul. The brief, but often valuable, intervals between various family occupations, it was her long established habit, religiously to improve, by a recurrence, however casual, to some verse or two of Holy Scripture, or some sentences of choice modern reading, thus lightening present cares and duties, while she was hiving choice sweets for the winter of old age. And to this admirable habit may be attributed, in a great measure, the uncommon terseness and practical wisdom of her ordinary conversation, and the sententious golden maxims in her letters to her friends. It was truly her meat and drink to glorify God in her body and her spirit, by bringing her peculiarly delicate sensibilities, and remarkable tenderness of conscience, to coöperate with her resolute purpose, in doing all things "as God hath willed and commanded them to be done." Every action of her life, and every word, thought, and feeling, she wished to consecrate by a *Gospel motive*. And they all went up, with her prayers and alms, before God, as precursors and witnesses, to await, to welcome, and to cheer her, at the blessed period of her entrance into the joy of her Lord.

She was called to experience severe domestic trials, having been bereaved of a daughter just budding into womanhood, two sons, also in the prime of life, and a husband, (the late Hon. Elijah Boardman, a Senator of the United States,) suddenly removed from her, in the meridian of his days, and in the midst of his career of influence and usefulness. But in the dark hour of these desolating dispensations, her graces, with a heavenly

glory, cheered her night of sorrow, and she beautifully illustrated the influence of Christian resignation. And her charity was in heavenly unison with her faith. The parish at New Milford, where she resided, all the general institutions of the Church, and numerous other institutions for promoting sound religion and true piety, shared, for more than half a century, her liberal, though often secret, largesses. And multitudes of the poor, throughout her neighborhood, whom she systematically benefitted, will rise up at the great day and call her blessed.

Through the whole course of her painful illness, she continued to exemplify, in a memorable manner, the meekness and humility which were the chief of her characteristic graces. She was in full possession of her faculties of mind, in her old age, and even in her last moments. Conscious of her approaching dissolution, she gathered around her death-bed her devotedly affectionate children, and, with patriarchal composure, having given them and her grandchildren her final counsels and her blessing, she gently sighed, and sunk to sleep in Jesus. The smile that lingered on her countenance, was in keeping with her whole life of confidence in faith, comfort in hope, and perfect charity with the world; and very naturally suggested the thought of her blessedness among departed spirits; so that an unpretending spectator of her silent body, as it was prepared for burial, observed, with honest and eloquent simplicity, "*She looks as if she were well pleased with her new home.*"

Among the souls of those who sleep in the Lord Jesus, she now enjoys a gladdening foretaste of that heavenly bliss, which, at the great day, is to be her portion among His ransomed. Oh, may we, with her, and "all those who are departed in the true faith of His holy name, have our *perfect* consummation and bliss, *both in body and soul*, in His eternal and everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

TABLE

OF

BIRTHS, CHILDREN, DEATHS, AND AGES.

[The asterisk * denotes, died in early life, or without children.]

Names.	Births.	No. of Children.	Deaths.	Ages.
1. BOARDMAN, Mrs. Amaryllis,	Aug. 8, 1764	7	Sept. 26, 1839	75
2. ————, Augustus,	Apr. 19, 1814	*	Oct. 31, 1815	1
3. ————, Catharine Ann,	Dec. 12, 1808	*	Oct. 29, 1811	2
4. ————, Charles Sherman,	Dec. 4, 1812	*	Oct. 26, 1815	2
5. ————, Mrs. Charlotte,	Mar. 20, 1782	7	July 22, 1846	64
6. ————, Daniel, The Rev.,	July 12, 1687	6	Aug. 25, 1744	57
7. ————, Daniel,	Mar. 4, 1757	6	Nov. 3, 1833	76
8. ————, Daniel Homer, M. D.,	May 21, 1803	*	Oct. 15, 1834	31
9. ————, David,	Oct. 3, 1758	*	Nov. 11, 1766	8
10. ————, David Sherman,	Dec. 8, 1768	7	*living.*	80
11. ————, Elijah,	Mar. 7, 1760	6	Aug. 18, 1823	63
12. ————, George Sherman,	Oct. 17, 1799	*	Jan. 18, 1825	25
13. ————, George William,	Feb. 26, 1811	*	Sept. 23, 1815	4
14. ————, Henry Mason,	Jan. 4, 1797	4	Dec. 17, 1846	49
15. ————, Homer,	Oct. 10, 1764	7	*living.*	84
16. ————, Madam Jerusha,	June —, 1693	6	Aug. 30, 1777	84
17. ————, Mrs. Mary Anna,	Oct. 19, 1767	6	June 24, 1848	80
18. ————, Mary Anna,	Nov. 19, 1805	*	Apr. 7, 1822	16
19. ————, Oliver Warner,	Sept. 14, 1799	*	Oct. 30, 1815	16
20. ————, Orinda,	July 22, 1767	*	Sept. 13, 1777	10
21. ————, Mrs. Sarah,	Aug. 28, 1730	7	Oct. 17, 1818	88
22. ————, Sherman,	Aug. 2, 1728	7	July 19, 1814	85
23. BOSTWICK, Gideon, The Rev.,	Sept. 21, 1742	8	June 13, 1793	50
24. ————, Mrs. Tamar,	Mar. 31, 1746	3	——, ——	90
25. CARRINGTON, Mrs. Penelope,	Dec. 26, 1721	3	Oct. 13, 1799	77
26. DAYTON, Mrs. Hannah,	Jan. 12, 1717	2	——, 1758	41
27. FARRAND, Mrs. Jerusha,	May 4, 1731	9	Aug. 16, 1806	75
28. FITCH, James, The Rev.,	Dec. 24, 1622	14	Nov 18, 1702	79

1. Wife of Homer,	See p. 407.	15. Son of Sherman,	394.
2. Son of David S.,	413.	16. Widow of the Rev. Daniel,	389.
3. Daughter of David S.,	412.	17. Widow of Elijah,	381.
4. Son of David S.,	413	18. Daughter of Elijah,	382.
5. Wife of David S.,	415.	19. Son of Homer,	408.
6. Son of Daniel,	388.	20. Daughter of Sherman,	394.
7. Son of Sherman,	394	21. Widow of Sherman,	396.
8. Son of Homer,	408.	22. Son of the Rev. Daniel,	393.
9. Son of Sherman,	394.	23. Son of Nathaniel,	414.
10. Son of Sherman,	394.	24. Daughter of Nath. Bostwick,	415.
11. Son of Sherman,	394.	25. Daughter of Rev. D. Boardman,	389.
12. Son of Elijah,	382.	26. Daughter of Rev. D. Boardman,	391.
13. Son of David S.,	413.	27. Wife of the Rev. D. Farrand,	391.
14. Son of Elijah,	236.	28. Husband of Priscilla Mason,	365.

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29.	Fitch, Mrs. Priscilla,	Oct. —, 1641	8	———, ——	—
30.	Marvin, Mrs. Esther,	Jan. 29, 1672	1	*living.*	87
31.	———, Matthew,	Jan. 3, 1764	5	June 6, 1842	78
32.	Mason, Daniel,	Apr. —, 1652	—	———, 1736	84
33.	———, Daniel,	Apr. —, 1676	1	———, 1705	29
34.	———, Jeremiah,	Apr. 27, 1768	8	Oct. 14, 1848	80
35.	———, John, Maj. Gen.,	———, 1600	7	———, 1672	72
36.	———, John, Jr.,	Aug. —, 1646	—	Sept. —, 1676	30
37.	———, Samuel,	July —, 1644	—	———, 1706	62
38.	Niles, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Feb. 21, 1681	13	Dec. 21, 1766	85
39.	Schroeder, Caroline Maria,	June 11, 1826	*	June 25, 1826	
40.	————, George Boardman,	May 20, 1829	*	May 22, 1829	
41.	————, Mary Anna Boardman,	Oct. 2, 1830	*	~~May~~ 26, 1841	10
42.	————, William Henry,	Dec. 8, 1840	*	Apr. 5, 1841	
43.	Stone, Mrs. Esther,	May —, 1748	—	July —, 1847	99
44.	Taylor, Nathaniel,	Apr. 7,,1753	4	Feb. 12, 1818	64
45.	Whiting, Abraham, M. D.,	Sept. 1, 1769	6	*living.*	79
46.	———, Mrs. Anna,	Mar. 4, 1738	7	Nov. 13, 1821	83
47.	———, Mrs. Elizabeth,	———, 1605	6	Mar. 3, 1677	72
48.	———, Elizabeth,	Jan. 15, 1772	*	*living.*	77
49.	———, Mason,	May 8, 1774	8	Jan. 11, 1849	74
50.	———, Samuel, The Rev.,	———, 1670	13	———, 1725	55
51.	———, Samuel,	Aug. 14, 1762	3	Jan. 29, 1832	69
52.	———, Stephen, M. D.,	May —, 1806	*	Oct. 14, 1833	27
53.	———, William, M. D.,	Apr. 8, 1730	7	Dec. 8, 1792	62
54.	———, William,	Nov. 7, 1764	0	*living.*	84

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37. Son of Maj. Gen. John, . . 366.
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39. Daughter of the Rev. J. F., 382.
40. Son of the Rev. J. F., . . . 382.
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48. Daughter of Dr. William, . 379.
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50. Son of the Rev. John, . . 375.
51. Son of Dr. William, . . . 377.
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53. Son of Col. William, . . . 377.
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PEDIGREE

OF

MRS. MARY ANNA BOARDMAN,

OF NEW MILFORD, CONN.

[A. D. 1600—1848.]

PATERNAL ANCESTORS.	MATERNAL ANCESTORS.
Her father was	Her mother was
DR. WILLIAM WHITING,	ANNA MASON,
of Hartford,	*of Franklin,*
who was the son of	who was the daughter of
COL. WILLIAM WHITING,	JEREMIAH MASON,
of Bozrah,	*of Franklin,*
who was the son of	who was the son of
THE REV. SAMUEL WHITING,	DANIEL MASON,
of Windham,	*of Lebanon,*
who was the son of	who was the son of
THE REV. JOHN WHITING,	DANIEL MASON,
of Hartford,	*of Stonington,*
who was the son of	who was the son of
THE HON. WILLIAM WHITING,	MAJ. GEN. JOHN MASON,
of Hartford.	*of Windsor.*

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